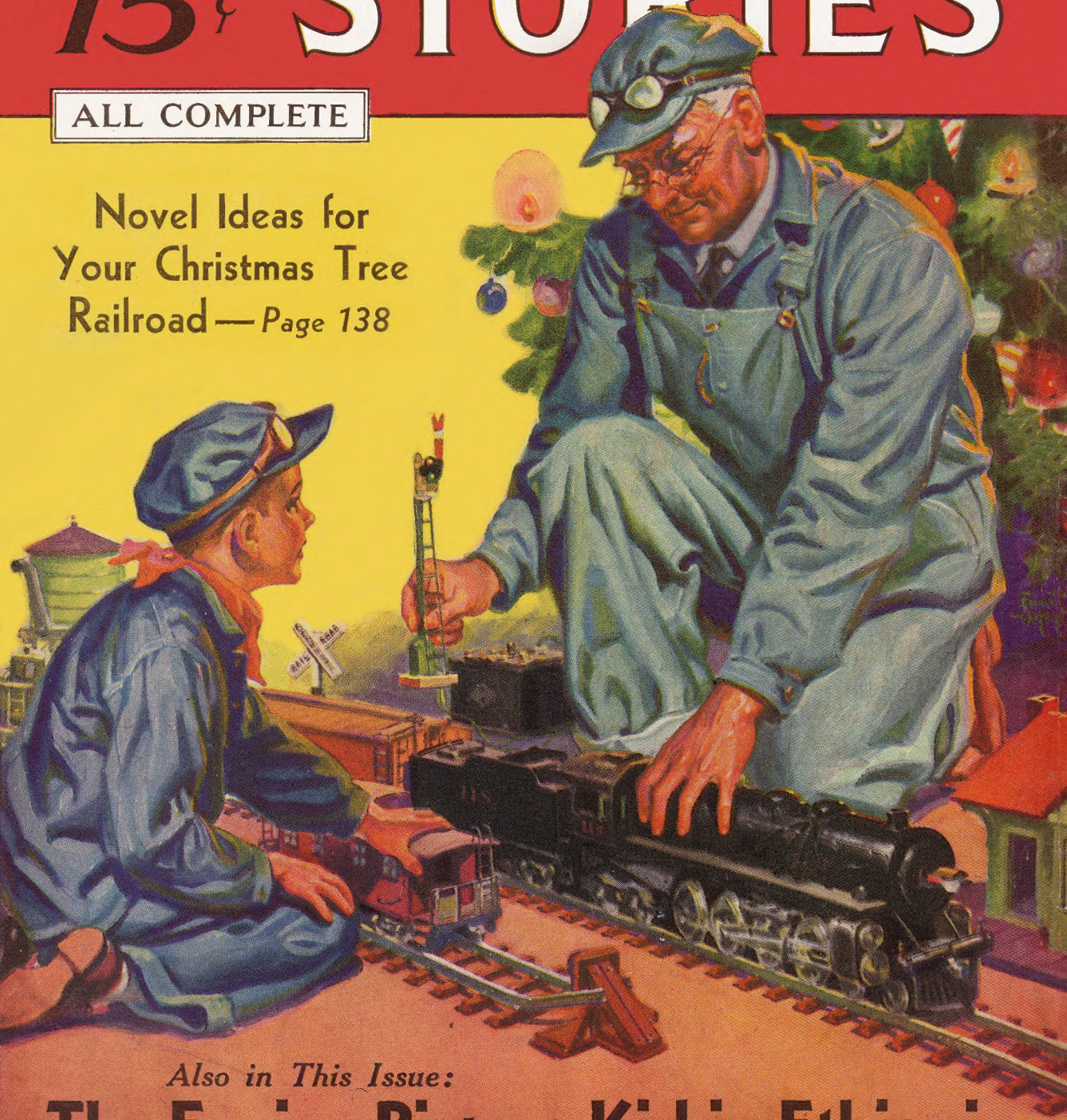
Phantom City — *Short Novel by* **E. S. Dellinger**

RAILROAD STORIES

JANUARY 15¢

ALL COMPLETE

Novel Ideas for Your Christmas Tree Railroad — *Page 138*



Also in This Issue:

The Engine Picture Kid in Ethiopia

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Gargle Listerine

to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

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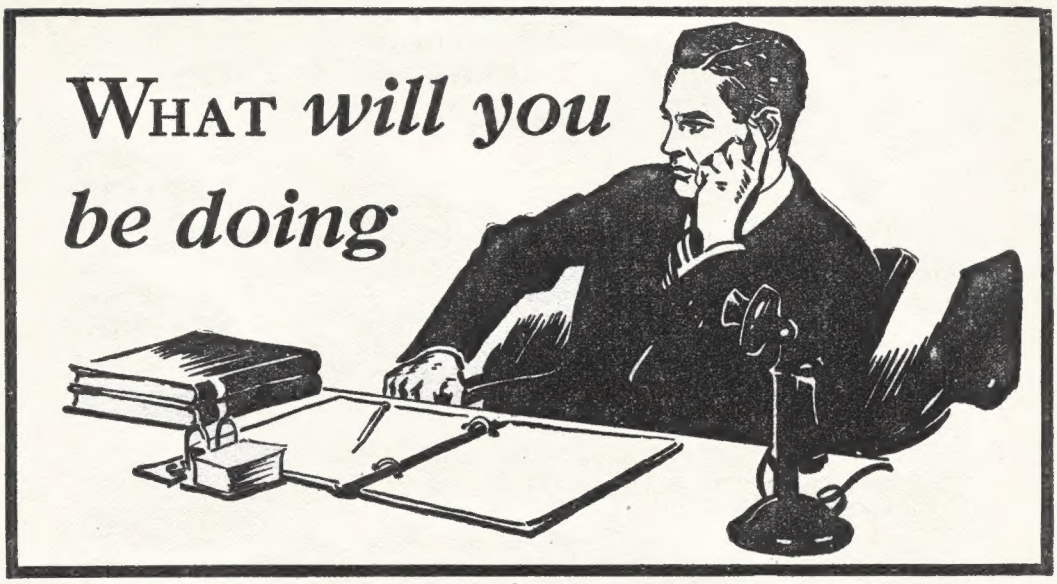

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THREE hundred and sixty-five days from now—what?

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Vol. XIX No. 2

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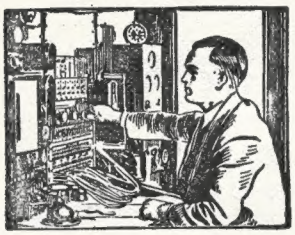

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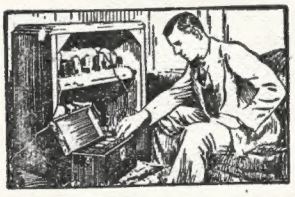

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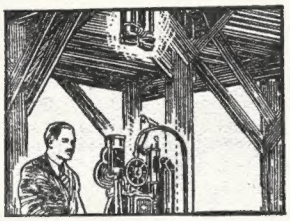

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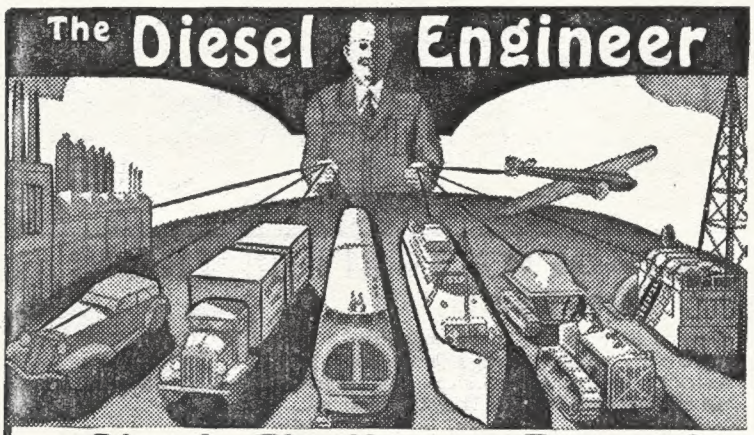

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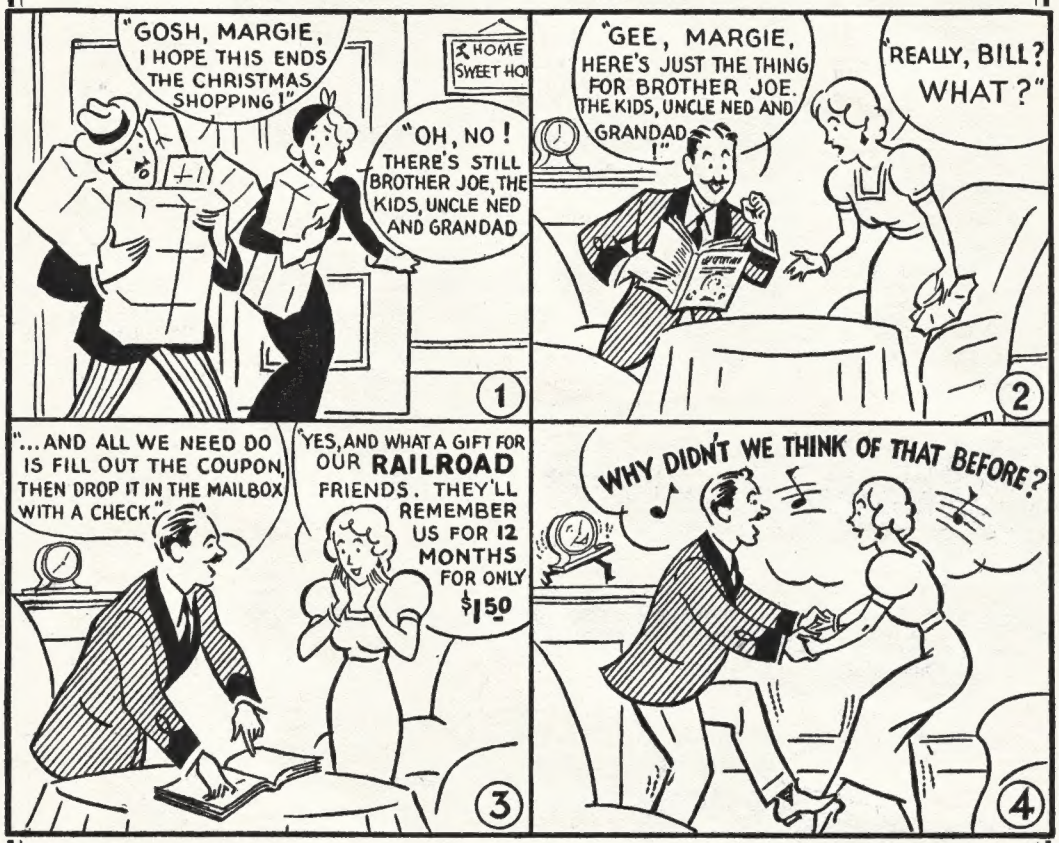
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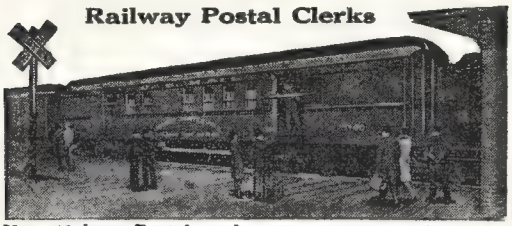

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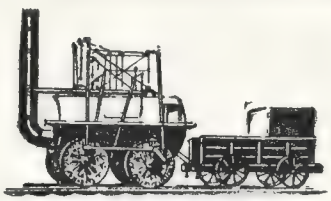

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Statement of the ownership, management, etc., of RAILROAD STORIES, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1935. Required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933.

State of NEW YORK } ss.:
County of NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared WILLIAM T. DEWART, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of The Frank A. Munsey Company, publisher of RAILROAD STORIES, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit:

That the names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor, and Business Manager are:

Publisher—The Frank A. Munsey Company, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Editor—None.

Managing Editor—Albert J. Gibney, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Business Manager—H. B. Ward, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

That the Owners are: (If a corporation give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

The Frank A. Munsey Company, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

C. W. H. Corporation, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

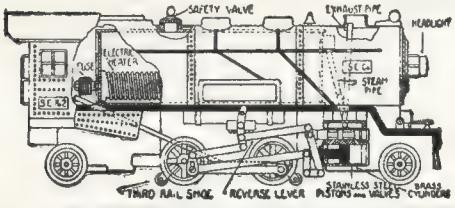
None.

That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. WILLIAM T. DEWART, President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1935.

{SEAL}

GEORGE H. BOLLWINKEL, Notary Public. Nassau County. Term expires March 30, 1937. Certificate filed in New York County No. 671. New York Register's No. 7B384.



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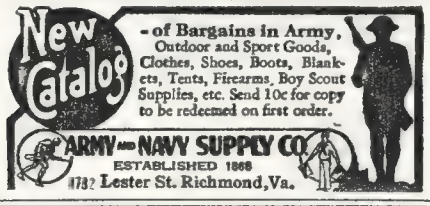
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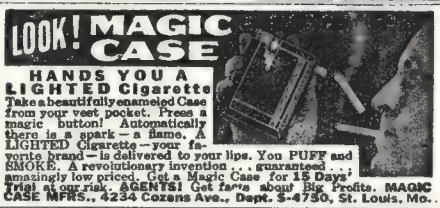
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LOCOMOTIVE PHOTOGRAPH CO.
BOX 6354 WEST MARKET ST. STA., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Engine Picture Kid in Ethiopia

By THE
ENGINE PICTURE KID

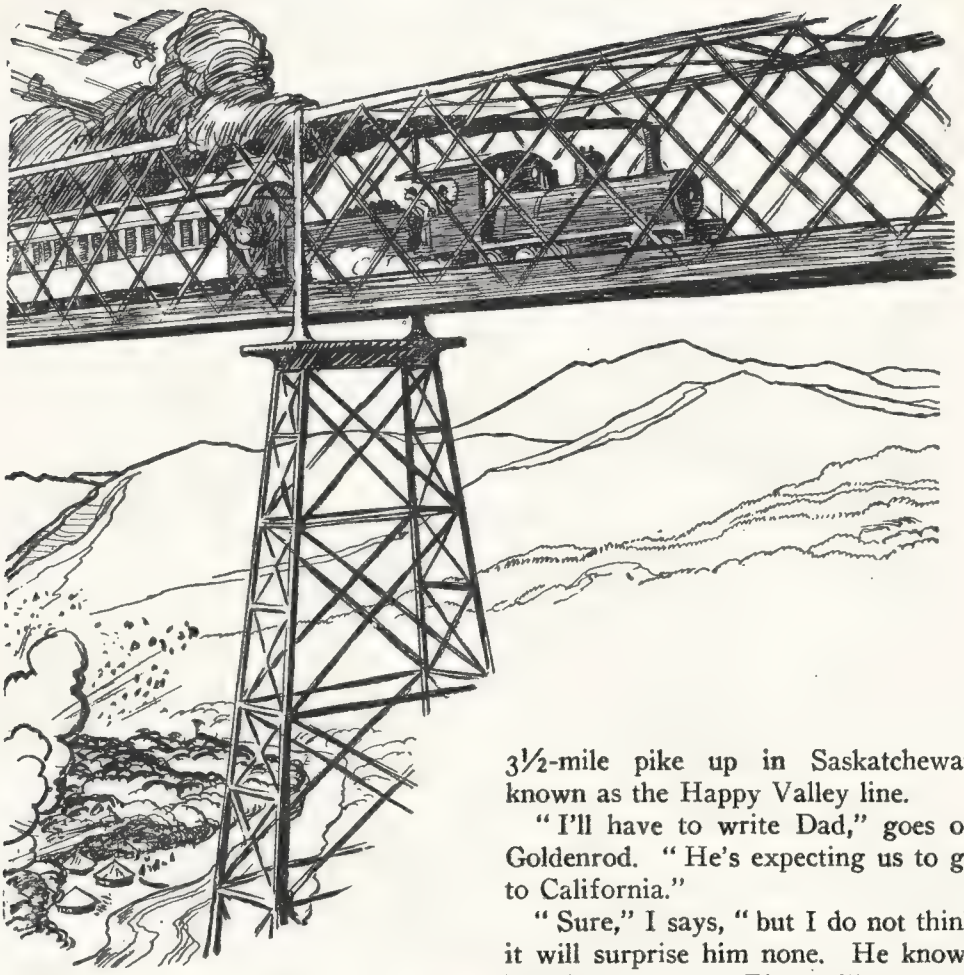
We Go to Africa to Get Some Good Shots of Motive Power before It Is Too Late

A STITCH in time is worth two in the bush—and even more than that, if it is the African bush where railroads are few and do not always run according to the Book of Rules on account of sometimes there are lions on the track. This is very hard on a brakeman protecting the rear end of a train making an unscheduled stop in the middle of the jungle.

When the hogger whistles in his flag, sometimes it is the brakeman who hurries back to the crummy and sometimes it is only a lion with the seat of the shack's pants in his teeth. In the latter cases, the brakie is generally hot-footing it down the cinders to the nearest telegraph station to request that his name be taken off the board immediately.

Of course, me being a blue-ribbon engine picture fien', I am naturally interested in getting shots of the motive power used on roads all over the world, and particularly on the narrow-gage *chemin de fer* running between Jibuti in French Somaliland and Addis Ababa, the capital of Haile Selassie's Ethiopian Empire.

Besides, as Haile Selassie is having some trouble with a very prominent



Italian by the name of Duce Mussolini, I decide to get pictures of this 487-mile road while the getting is good.

So I tell Goldenrod that instead of stopping off at Hollywood like we planned, we'd better keep on going to Africa instead.

"Okay," says she.

Goldenrod is an all-burn haired girl with a lot of boomer blood in her makeup which I guess she inherited from her father, Hardshell Higgins.

Hardshell, besides being an ex-boomer hogger, is President and General Manager of his privately-owned 3½-mile pike up in Saskatchewan known as the Happy Valley line.

"I'll have to write Dad," goes on Goldenrod. "He's expecting us to go to California."

"Sure," I says, "but I do not think it will surprise him none. He knows how boomers are. They will start out for the apple rush in Oregon and wind up in Timbuctu."

Goldenrod grabs pen, ink and paper.

"Of course," I go on, "it is Jibuti we are going to wind up in and not Timbuctu, because I do not know if they have a railroad at the latter place or not.* Please thank Mr. Higgins on his kind wishes for our trip, and tell him that when we are in the jungle surrounded by wild tribesmen and howling monkeys I will always think of him."

---

*EDITOR'S NOTE: *Timbuctu is the southern terminus of a railway in French Sudan. See "Sahara Highball" in our March, 1930, issue.*

Goldenrod looks at me kind of funny, like she often does, and for a moment I wonder if it isn't too dangerous or not for a pretty girl like her to go to the Tropics, especially in time of war. After all, Goldenrod is the only person I am engaged to. I would not like to be even indirectly responsible for anything happening to her before we got married. Besides, I am very much in love with her.

"What's the matter, Kid?" says Goldenrod as she looks up from writing her letter and finds me studying her intently.

When I tell her, she just grins.

"The Higginses of either sects," she says firmly, "have always been able to take care of themselves."

"In that case," I says, "I'll get the tickets for Africa at once."

WHEN we arrive at Jibuti the station platform is bustling with a crowd of practically wilted humanity perspiring under about one hundred and ten (110) degrees of blazing East African heat.

There is Somali women in flowing garments of gaily-colored cloth, and natives clothed in white sheets like Mahatma Gandhi wears, only bigger. These folks evidently prefer the double-bed size, which they wrap all around their chocolate-colored bodies.

There is also a group of snappy French colonials who have left their pants off and are appearing in their B.V.D.'s, but I learn afterwards that these are shorts especially made for external wear and are an accepted costume of the country.

Everybody is milling about a train which is standing on the track at the station guarded by soldiers. The train consists of white passenger coaches with open vestibules. Also 3 gray, metal-sided, box cars and, on the rear, a flat car with a railing waist-high around it.

Up ahead, a plume of blue smoke is flowing lazily into the heat-laden atmosphere. There is a trim little jack (39 inches gage) with a 2-8-0 wheel arrangement and pretty low drivers for a passenger hog. The first thing I do is get a good picture of her to swap with fellow members of the International Engine Picture Club.

Standing by one of the passenger coaches is a bunch of newspaper men from various countries carrying portable typewriters and looking as if they wished they hadn't been so anxious to get the war correspondent jobs from their respective editors.

Some news photographers are there, too, and they do not look any happier than the journalists. I pass out I.E.P.C. buttons to the camera hounds, just to make them feel at home. The men grin like they are glad to get them, and I think maybe I can start an East African chapter of our Club.

Goldenrod is dressed in a fresh, spotlessly clean, light linen suit. Her silk pongee waist is open at the throat underneath the short jacket of the suit. She is wearing a white pith helmet like Mrs. Martin Johnson does, and is very interested in everything.

"I'm glad we came," she says, smiling. "I think Africa is wonderful. The world's last frontier!"

Just then a very excited French railway official comes up. He is wearing a double-tracked row of brass buttons and gold braid and he starts talking in a shrill voice and making a lot of gestures with his hands.

The news sharks and camera hounds crowd around to hear what he is saying. When he gets through they groan more dejected than ever. Even

the International Engine Picture Club pins which some of them are wearing now don't seem to cheer them up very much any more.

"Damn!" says one of them. He comes over to Goldenrod.

"Pardon me, Toots," he says although that ain't her name, "if you are waiting for the train to Addis Ababa, you might as well go back to the hotel."

"I thought she was scheduled to leave in a few minutes," says G.R., giving me a puzzled look.

"She was, but she isn't going to," explains the typewriter pounder.

Then he tells us that the train is the Correspondents' Special, which we was going on. She was supposed to take the newspapermen up to Haile Selassie's capitol in the African interior. But now she ain't going to run, on account of they can't find a train crew willing to make the trip because of the fighting going on in Ethiopia.

"They're afraid of an Italian air attack on the railway," says Goldenrod's informer whose name happens to be Boyd Gibbens. "Gosh," he goes on, "if I knew how to run one of these teakettles, I'd haul her up there myself. Us fellows got to get to Addis Ababa before the war ends."

GOLDENROD don't say anything. She just looks longingly at the cab of the Franco-Ethiopian jack, and I can read her thoughts just like they was written on a billboard in letters 3 feet high.

"Kid," she says finally, "what do you think?"

Well, naturally having worked on Hardshell Higgins' Happy Valley Line for a long time just to be near Goldenrod, and Mr. Higgins being a man with a very hair-trigger temper, a little thing like running a train into territory where there is fighting going on don't bother me.

Especially since I came here to get pictures of the motive power in Haile Selassie's kingdom which I figure will be quite a feather in my cap. And more especially since I read the article about "Ethiopia's Iron Pike" in the November issue of RAILROAD STORIES.

"I'll fire for you," I says, "if you can run this pig."

"Of course I can," snaps Goldenrod, with a little toss of her head.

"Maybe it'll be dangerous," I says.

"That," says Goldenrod, her eyes flashing with excitement, "is the part I like best about the whole idea."

So we explain the idea to Boyd Gibbens. He lets out a whoop of approval, and rushes off to tell the good news to his friends.

"We'll have to dig up a conductor and the rest of the train crew," I says.

"Right," says Goldenrod. "And a pilot to ride the cab with me, if we can find one."

By this time Mr. Gibbens is having an argument with the French railway official, who is shaking his head vigorously.

"*Non femme; point du tout,*" says he, or words to that effect. Finally he ambles over toward us.

Mr. Gibbens acts as interpreter and after a while he agrees to the scheme, although I believe he does so because he is too polite to argue with a lady, especially a pretty one like Golderod.

Eventually he rounds up 2 or 3 native trainmen and a French hoghead (*ingénieur*) who agrees to pilot us out of Jibuti.

A company of native soldiers pile onto the flat car at the rear of the train. Then the newspaper men climb aboard, and with me and Goldenrod

and the French *ingénieur* in the cab of the locomotive, we ease out of the station and head for the Empire of the King of Kings.

Leaning out the gangway, I can see the gold-braided railway official still shaking his head dubiously when we pull away from the depot. The exhaust beats quicken as Goldenrod's slim white hand opens the throttle wider to feed an increasing flow of steam into the cylinders.

Pretty soon G.R. starts to horse the Johnson bar back. The *ingénieur* beside her smiles and shakes his head.

"Not too very mooch, *mam'selle,*" he murmurs. "We have what you call stip grades, and ze *locomotif* she need plenty steam."

He's right. The train starts winding up from the coast through an arid, boulder-strewn desert plain of French Somaliland bordered by barren hills on each side. Every once and a while we pass a huddled collection of stone-topped huts which I guess are called towns in this part of Africa. We rock right past them, whistle screaming, while chickens, dogs and naked little brown children scamper off the right-of-way at our approach.

One old fellow unwraps his sheet to give him sufficient freedom of arm movement to hurl a spear at us. The spear clatters off the side of one of the box cars.

"Friendly people!" says Goldenrod.

"Nozzing, *mam'selle,* nozzing!" explains our pilot hogger. "Most times ze train she stop at ze villages. *Monsieur* probably wanted to get on the board, an' because we do not stop he show his angry by throw ze spear."

SUDDENLY we round a bend, Goldenrod, leaning out the cab window, gives a little gasp. Right ahead is a squad of soldiers lined up across the tracks, the glistening bayonets on their antiquated rifles pointed at the advancing *locomotif*. Just behind them, and off to one side, is a flagpole from which flies the red, orange and green flag of Ethiopia.

"Zis," says the Frenchie in the cab, "is where I get off. Ze Ethiopian border."

Goldenrod comes to a halt, but being a little unfamiliar with the jack she is driving, we scatter the Ethiopian border guard over the countryside before she can bring the train to a full stop.

Two very dignified officers step up to us with sun helmets, Sam Browne belts and leather puttees on, but no shoes which I guess is the regular uniform of the day in Africa. The officers are very surprised to see me and Goldenrod in the cab and they start asking foolish questions about passports and things.

"Have you ever been married?" one of them says to me, reading my passport.

"What's this?" I says. "A memory test?"

The guy gives me a very suspicious look.

"Kid," says Goldenrod severely, "government officials in Ethiopia are the same as they are in the United States. Totally devoid of a sense of humor. Won't you ever learn that?"

Meantime the two officers are conferring together earnestly trying to debate whether I should be allowed into a serious country like Ethiopia or not. Finally, although they still appear doubtful they nod in agreement and look over Goldenrod's papers. Then they pass on to the newspaper men back in the passenger coach.

The French native soldiers get off

the flat car and are replaced by a detachment of Ethiopians. A dapper little chap in a white uniform but naturally minus his shoes, comes up the cab and informs us that he is the new *conducteur de train* of the Correspondents' Special.

While passports are still being examined I climb down out of the cab and walk up the tracks a bit to get some more shots of our train—both head on and ¾ views. When I get back Goldenrod turns to me.

"Kid," she says in a whisper, "that conductor was watching you awfully suspiciously while you were taking those pictures. I don't think he quite approves of us in this engine cab."

"Maybe we better take our shoes off," I says, "then everybody will think we are natives."

Goldenrod just smiles and shakes her head. "It's no use," she says. "You're incurable."

The Ethiopian *conducteur de train* comes up forward and stands just below the window on Goldenrod's side of the cab. Goldenrod asks him who is going to pilot the train up to Addis Ababa.

The Ethiopian shrugs his shoulders.

"You worry on that one," he says. "But never fear. Can't get off road. Only one track."

"Shucks!" I says to Goldenrod "it's just like the old Happy Valley Line in Saskatchewan, only longer."

"Quite a bit longer," says Goldenrod quietly. "Think we can make it, Kid?"

"Sure we can," I says.

SOON we are again rolling through the rough boulder-filled wastes of Ethiopia. I must say that the farther we progress into this country that is so strange to both of us, the more we miss the French *ingénieur* who piloted us from Jibuti up to the border. It's pretty spooky—just the two of us alone in the cab of a foreign engine that neither of us ever seen until a few hours ago.

After a while we come to a place which is called El Bah on account of maybe there was some sheep-herders in the neighborhood, and we get flagged down. The *conducteur de train* bustles around the tiny depot very officiously, and after a while another *locomotif* is hooked in front of the one Goldenrod is handling.

"Must be some steep grades ahead," says Goldenrod.

And she's right. The country, too, is changing. A few mimosa trees are scattered around the plain, and on top a long slope 4 or 5 gazelles scamper away from the noise and rattle of the 2 chugging engines.

Next thing we know we are at quite a city called Dirre-Daoua and the red board is against us. Goldenrod spots the Special evenly alongside the depot platform, and almost as soon as we come to a halt, Mr. Boyd Gibbens has swung to the ground and is running forward.

"We stop here for the night," he says. "I'll wait and take you over to the hotel."

"You mean—trains don't run at night?" says Goldenrod puzzled.

The guy nods brightly. "Uh-huh."

"On account of the fighting?" Goldenrod asks him.

"No, they just never have," says Mr. Gibbens. "You see, it's different country from here on, and while a boa constrictor writhing across the rails might not be too bad, an elephant grazing on the tracks would be disastrous. The engines aren't very heavy, you know."

Goldenrod gives a little shudder. I guess she is pretty tired anyhow and will be glad to get a good night's rest up here where it is already cooler than it was down on the coast at Jibuti.

Our Ethiopian O.R.C. attends to all the details of the train; and when we get down to breakfast in the morning with Mr. Gibbens and the rest of the news hounds and camera sharks, he informs Goldenrod that her *locomotif* has been watered, coaled, has steam up and is ready to roll. There is only one engine on our train now.

When we climb into the cab, a Semitic car tonk is going along the train, whacking wheels with his hammer and opening and shutting journal boxes.

"You two are doing a swell job," says Mr. Gibbens, shaking hands with Goldenrod as he stands down on the platform of the cab. "Keep it up!"

The O.R.C. blows his tin whistle once. Mr. Gibbens scampers for the passenger coach. A few seconds later Goldenrod gets her highball and opens the throttle gently. The grade is still up. Only instead of the barren desolation of the previous day's run, we seem to be riding through a very large zoo without any cages.

Me and Goldenrod spot a bunch of monkeys playing in a gully off the right-of-way. Red, orange and green tropical birds fly chattering overhead —all the colors of the Ethiopian Stars and Stripes! Gazelles dot the countryside. Some kick up their heels and run at our approach. Others merely gaze wide-eyed at the train as she rocks past their feeding grounds. I sure would like to grab a few of these animals and sell'em to Barnum & Bailey.

We pass a gang of dusky, tribal spearsmen; huge brass ornaments are dangling from their ears and a coupla rags are wrapped about their loins. These gents are squatting by the roadbed. They stare at the *locomotif* as we thunder by at ten miles an hour, evidently trying to see if there are any Facistis on board the train.

"Isn't it wonderful?" says Goldenrod. "And, except for those spearsmen, it's all so peaceful."

"So far it is," I says, bending my back to the task of keeping up steam.

AFTER a while we can see ahead of us the approach to the slender steel bridge that carries the railroad over the Hawash River. This bridge is a famous engineering feat. It is very high on account of not wanting to be washed away in the flood season such as the one which delayed the beginning of Mussolini's war.

Goldenrod shuts down on the throttle. "I suppose there's a permanent slow order on that bridge," she says. "I forgot to ask the skipper."

"Yeah," I says, "we better take it easy anyhow." Suddenly I grab Goldenrod's shoulder and point to some black specks in the sky ahead of us. "Are those Ethiopian vultures?"

"They may be vultures, but they're not Ethiopian," says Goldenrod grimly. "*They're Caproni bombers!*"

There's a strange droning noise overhead audible above the rattle and roar of our speeding train. For a moment the color drains from Goldenrod's face. Her hand tenses as she widens the throttle to its last notch. The train jerks forward.

The hum keeps increasing, and I stand on the floorplates of the swaying cab, my hand shielding my eyes as I stare upward.

"Them's airplanes, all right," I says to Goldenrod. "Three of 'em—and they're coming fast!"

"Maybe they're going to bomb the bridge!" she says between clenched teeth. "In that case—"

"We don't want to be on the bridge when it blows up," I tell her.

"No," says Goldenrod, staring intently at the track in front of her. "But we must get across before they do. Give us some more fuel—*quick!*"

I feed the 2-8-0, working feverishly. The hum grows into a roar. Italian planes, like birds of prey, swoop down on us just as our leading trucks hit the bridge. We watch in terror. A black blob is let loose from the undercarriage of one of the planes. It whistles and screams as it falls—down, down, down!

Then comes a deafening roar from the river bed below. The explosion rocks our bridge perilously. A hail of machine-gun bullets rattles off the engine cab roof and spatters over the metal box cars.

"Sherman was right," I says to Goldenrod. Her throttle is still open as wide as possible, if not more so.

We are halfway over the bridge now. I lean out the left-hand cab window and look back to see how the native soldiers on the flat car at the rear of the train are making out.

Those Ethiop warriors are kneeling down, resisting Italian civilization with machine guns of their own. They are reeling off bullets as calmly as if they was Tom Taber reeling off a railroad movie at a meeting of the New York chapter of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society back home in U.S.A.

Another black bomb hurtles into the valley below. It is followed by two more. Earth and stones fly skyward from the terrific explosions.

Goldenrod glances at me. Terror has gone. Her features show defiance.

"Pull your head inside this cab!" she says to me. "What do you want to do—get it blown off?"

"No," I says, "I was merely thinking those guys wouldn't do very good on a baseball team. They ain't tossed a strike over the plate yet."

Boom! Crash! Another bomb plunges into the hillside at the far end of the bridge.

"Gee, that pineapple was close," I says with a shudder. And Goldenrod says: "Too close!"

I steal another glance backward.

"If those birds are trying to frighten the Ethiopians in the open-air observation car," I says, "they ain't succeeding. Haile Selassie's braves are pretty-well civilized, judging from how they handle machine guns like a Chicago gangster."

WE rattle off the bridge and into a narrow cut, and Goldenrod says: "This'll be some protection anyhow."

Her hand is still steady on the wide-open throttle. The engine is throbbing like a startled wild thing as we plunge through the cut and come out into the clear again.

I don't hear any firing. Even the dull boom of exploding bombs has lulled. We swing around an unexpected curve in the road. For a moment the *locomotif* cab sways dizzily as the drivers try to leave the rails. There's a heavy lurch; we settle back on the tracks again.

"I hope those cars behind us make it O.K.," says Goldenrod. "They're pretty light."

"Me, too," I says earnestly. I can see that the middle of this Ethiopian wilderness is no place for a hogger who ain't also a big game hunter to derail his train.

Looking back and watching the cars dance around the curve as flanges scream on the rails, I can see the Caproni bombers back by the bridge suddenly skim upward. Higher and higher they climb. Then they turn in perfect military formation and head toward the distant horizon from which they first appeared. Maybe they ran out of bombs or something. The droning of their motors dims, then is lost altogether.

"Did they get the bridge, Kid?" Goldenrod wants to know.

"No," I says. "I got a glimpse of it around the bend. It's still standing."

Goldenrod heaves a sigh of relief.

Great mountain ranges loom up ahead of us. By and by I figure we must be very near Addis Ababa. In time we see the city itself nestling amid a lot of trees at the foot of the Entoto Hills.

Goldenrod is tired. A reaction from the excitement of the recent air raid has set in, and she slows down as we approach the outskirts of Haile Selassie's capital.

It is very lucky that she does so, because we run through what looks like a disorganized railroad yard. A native with a red flag in his hand excitedly waves us down. A squad of soldiers is lined up beside the railroad.

"I guess we better stop," says I to Goldenrod. "The state police seems to be on the job."

"We weren't speeding," says Goldenrod wearily.

When we stop, our *conducteur de train* swings off and goes up to the officer commanding the soldiers. They have quite an earnest conversation, then the O.R.C. comes up to the cab.

"Him and she," he says dramatically, pointing first at me, next at Goldenrod.

The officer—a tall fellow with dark, beady eyes—nods solemnly. He gives his men a terse order, marches them to the cab and then addresses Goldenrod in French.

"Gee!" I says. "I bet the King of Kings has heard about you driving the train through the air attack already, Goldenrod. And he's sending a guard of honor to escort us to the palace, or something."

"That's not what it sounds like to me," says Goldenrod.

"You are to go with these officar," snaps the O.R.C. very coldly.

ABOUT this time Mr. Boyd Gibbens rushes up and wants to know what all the *hari-kari* is for.

"Let me talk to this guy," he says to Goldenrod. "I can sling a mean *parley-vous* in a pinch."

But his face grows more serious as he enters into a wild discussion with the officer and the *conducteur de train.* Finally he turns to Goldenrod and says:

"All I can get out of either one of these birds, Miss Higgins, is that the Emperor wants to see you both immediately on your arrival in Addis Ababa. That's why the train was flagged."

"Swell!" I says, puffing up with pride. "Goldenrod, I told you it was an escort of honor. I bet we're sitting pretty with Haile right now."

"I wouldn't be too sure about that," Mr. Gibbens warns. "Right now you are under arrest."

"Under arrest!" cries G.R. indignantly. "What for?"

Mr. Gibbens nods. "Relax! Take it easy," he advises, as he sees the color flaming in Goldenrod's cheeks and other unmistakable signs of the Higgins temper rising. "I'll do all I can for you at the Legation."

"We all will," comes in a chorus from the other news hounds and the camera men who are still wearing their new International Engine Picture Club buttons.

Goldenrod starts to say some more in plain language. The officer don't understand it, but I gather from the way he squirms around inside his tight-fitting uniform that he gets her drift. He listens until she is finished. Then he issues a few curt orders.

We are marched away between a double file of armed soldiers toward the new prison, which has been emptied by imperial decree so the convicts can all fight for the freedom of their country.

Behind us the O.R.C.'s voice hisses in sibilant tones: "Even in Ethiopia spys are shot at sunrise."

"Gosh, Goldenrod," I says, "did you hear that? Maybe they think we're spies because of the engine snapshots I made."

She nods. Though her eyes are looking straight to the front, and her dimpled chin is held proudly high, I can see the blood drain from her lips.

"They can't do this to us, Kid," she whispers hoarsely. "We haven't done anything."

There ain't any more said, because the officer gives us orders to pipe down.

Well, I must say the new jailhouse in Addis Ababa is reasonably modern, even if it ain't got movie shows and a baseball team. Its iron door clangs shut on my room and a heavy key grates in the lock. Goldenrod is ushered into an adjoining cell.

The officer gives instructions to the old bearded jailhouse keeper. Then the soldiers march away and we are left alone to spend our first night in Addis Ababa.

"Anyhow," I says to Goldenrod, "we're going to be well chaperoned while we're here."

I discover that by thrusting my arm through the bars of the cell door near the wall that separates Goldenrod's cell and mine, I can reach her hand, if she does the same thing. Funny, how much feeling can be put into a handclasp at times!

"Mr. Gibbens will probably get us out here in the morning," I says to cheer her up.

Goldenrod give my hand a tender squeeze. "I hope so," she says sadly.

It is getting late, and it is very dark in the calaboose, there being no daylight saving in Ethiopia. The only light is a flickering lamp set in the wall at the end of the corridor.

"Tired?" I ask Goldenrod.

"Yes," she replies softly. "And thirsty. This climate is too hot to suit me."

"Well," I says, "I'll yell for the janitor. We ought to get some kind of service around this dump."

AFTER hollering for about five minutes the bearded gent appears, grinning and rattling a bunch of keys on a big brass ring tied to his waist. He shakes his head when I ask for water.

"Can't do," he says.

Goldenrod starts to plead with him. It is the sort of thing that would make any decent man's blood boil, although I am not so quick as Goldenrod's father, Hardshell Higgins, who has a lot of Irish in him.

I hate to do it, but I grab the old guy's whiskers and hold them tight, while Goldenrod reaches for the key ring at his waist and tears it loose.

A moment later I hear Goldenrod fumbling with the keys, then her cell door swings open. I give the old gent

a push. He falls backward in surprise, and before he can get up again we are making a bee line for the exit.

"Come on, Goldenrod," I says, reaching for her hand, "we got to run now. Keep those keys—we may need 'em."

We do, too. After dashing down the corridor we find an open door leading to a walled courtyard. There's a big gate at the far end. It is chained shut and held with a heavy padlock. Panting, Goldenrod fumbles with the key ring, finds the right one, and a few seconds later we are out on an unpaved back street of Addis Ababa.

"Where are we going now?" whispers Goldenrod.

"I don't know," I says, "but let's get out of this neighborhood."

A stray dog barks as we run down the street as fast as our legs will carry us. I am in the lead, still holding Goldenrod by the hand. We turn up another side street, around a corner, and much to my surprise find we have hit the railroad tracks.

"I—I can't run any further," pants Goldenrod, and I says: "All right, let's walk."

We follow the tracks, once ducking swiftly behind a pile of boxes to avoid a detachment of soldiers doing night patrol duty. And it ain't long before we come to the yard where we was flagged pulling in to Addis Ababa.

The train ain't there any more. But on one of the sidetracks is an engine, and I can see smoke billowing out of her stack into the moonlit, star-studded sky overhead.

"That ain't the jack we come up on," I whisper to Goldenrod. "Looks like a switcher to me. But she'll do."

"What do you mean, kid?" Goldenrod says anxiously.

"Well," I says, "I got you into this mess wanting to come to Ethiopia to get some locomotive pictures. And it's up to me to get you out of it. We're going to wheel this jack back to Jibuti. It's all down grade anyhow."

Goldenrod don't think we should add stealing an engine to the other crimes that we ain't committed, but she don't argue the point very long or with much conviction.

"You wait here," I says to her. "I'll see if there is anyone around the cab."

THERE is. A native boy. I guess he was a hostler supposed to keep the fire going in the switcher during the night. Anyhow, he is curled up asleep on the left-hand seatbox. There is a rifle propped against the cab wall beside him.

I ease into the cab quietly, remove the rifle and then look at the fire. There's a good bed of coals in the firebox. After opening the drafts, I prod the sleeping native with the muzzle of his rifle.

"Not a peep out of you," I says. "And I gotta have that bed sheet you're wearing. At least part of it."

The guy is too terrified to talk even. I hope he don't think I'm a Facisti. Anyhow, I make him tear part of his draperies into strips. Then I call Goldenrod, and she holds the rifle on the native boy while I tie him up with the strips and gag him.

I don't like to do it to a fellow railroader, but it can't be helped. We ease him down into the cinders and tie him to a switchpost. At least, he ain't hurt none.

"I'll line these tracks up for the main," I says. "You roll the goat down."

I must say I feel much better, standing in the gangway and breathing in the cool night air, as we rock along

at a fast clip for the wheezy old switcher towards freedom once more.

Of course, I am very sorry I did not get all the pictures of motive power in Ethiopia that I wanted, only having some shots of the hog and the train that we came up from Jibuti in.

The line runs right through the city. We clatter past some marching groups of soldiers who turn to stare at us. But as they don't do anything, I guess they figure that what goes on on the railroad is none of their business.

"It won't be long now," I says to Goldenrod.

And it ain't. The first grey streaks of dawn are creeping over the eastern horizon. Goldenrod suddenly turns to me, a puzzled look in her eyes.

"Kid," she hesitates, "this is not the way we came into Addis Ababa. We didn't pass so many houses."

"Sure we did," I says confidently. "You just don't remember."

Addis Ababa ain't a small town, by no means. It covers about as much ground as Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, even though it's not as densely populated. The total is around 75,000 inhabitants, except in wartime, when there's a lot of troops here on their way to the front, like the other day when Haile Selassie gives a raw-meat feast for 20,000 savage tribesmen. I must say about Haile Selassie that he ain't a raw-meat eater himself, but I sure would hate to run into some of the boys what attended that feast. Especially now, when me and Goldenrod are running away with a perfectly good goat.

The switcher careens around a bend in the tracks past a long, low rambling building. We hit the straightaway again. Suddenly, staring us in the face, is the main depot of Addis Ababa! I recognize it from the picture I seen in the December issue of RAILROAD STORIES. Right ahead, past the depot, is a turntable and the fan-like spread of tracks leading to a big brick roundhouse.

"Gosh," I says to Goldenrod, "we've been going the wrong way!"

Goldenrod don't say anything. Her eyes are glued on the detachment of soldiers guarding the roundhouse. She slams shut the throttle. But we cross the turntable before she can stop, and we wind up in a roundhouse stall, which very fortunately was empty until we come into it.

AS the soldiers start to swarm aboard the switcher, we both raise our arms in sign of surrender. The officer who clambers into the cab gives us a snappy salute.

"The two Americans who brought the Correspondents' Special up to Addis Ababa from Jibuti, is it not?" he says in perfect English.

"Yeah," I says. "Me and Goldenrod Higgins. Miss Higgins drove the hog, but don't blame her none. It was all my fault. You see, I wanted—"

"Then," he goes on smiling, "it is I who shall have the pleasure of escorting you to his Imperial Majesty."

Me and Goldenrod are both puzzled because this fellow speaks as if he is very familiar with the language of Mr. Webster's dictionary. I ask him how come. He tell us that he was educated in Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, so he is practically an old friend of ours.

The officer escorts us to a nearby hotel, on the roof of which is a large American flag, placed there to protect it against Italian bombers. Then he provides us both with new clothes and allows time for us to change into them. After that he treats us to a delicious

breakfast. As soon as we finish eating he ranges his men behind him and we start marching toward the Emperor's palace.

Suddenly he and his men stop abruptly. They stand at stiff attention.

"What's the matter?" I says.

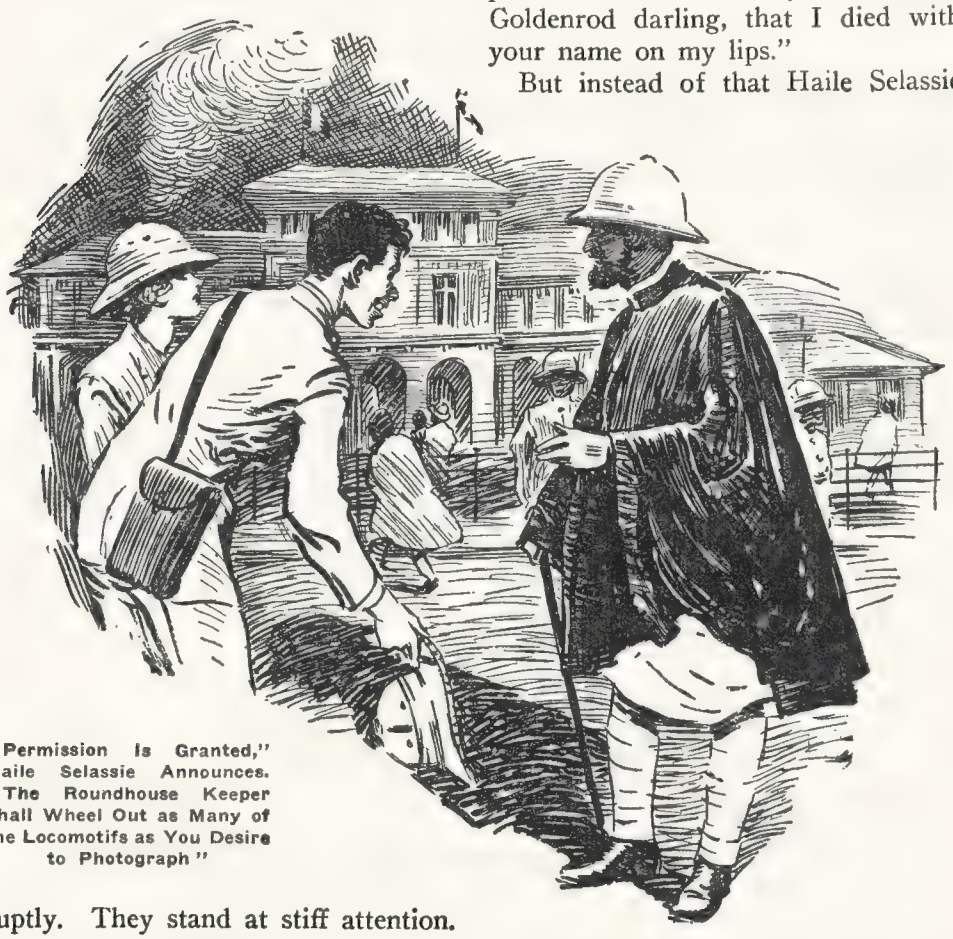
"His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Haile Selassie, King of Kings and the Conquering Lion of Judah," says the guy from Northwestern.

The Ethiopian soldiers bow low and I look around to see a very pleasant but worried-looking man with large, quick, flashing eyes whom I recognize instantly as the Emperor of Ethiopia. Evidently the monarch is out taking his morning walk.

"The Engine Picture Kid and Miss Goldenrod Higgins," announces the officer.

"Here's where we get it where the chicken got the ax," I whisper to G.R., panic-stricken. "Always remember, Goldenrod darling, that I died with your name on my lips."

But instead of that Haile Selassie approaches with a smile. I take off my white tropical helmet and bow friendly like. The Emperor shakes Goldenrod's hand very affably, then mine, and then speaks in French to the officer who is escorting us.



"Permission Is Granted," Haile Selassie Announces. "The Roundhouse Keeper Shall Wheel Out as Many of the Locomotifs as You Desire to Photograph"

The officer turns to us.

"The Emperor," he says, "is very sorry for the unfortunate occurrence of last night. It was a mistake. The *conducteur de train* saw you taking pic-

tures of the train and *locomotif* every chance you got, and coupled with the air raid on the Hawash bridge, he jumped to the erroneous conclusion that you were spies."

The officer pauses a second or two, then resumes: "He felt that his suspicions were further confirmed when the Emperor wired him a special order commanding your presence as soon as you arrived in town; so the overzealous *conducteur*—from mistaken but patriotic motives—had you arrested and jailed the moment the outskirts of Addis Ababa were reached."

"Oh, that's all right," I says. "We didn't mind it a bit."

Haile Selassie is still smiling at Goldenrod, while the officer explains what he has said. Just then Mr. Boyd Gibbens dashes up, excuses himself for intruding, and whispers to G.R.: "Miss Higgins, it was all a mistake. You're not in bad at all."

"Yeah," I says, "we know that."

The officer ignores the interruption, and goes on calmly:

"His Majesty would like to do something for you two Americans to make amends for the unfortunate events of last night. He has already heard how you brought the Correspondents' Special through the bombing raid. It was a brave and noble act. You are to be his official guests while in Ethiopia."

"Swell!" I says. "We sure are grateful." Then I recall why we had come to Ethiopia. "Do you think His Majesty would give me official permission to take some shots of the motive power in the roundhouse here at Addis Ababa?"

Goldenrod glances at me reproachfully, but I give her a look which says everything is O.K. There is some more talk in French between Haile Selassie and the officer. Then the latter turns to me again with a smile that is like sunshine after a storm.

"Permission is granted," he says. "The Emperor has ordered that the imperial keeper of the roundhouse shall wheel out as many of the *locomotifs* as you desire to photograph, and shall place them in whatever light you require to get the best snapshots. And now he begs leave to be excused while he returns to his palace to read the latest dispatches from the League of Nations."

Then he leaves us, and I beats it to the nearest drug store to get a couple more rolls of films.

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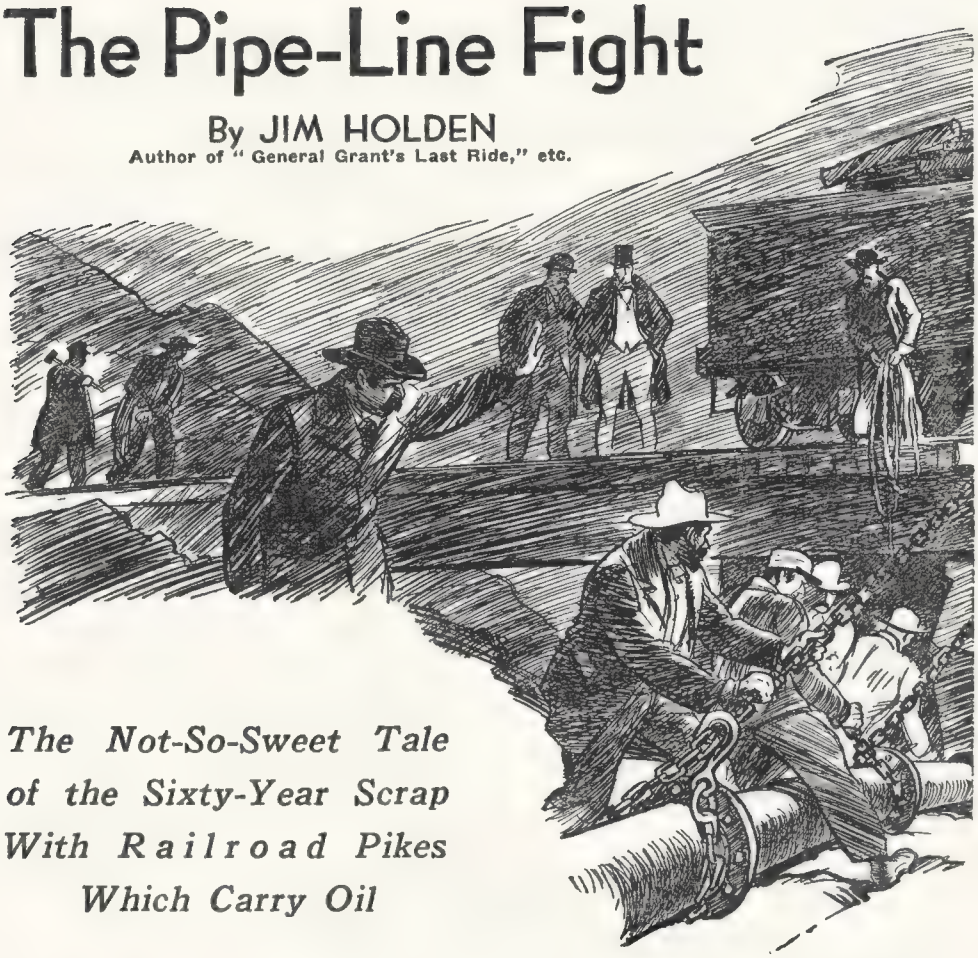
The Pipe-Line Fight

By JIM HOLDEN
Author of " General Grant's Last Ride," etc.



The Not-So-Sweet Tale of the Sixty-Year Scrap With Railroad Pikes Which Carry Oil

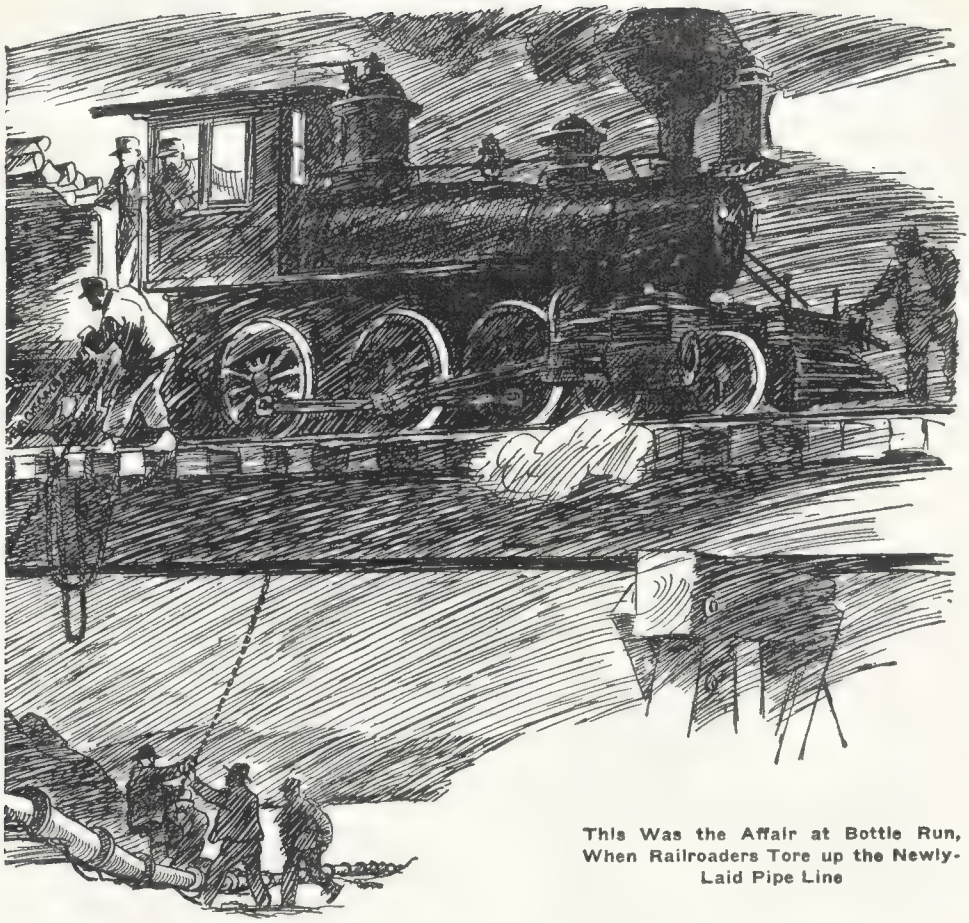
OF all the scraps between rail and oil, the most hard-boiled have been over pipe-line crossings. Wrath reached a high point several years ago when small oil producers hired Lewis Emery, Jr., to lay pipe from Wilkes-Barre to Bayonne and save the cost of freighting. Unlike some of the early oil men, Emery had brains. In eastern Pennsylvania he ran his pipe under the D. L. & W. tracks. He was not surprised to come back next day and find it lying around in chewed-up hunks where the D. L. & W. huskies had thrown it.

" What I need is a good farm," Emery decided, and after looking around a few days he bought *a single acre.* It had no barn, but it did have a convenient location right beside a D. L. & W. trestle seventeen feet high.

By night he called together his pipe-laying crew of fifty, and saw that some carried pistols. Picks and shovels clanged all night as they dug a trench four feet deep under the trestle. Into this went the six-inch oil pipe. Timbers went next, as an anchor to which the pipe was chained. Rocks and dirt were thrown in.

Morning found the crew tired but worried lest something might happen. They withdrew to each side of the track—there was a camp on each side—and waited.

Railroad men soon found out about the



This Was the Affair at Bottle Run, When Railroaders Tore up the Newly-Laid Pipe Line

pipe and a small crew arrived on a locomotive. They hacked away at the timbers holding the pipe, but not for long. The oil army began to show up, guns bristling. The D. L. & W. men waved their wrecking bars, but nothing happened. They had neglected to bring along the right sort of weapons.

"Take them by the shoulders and the seat of the pants and take them out and lay them down carefully," Emery ordered his men.

This was more than D. L. & W. would stand for. Next day came two wrecking cars with 250 men. They found a much enlarged oil army. There was a brisk skirmish with fists and clubs. A truce was the result, each side consenting to go to law. While Emery and the D L. & W. chiefs were at a justice of the peace, two locomotives hove in sight. Knowing nothing about the truce, apparently, they came to a stop just over the war camps.

"Let her go, boys!" yelled a D. L. & W. engineer. In a moment both camps were being showered with hot water and bright red coals. Emery's men did not think this very sporting, and they disappeared. They showed up at the nearest town; but before D. L. & W. could claw up the unlawful pipe they were back, reinforced with such villagers as wanted a scrap. They had borrowed 48 muskets from the G. A. R.—antiques, to be sure, but they made a brave showing.

Grumbling, the engineers backed off. Attacks were renewed, but the pipe stayed anchored for seven months, guarded by a rifle garrison in a fortress of upright boards.

ANOTHER tense moment has been dubbed the "Battle of Bottle Run," on Feb. 28, 1879. The dark horse in this piece was the Tide Water Pipe Line, building through Pennsylvania from Bradford to the Reading line at Williamsport to escape what were called heavy rates on the West Pennsy (now P. R. R.). Close to Williamsport they had to cross railroad tracks.

Not wanting to bother railroad officials with such a trifling matter, the Tide Water men laid their pipe under a small trestle at what is known as Bottle Run, doing the work at night. Much pipe-laying was done by the light of the moon. In the morning the eight-inch pipe was right through the culvert, neat as a pin. Although it was not in the railroad's way much, it caused some gnashing of teeth. That night a locomotive ground to a stop on the trestle; a wrecking crew scrambled out with a big chain, which they quickly looped around the pipe.

"All right!" yelled one. The engineer opened the throttle, the wheels slipped as the twanging chain tautened. More steam. With a crack the pipe line broke and the loose chain slapped forward.

Such things were always happening. Railroad men came to hate the sight of pipe laying crews. They felt the oil men were trying to put something over on them. Maybe they thought of old Colonel Drake, the New Haven conductor who drilled the first oil well and died in obscurity.

Drake was one of those men everybody likes; he could turn out stories by the hour and had an agreeable trick of tossing money to the kids along the line. In 1857 he took malarial fever. While recovering in the country he met James M. Townsend, a New Haven banker who liked a talkative guy, and sent him to Pennsylvania to look for "Seneca oil." There was a stiff demand for the oil which seeped into ditches around Titusville, because it was supposed to cure anything, including chicken pox.

Ed took a train for Erie on his pass, made another 45 miles by stage and looked the ground over for a year. He decided to drill. This was Ed's own idea. Oil was bubbling up in one of the creeks.

"It drains down from the coal beds," was what people told him.

"But why is it under the creek?" Drake wanted to know. "It's much lighter than water."

In 1859 he and his driller, Uncle Billy Smith, were ploughing into soft ground and getting more water than dirt. Annoyed by the jeers of Titusvillites, Drake ordered some five-inch iron pipe, drove it 36 feet to bedrock and invented modern oil drilling.

Old-timers on the New Haven liked to tell how months and more months went by till the stockholders got tired and began to drop hints that the money was running dry. At the end of August, Ed and Uncle Billy laid off for the week-end, as usual, noticing that the tools dropped just a little. Sunday couldn't keep Uncle Billy away, and he squinted down into the hole. Eight feet down he saw what looked like water, and he let down a plug of wood on a stick to make sure. Water it was not, but good Seneca oil.

"Yippee!" yelled the graybeard to Drake, who was just coming up. "There's your fortune, Colonel!"

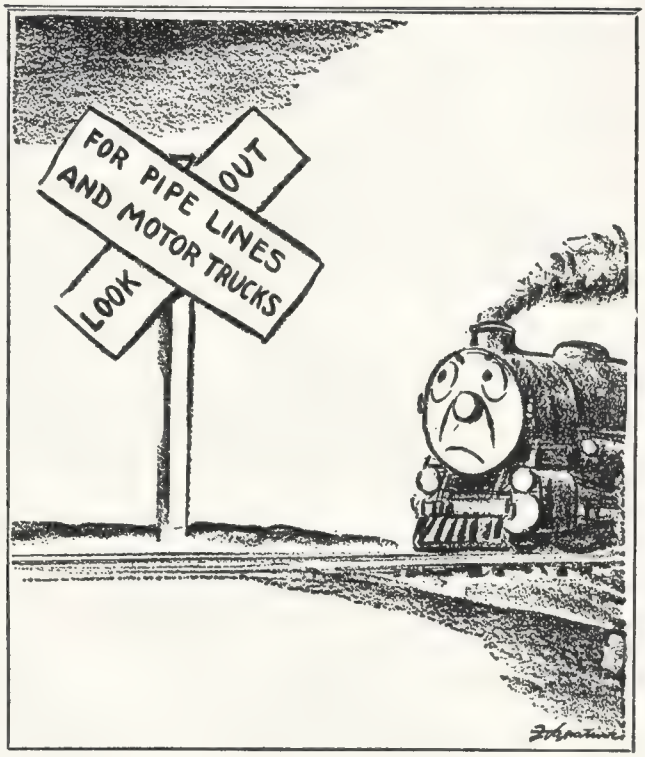
But it wasn't. Ed's friends on the New Haven saw him shoved out of the oil company by hoggish stockholders. They heard how he spent his last years on a pitiful annuity, an object of charity.

During the first boom years in northwestern Pennsylvania towns—Oil City, Pithole, Franklin and the rest—it looked as though the railroads would be able to take out in haulage more money than the Colonel had ever imagined. To be sure, the lines were badly mixed up, and this turned out to be their weak point. Some were narrow-gage and few came at first within five miles of the actual green gold.

One line of six-foot gage ran over a mountain from Meadville to Reno. The Pithole Railway came closer to oil, but not until this field was about dry. Another line—the Allegheny Valley—rambled over the hills on such a shaky roadbed, and had so many accidents, that it was dubbed the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," and its conductor finally resigned. For several

years no railroad at all was allowed to enter Oil City, the metropolis. Teamsters who were hauling oil several miles to the station convinced the citizens that a railroad would not smell nice.

The teamsters were getting up to $3 a barrel for hauling oil four or five miles to the trains. More oil was dragged out through creeks by mules. Oil barrels shot down river by artificial freshets—timber dams built and torn down on a certain day, so that a flood would carry boats and barges clear down to the Allegheny River. Oil traveled every which way before it reached the rails. If railroad men had taken charge of the situation they might not be faced with the loss of their oil haulage today. If only they had!



From St. Louis Post Dispatch

However, they didn't. In 1862 a man named Hutchinson who liked to putter around with pipes invented what he called his syphon. It was really a four-inch pipe line over a hill from his well to a refinery, and it leaked in every joint. In three miles it lost about a third of its oil. The mountain people living around there could get all the oil they wanted from Hutchinson's syphon. If oil really had been the cure-all it was supposed to be, they would have been the healthiest people on earth.

Three years later saw the famous Van Syckel line, a two-inch pipe with screw joints, from the field at Pithole to Miller's Farm, a station on the Oil Creek railroad—four miles.

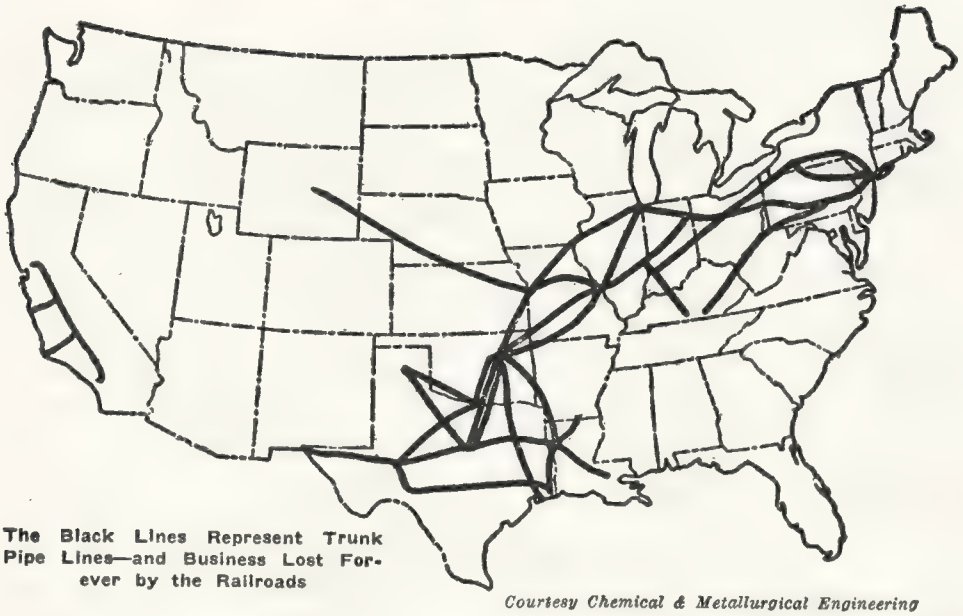
"Van Syckel is crazy," was the usual comment.

Maybe he was, but when the pipe was turned on before a skeptical crowd it worked all right. Oil rattled into the pipe and stayed there until it came out the other end. Ever since that day the railroads have had a problem.

Then came the panic of 1873, though, when nearly all of the railroads were broke. Oil was one of the few items they could make any money on. One and all they raised oil rates. But it was not so very wise, because it brought on the transcontinental pipe lines, which rail men have never stopped worrying about.

First came Dr. David Hostetter, maker of better bitters for putting into gin. Looking around for something to occupy his mind, he decided he would like to stretch a pipe line from the Butler County fields forty miles to Pittsburgh, skipping the West Pennsylvania R. R., which was said to be charging uneven rates (the smaller the producer, the more he paid). Getting several lesser oil men to back him, the doctor settled down to what must have been an interesting change from the manufacture of bitters, formed the Columbia Conduit Company, and started it toward Pittsburgh.

A few miles from the goal he found to his chagrin that he had to cross the West



The Black Lines Represent Trunk Pipe Lines—and Business Lost Forever by the Railroads

Courtesy Chemical & Metallurgical Engineering

Pennsylvania at a small bridge over a burbling creek. He made a trip to Pittsburgh and came back with a paper which he explained was a deed to the brook at that point. Generously allowing the railroad to keep its tracks over his land, he saw to it that the Columbia Conduit was laid beneath the creek, right under the railroad. As he pushed toward the B. & O. he wisely left a guard.

Word of the doctor's pipe reached Tom Scott, president of the road in a very short time. This hard-working, hard-crusted railroader thought the doctor's idea a very bad one, and shipped off a wrecking crew.

Shooing away the Hostetter guard with wrecking bars, the Penn huskies shoved the six-inch pipe this way and that until it cracked up. This went on for several days while Dr. Hostetter made a trip down among his independent oil men and began rounding up an army. He must have had two or three hundred men when he came back and faced the Pennsylvania guard.

"You men clear out," he said. "We have a perfect right to lay this pipe."

While the argument was going on an armed posse clattered up and the sheriff dismounted. He promptly arrested thirty of the oil men for rioting. And that was that. Hostetter got bored with the whole business and leased his line to three men who ran it by putting a tank on one side of the bridge, pumping the oil into wagons and putting it into the pipe on the other side.

THIS was a small victory for the railroad, but it didn't stop the pipes for long. Oil men decided there was money in owning their own pipes. Struggling to keep steam up, the Pennsylvania had been tempted and had fallen for a scheme that was to keep trouble coming. In order to get the business of the Oil Trust—or Standard Oil Company—they had agreed to charge all other companies a higher rate. This made small producers mad as hornets and determined to fight to the last ditch for pipes clear to New York and Philadelphia.

Now came the Tide Water pipe from Bradford County to Williamsport, Pa., where the Reading was offering a better rate. This was fought tooth and nail by competing railroads, and the Battle of Bottle Run, mentioned above, was only a small part of it. One railroad got the idea of stopping the pipe by leasing every farm in a north south line clear across the Lycoming County. However, with fanatic ingenuity a pipe line man found two farms

running "to the bank of Muncy Creek." Nobody owned the center of the creek, and there the pipe line went through.

A dozen years later the war was still going on. One of the fiercest fighters among the small fry was Lewis Emery, Jr., who first clashed with the rails while stretching a pipe from Bradford through New York State. Near Hancock he made ready to lay his tube under the Erie. Up came a train bristling with railroad men. Seventy of them jumped out, fired a few shots in the air, sat down at the culvert and dared Emery to lay his pipe. Emery sent for men, food, guns. Day by day he gathered his forces, while the railroad did likewise. For three months they glared across the line.

But this battle never came off. While Emery had been going through the motions of preparing for war, some of his men had been laying a pipe to the Jersey Central, 70 miles east. A few years later the pipe lines were given the right to condemn whatever right-of-way they needed.

But the war goes on. Though the railroads are used to crude-oil pipe—since 1880 little or no crude has been shipped any other way, and right in America you will find enough crude-oil pipe line to circle the earth four times—they were not ready for the jolt of three or four years ago when the big oil companies began snaking in pipes to ship gasoline, which has long been the special job of the tank car.

Shell started it in 1930, building a 100-mile pipe in Southern California from Ventura to Wilmington. This does the work of five tank cars a day. The Sun Oil pipe was next—Philadelphia to Cleveland and Syracuse. Here was the first really long gasoline pipe; it forded two rivers, 33 electric lines and 161 railways. Gasoline piping all over the country took a big spurt.

The mileage of this serious menace to railroad revenues is now over 4,000.

Railroads have fought gasoline pipes in Washington and succeeded in having them put under regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But this is a tough nut to crack. Some say the rails can't compete with piping; and out West the Shell Oil Company found that tank cars were losing them 20% of their gasoline by evaporation. Practically none is lost out of the pipes, they claim.

The Sun pipe enters Cleveland over 21 miles of railroad right of way on the Wheeling & Lake Erie. Railroad rights of way are suitable for pipe lines and the railroads ought to build them. Even so thorough-going a railroad man as the late Elisha Lee, vice-president of the Pennsylvania, said:

"The railroads in some parts of the country may find it necessary to construct gasoline pipe lines to serve refineries with plants along the rail lines."

They had better build them soon. Though there is a lull at this moment while the oil companies watch certain law-making at the Capital, it is likely to be followed by an octopus of new pipes which will snatch even small producers' gasoline haulage.

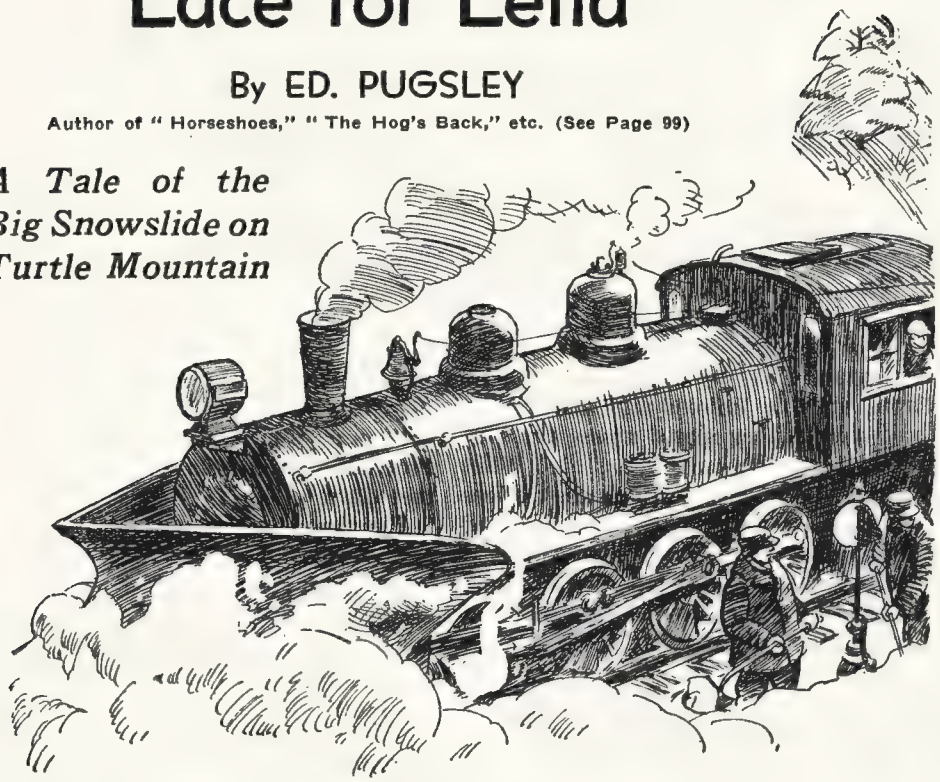
This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community where the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

Lace for Lena

By ED. PUGSLEY

Author of " Horseshoes," " The Hog's Back," etc. (See Page 99)

A Tale of the Big Snowslide on Turtle Mountain

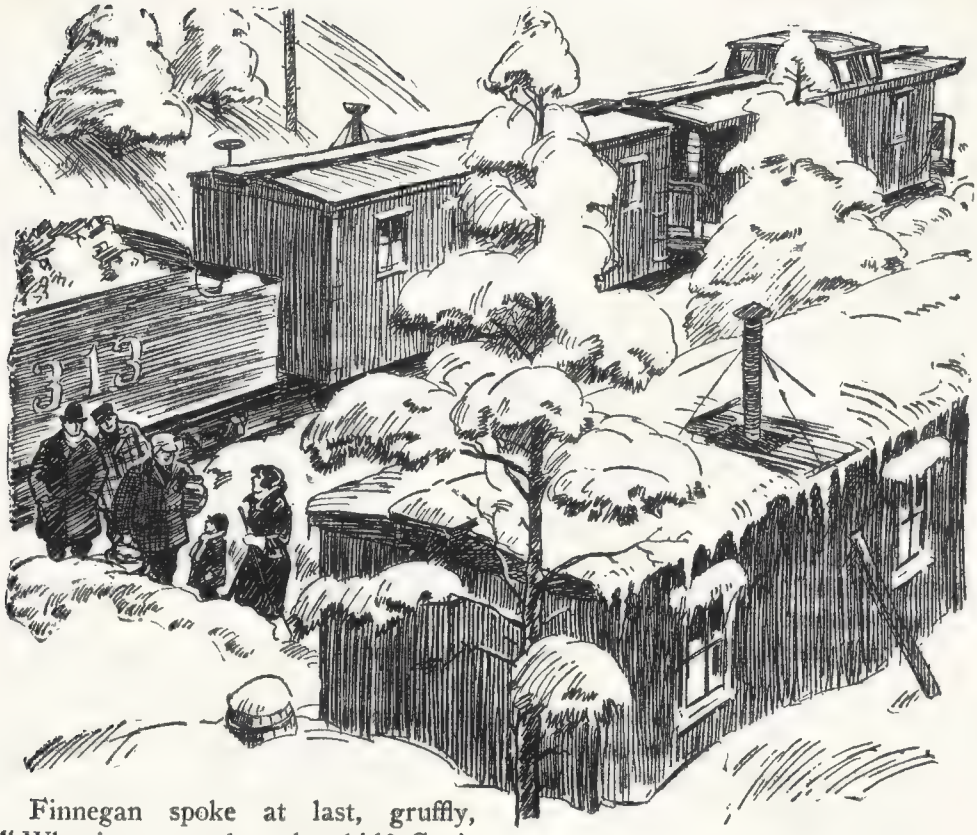


THERE may have been a rougher throttle jerker and air handler than " Flatwheel " Sam Finnegan somewhere between the Alaska Central and the Southern Pacific, but the Crow's Nest Division hadn't heard of him, and Sam carried the honors without serious competition up to the day of his sudden departure in 1903.

But outside this tendency toward roughness, there wasn't a more likeable cuss to be found than Sam Finnegan. Just a big, lumbering, good-natured elephant. There's one or more on every railroad, same as there's the exact opposite—the neat little nitwit with the imaginary responsibility and importance of a president.

But even the most steady-tempered have their off moments. Perhaps it was because he'd just been handed another ten brownies that day for another flat wheel that made Finnegan a shade unreasonable with his wife, Lena. The old Consolidation was not doing so well, what with being in work train service week in and week out and no chance of repairs. The wet season was on, too. Cold raindrops down his neck became irksome.

And now, in the shelter of their humble box car home, the salt pork and beans Lena intended for supper were underdone, and the woman just sat there indifferent about it, while three-year-old Monty—Montague Finnegan, she had insisted on naming him —was irritable and crying.



Finnegan spoke at last, gruffly, "Whyn't you tend to that kid? Can't you see he's sleepy?"

Lena looked up sharply, her face suddenly belligerent. "Why don't you tend to him yourself once in a while? He's yours as much as he's mine, isn't he?"

Big Sam could not deny the charge, so he just gaped in his awkward way and tried to grin.

"Why—why, Lena, hon—"

"Don't you hon me!" she snapped, kicking back her battered wooden chair. "I'm sick and tired of all this. It's nothing but an animal's life. I'm not standing it much longer, I tell you! Nell Fisher says I'm crazy to do it. A woman's got to have a decent place to live. Why, Nell's got a four-room house up there in Frank, and an organ, and carpet, and lots of nice things to wear—pretty lace and such. She's even got lace curtains on her front windows! And here's me—what've I got? Not an inch of lace to my name! Just print—everlasting print. Why, even the girls over in Lousetown's got lace to wear!"

She snatched up the child and handed him a smart slap that sent him into another howling protest. Big Sam's face was a study in hurt surprise.

"Why, Lena, hon, you know we're planning for that cottage back in Lethbridge jest as soon's—"

"Just as soon as we get the money saved," she interjected. "And when'll that be? At the rate you're going on now, I'd say it'll be never. Here you are getting more and more marks

against you. The first thing you know you'll be fired."

Sam was still neglecting his beans. Lena forced her voice lower, more conciliatory. "Listen, Sam. Nell's been talking to Bill about getting you a good position up at the mine. Bill says he can fix it. Whyn't you take a walk up to town and see him tonight?"

There was a pleading note in her voice that made Sam feel miserable. He shoved back from the table and fumbled for his pipe. "Me work in a mine, Lena?" He forced a laugh. "I'm no miner. I've got to have air and motion. Got to hear the old drivers rattle and the exhaust pound."

He stopped short. Lena had snatched up the child and was bundling him into his best clothes.

"Where you goin', Lena?" he asked, anxiously.

She didn't answer him, but flung herself into her coat and pulled on her rubbers, then started off into the dusk toward town, with the boy in her arms.

Finnegan watched her go, wanting to follow, to relieve her of the boy, but instead he just sat and heard her scuffing over the gravel out of sight. Then he remembered to fill his pipe. Poor little girl! Maybe it was sort of lonesome for her here. He'd have to do something about that. Send for something for her out of Eaton's catalogue—lace curtains, or something.

Or maybe—by ginger, that was it! He'd get her a pass and send her to Vancouver to stay with her sister Jen for a few weeks. He smiled happily at the thought. Women were just women after all. Lena could get herself some lace doo-dad to suit herself down there.

LENA didn't come back that night. There was always room for her at her friend Nell's, so Sam didn't worry much. But the next morning he was thinking thoughts that would have brought a laugh from his crew had they read them. He pulled the drag of fifteen single truck, link-and-pin, airless dumps out of the gravel pit and started down along the main to the soft spot at Bullrush Lake.

With nothing ahead of him for an hour he let the jolting drag drop down the grade rather lively, pinching up the 313 occasionally to rear back on the dumps like a balky horse and set Conductor Gus Wade to cussing the day the "big lummox of an engineer" was born.

As he bounced over rail joints, Sam thought of his wife. Sure, why shouldn't Lena have lace as well as any other fellow's wife? He'd have to buckle down and save. Take another run with more money in it, so they could get that house started in Lethbridge. Then his first present would be a pair of lace curtains—the best he could find in Eaton's catalogue.

Sam dreamed on. Anyway, how was he to know that the way freight was unloading half a carload of corrugated iron at the new sawmill down around the first curve at Bullrush Lake? There should have been a flagman half way up the hill to warn him, but "Full Tonnage" Tait was one of those conductors who disliked sweating over huge piles of corrugated iron while a perfectly able-bodied man sat on a rail and wasted his life away on the off chance that another train might come romping along behind.

And so when Flatwheel Finnegan first glimpsed the flagman of the stationary way freight, he was a mere hundred yards from the skipper's wheeled palace. He had time to yank the whistle cord of the 313 just once, slam over the reverse bar and set the

brake valve to big-hole position. And then, though the 313 worked valiantly against the pressure of fifteen dump loads of ballast, the odds against her were hopeless, for almost immediately the prideful red van of Conductor Tait was being crushed between the locomotive and a car of coal.

When the investigation was over, Full Tonnage and his flagman had an "ex" prefixed to their occupational titles and were heading in the general direction of the Canada goose in autumn. Flatwheel Finnegan, though held blameless for the collision, was nevertheless made responsible for the set of shiny new flat spots on the wheels of the 313, and for that unforgivable offense was sentenced to a term of six months baling coal as a demoted engineer.

On first impulse Flatwheel was tempted to tell the master maniac what to do with the job. But there was always that matter of the cottage in Lethbridge, and Lena wanting lace and such luxuries, and that trip to Vancouver that he'd promised her. So he just said nothing and took it, trying to hide it from Lena.

He might have succeeded, too, if it hadn't been for that pass to Vancouver. But the demotion penalty and Flatwheel's record didn't warrant the granting of such privilege, according to the superintendent's office. Instead of a trip, Lena was obliged to settle down beneath the shadow of Turtle Mountain while the winter snows came and hemmed her in with her bitter thoughts.

NOT long afterward work train service was suspended overnight. Flatwheel found himself commandeered for snow plow work. No time to move Lena and Monty. And when, ten days later, the snow menace was conquered for the time, Fireman Finnegan was thrust into switching service at Fernie. He wrote a brief scrawl to Lena explaining about this.

If he had seen her face when she received it he wouldn't have gone about his business with such serenity. He just couldn't seem to realize that the constant action of working on a railroad was something entirely different from just sitting alone in an isolated ex-box car with little more to do than brood over the grievous lot of a railroader's wife.

He got home at Christmas for a week and found Lena and little Monty seemingly contented amid a pile of gifts and magazines from the Fishers and Lena's sister Jennie, in Vancouver. Then, as before, he was called out on an hour's notice for snow bucking. When he got back to his box car home again there was a softness in the air which sent the snow down from old Turtle Mountain with a swish and roar. It made shivers chase up and down Lena's slender spine, for the river was already crowding angrily up against Turtle Mountain and demanding more and more space for its freshet waters.

Flatwheel was jubilant. Not only was he back home, and back into work train service, but he was sitting again at the right side of the old 313. Small wonder he missed that strange look in his wife's eyes the first day he came home. How was he to know of a certain persistent voice that had come over those tall hills with the soft spring winds? How was he to know what spring meant to a woman who wanted to feel and to wear the beautiful fresh things that spring fashion decreed?

When big Flatwheel came thumping up into the box car home that night of

April 28th, 1903, he found his wife and son dressed and ready to leave. There was no sign of supper. He had a sudden queer feeling in his great breast even before Lena opened her mouth. She didn't wait for greetings, but opened with a full broadside and without any parley.

"I'm all through, Sam," she said, her voice pitched high in endeavor to conceal her nervousness. "Your supper's in the oven. I can't stand this any longer. I've been writing to Jen. She's fixing a job for me in Vancouver."

"Why — why — Lena, hon!" He started forward, reaching out a huge grimy hand to her. She jerked back. One of his stiff, awkward fingers caught in her ruffly jabot.

"You big clown, you! Don't touch me!"

She wheeled about, snatched up the little gray telescope bag containing her clothes and little Monty's, and with the other hand gripped the child's arm, hustling him through the door. Monty turned to call: "Bye, bye, daddy!"

Then both disappeared into the cut toward the glittering lights of the town. Because he didn't know what else to do, he let them go. For a long time Flatwheel sat with the door wide, his long pipe cold between his teeth, staring in the direction they had gone.

THERE was a brilliant canopy of stars when Sam Finnegan finally stumbled out. In his slow, cumbersome manner, Flatwheel had thought it all out. He'd go into town and find Bill Fisher, hit him for that job in the coal mine. Lena was his wife, and if things were bad enough here for her to leave like that, it was time he did something about it. He'd change the job if she wanted it, and he'd do it tonight. And then he'd go around to meet No. 11 when she came in about 2 A.M., surprise her as she was leaving for Vancouver, and take her back with him. And tomorrow they'd look up a cottage right here close to Nell Fisher's. Soon she'd be happy again.

He packed his pipe as he strode along toward the black wall that towered into the heavens more than three thousand feet. Half way up he could see a bunch of lights blinking at the entrance to the mine. Supposing old Turtle took the notion to turn over and slide down off its perch? What a scramble there'd be around Frank! The mountain looked black and forbidding now against the stars. And yet, if he went to work for Bill Fisher, he'd have to get used to climbing up there.

Coming into the main street of Frank, he paused at the Turtle Saloon and turned in. He asked the bartender: "You know where a fellow named Bill Fisher lives?"

The bartender laughed. "Everybody knows Bill Fisher in this town. He's shift boss up at the mine. Second last house on the next street. But say, you wanting to see him tonight?"

Flatwheel nodded.

"Wall, I'd say you're out of luck jist now, stranger. He got a rush call up to the mine about an air pump bucking. Maybe won't be down till the night shift changes at midnight. Anything I can tell him for you?"

Flatwheel shook his ponderous head. "No, thanks. I'll maybe meet up with him later."

Outside he breathed deeply the sigh of a reprieved man. He'd just walk around a bit till midnight. No use going round to Fisher's to see Lena till he'd fixed things with Bill. He moved along the street, peering in at the bright lights. At Leitch's General Store he paused with a sudden wild idea in his

head as he saw the window full of lacy things.

His hand went deep in his overall pocket. Presently he was pushing open the store door. And when he emerged there was safely stowed in his inside vest pocket a long, thin cardboard box carefully wrapped.

He turned off toward the river now and swung into a long, lurching stride. He heard the whistle of No. 12, but he was in no humor to meet and talk with his kind just now. He wanted to be alone, to meet no more railway men till he had become firmly installed in his new job.

The river looked dark and ominous against the black mass. Its suppressed roar harmonized with his own mood. It resented being turned away by Turtle Mountain; he resented the idea of being driven like a gopher into the side of the mountain. Still, someone had to do it, and besides, Lena wanted him to. And so, like the river, he'd just grumble along and do it.

WHEN Finnegan checked his walk at last and looked about him he was surprised how far he had come. He struck a match to see his watch. Almost one o'clock. He'd have to rush right back to catch Fisher before No. 11. He let himself into a long lope, with a newly risen moon to guide his heavy feet.

Once he stopped, as he thought he heard something queer. He listened. Only the river murmured, and even that seemed subdued. He started on, took one step, and then—

Big Sam shudders when he thinks of that awful night at Frank, Alberta. He can still feel the ground rocking beneath his feet, still hear the indescribable roar that seemed to emanate from the head of old Turtle Mountain and roll on down to the valley, gathering velocity as it came, until the night was filled with a terrible thunder, echoing and re-echoing far down the valley.

The pale moonbeams were swiftly turned to a hail of silver fine as dust, but stabbing his flesh and filling his lungs with limestone till he panted for breath. And then gradually it all diminished to a lingering rumble and then to an intermittent pounding.

Only now did Sam realize what had taken place. It was not an earthquake, as he had first thought. It was old Turtle Mountain that had come toppling down on the town of Frank, which had snuggled so serenely at its base but a few minutes before.

"Godamercy!" Flatwheel croaked. "The town! Lena! Little Monty!"

He got his great feet moving at last. Presently he could hear screams, cries, shouts. And always in between that odd *bump, bump, bump!*

Suddenly his feet struck rock and he sprawled his length. From then onward he had to pick his way over rock piling ever higher and higher. Where was the town? There was none. Only rock! It spread for two miles. It piled to a depth of a hundred feet. The town, the houses, the stores, the living folks—they were all lying still and crushed beneath that million tons of limestone.

Old Turtle, asleep for a century, suddenly had come to life and shook its ponderous head. And away down below the river found something real to murmur about. For now its way was barred completely, damming it back up the narrow valley for miles.

Dawn came at last to find men and women, the few miraculously spared, wandering aimlessly over that ruin, calling in vain for lost loved ones, or heaving madly at rocks where the evidence of a house appeared.

None of these paid heed to the big bulky figure who went about mumbling two words: "Lena! Monty! Lena! Monty!" They had troubles of their own, names on their own lips. And so they did not notice him stumble down over the rocks at last and stagger westward out of the valley of the river, leaving it to find its way at length through the débris and open a new channel.

They did not notice him, for they, too, were now fleeing from their old town by orders of the authorities—fleeing from the wrath of Turtle, still rumbling deep in his shell far up above. And so passed from the Crow's Nest big Flatwheel Finnegan.

There was no dearth of rumors as time went by. Some "knew all about" the way that wife of Sam's had flung herself out of his home, dragging the kid behind her. And how he had followed, just in time to meet his fate.

"Poor old Flatwheel! It was tough to go like that. And all because of a no-account woman. But say, wasn't that queer the way that Leitch baby was found setting up there on top of the rocks all alone and not scratched, while six of the other Leitches were killed? Talk about luck, eh? How's that?"

Aleck Butler took up a collection among the extra gang and train crews and sent for a wreath from Lethbridge. Then one warm evening after work they formed a little circle about the stump where Flatwheel liked to sit and smoke his pipe near the box car house, and Aleck read a few lines from a funeral ritual. Gradually Flatwheel Sam Finnegan was forgotten.

WHAT with double tracking the west end as far as Ruby Creek, erecting a fine new terminal at Vancouver, and in a general way preparing to care for the rapidly increasing business, the coast district had never been busier. Men were being hired almost every day. Many of these were boomers, a small percentage of whom would decide that here was the place they had been seeking, and so would settle down to join the home guard. One of these was big Sam Negan.

It takes all sorts of men to man a railroad. But it wasn't long before everyone on the Pacific District, or at least on the Cascade Subdivision, had set Sam Negan down as the queerest codger that ever shoveled coal or yanked a throttle. The only words he ever spoke were those absolutely necessary in connection with his work. He'd go hours on end and none would hear the sound of his voice.

It irked some to calling him "goofy," but only once was that tried in his hearing. One of Sam's great paws reached out and shook the surprised young brakeman till his teeth rattled, then set him down again without uttering a word. After that they let him strictly alone, referring to him mildly as Silent Sam, and letting it go at that.

Promotion to the right side came for Sam in a few short months, due to his efficient handling of trains. But he was as silent as ever, signing the "31's" with a cursory repeating of contents. Yet, far from complaining, conductors came to grin appreciatively when they drew big Sam for a hogger, knowing well that they would go places in the briefest possible time consistent with safety, and also knowing the ride would be as smooth as equipment would allow.

On one of these trips a trainmaster, transferred from the Crow's Nest, walked ahead to compliment the spare

engineer on his smooth handling of air and steam. He stopped short when he saw the burly shoulders and head at the window, his memory racing back over the years before the big slide at Frank. But Silent Sam gave him one cold glance, then stared straight ahead. The trainmaster shrugged finally and turned away.

"No, it can't be him, of course. Flatwheel was killed in the slide. But he's enough alike to be his twin, except he's years and years older. Still, there's another thing. Flatwheel could never handle a train like this hogger—not in a thousand years!"

He forgot, of course, that Flatwheel of the Crow's Nest had been handling link-and-pin, airless dump cars, and that any air equipment he had chanced to handle was relegated from the main line's broken-down junk.

THEN came a "full-course" fall. Everything was on the weather bill of fare. First was a thick pea-soup fog, so bad that for days trains operated only on the nerves of the crews. Following that came frost that solidified everything moist. Then came snow—light, thick and sticky, clinging to the hills. Finally it rained. The snowy frosting vanished from the hills to pour down the gulleys in thick brown streams, taxing the Fraser Canyon to its capacity. Track walkers were doubled, slow orders issued.

In December, one of the men laid off to take a trip back East, and Silent Sam caught his run. The weather seemed to ease off for a time, allowing nerves to relax and men to give more thought to the matter of surprise gifts for the kiddies for Christmas. Then the rains commenced again.

On the afternoon of December 24th, Conductor MacLean handed up the tissues to Silent Sam at North Bend, casting a dubious eye at the clouds that hung low across the narrow canyon.

"Slow order around Saddle Rock, Sam," he commented. "Getting pretty soft there. For Pete's sake take it easy till we get this bunch of celebrators home safe for Christmas! And that's one for them and a dozen for myself," he added, with a chuckle. "This will be the first Christmas I've been home for seven years. The missus and kids are planning a big day."

Silent Sam studied the clearance and orders, stuffed them in his jumper pocket and gave a last sweeping glance at the clouds.

Sandy turned away, then wheeled and came back. "How're you spending Christmas, Sam? Any place particular to go? If not, we'd be mighty glad to have you come out to the house for dinner."

For a moment Sam hesitated, and his face twitched oddly, but only for a moment. Then the usual shrug of his shoulders, with one word low and husky: "Thanks."

Sandy walked away and Sam turned back to the contemplation of his valves. He didn't notice that another, a slender figure had strolled up, with a heavy basket of fruit and candy on his arm, to stare longingly up at the cab. It was only when the newsboy had summoned the courage to climb the ladder and stand in the gangway that he was noticed above the panting of the 2530's compressors.

"Say, Sam, you reckon I could ride up here as far as Yale? Gosh, I'd give a million if I could! 'Sony about an hour. Whatcha say, Sam?" he pleaded.

Silent Sam whirled to stare down into the eager eyes of the gangling youth, his own features twitching. For a moment he flashed a glance across at

Dusty Miller, on the fireman's seat. Dusty was grinning. Sam tipped his thumb downward with a scowl. The boy slunk toward the doorway.

"Aw, you big crank! Whyn't you be a sport for once? This is Christmas. Make me a Christmas present of a ride to Yale. You was a kid once, remember!"

Silent Sam's face was working furiously now. And suddenly from back along the platform came the long drawn cry of Sandy MacLean. Almost simultaneously came the shrill peep of the signal whistle above Sam's head. He rumbled in his throat. "Git! Git your basket! Quick, now!"

Dusty looked across uncertainly, but when Sam's throttle hand still remained on the reverse he sprang across and reached down for the basket from the youth who had leaped straight out at the glad order.

"Thanks, Sam!" the boy yelled above the exhaust, when he had scrambled up behind the basket. "Thanks!"

"Forget it!" growled the engineer.

For five miles Silent Sam's head faced rigidly forward around the twisting rails. Then he jerked sharply around to look at the boy who was standing entranced with the swaying, pounding engine, and with the motion of the great hands that controlled it. Twice more between China Bar and Spuzzum, Sam turned again to gape at the boy. Then Saddle Rock and the slow order.

RAIN was falling now. The rails curved sharply to the right, away from the brink of the cliff that overhung the boiling river, heading in around a break in the precipice where a draw sloped back filled with the mud of many a slide. Sam pinched his train down to a slower rate. Once, with eyes still facing ahead, he felt beneath his seat box for the slender parcel that always lay beside his lunch box. This he slipped beneath his jumper to the inside pocket of his vest.

Little rivulets of muddy water were trickling down the soft earth bank to the grade, and Sam's big head was twisting about like a nervous grouse, now peering up at the ridge far above, now studying minutely the grade ahead, now jerking to look behind. The rain seemed to increase. Dusty got off his seat and crossed over to Sam's side, muttering beneath his breath: "I won't be sorry when we get out of this hole today. That old hippo's getting on my nerves."

A hundred yards more now and the worst would be over. The engine was pointing back toward the river again. And then on the engine there came a queer settling feeling. Ahead, the rails remained intact, yet seemed to rise away from them.

For one uncertain instant Sam seemed unable to grasp what was happening. Then he knew, and with one swift motion he shot the air to emergency. The train wasn't leaving the rails. The rails, the ties and the entire roadbed were leaving their position on the side of Saddle Rock hill and were slipping down into the Fraser! And No. 3 was going with it!

Dusty Miller was the first to bail out. With a wild yell he shot straight out the left gangway. They found him hours later crushed beneath the baggage coach.

On the other hand, Silent Sam's every action was ponderously deliberate. He made quite sure he could do no more by staying with his engine. Finally he slid from his seat, steadied himself against the swaying cab, wrapped a long, powerful arm about

the bewildered boy, and stepped to the right gangway.

Down sagged the 2530, strangely keeping on its wheels, the soft mud easing the motion to a seasick lurch. And only when the pilot found the muddy waters of the river did the big engineer move. Then he leaped far out and clear.

WHEN Sandy MacLean, making a final check with his sleeping car conductor in a vacant compartment away back behind, felt the application of emergency he gripped the little table and his pulse skipped. With only a snail speed to stop, he was on his feet, in another moment, hurrying up ahead. Through the standards, then the diner. When he jerked open the end door of the diner he grabbed desperately for the casement. Instead of another coach ahead there was only open space! With white face he looked down. There, lying like a great snake that had been crushed to death, lay the twisted front portion of No. 3. Only the engine was missing from view, but Sandy knew she was under the river.

He steadied himself against the vestibule of the diner, fighting for control of his nerves. He first studied the bank above the remaining end of the train. Satisfied it was reasonably safe, he set about the business of sending for help. The line was down with the track. Message to Vancouver would have to be sent from up ahead—from the nearest station at Yale. And so, making a swift estimate of the wreck, he floundered across the chasm to send an almost paralyzed trackman scurrying away on his speeder toward Yale, nearly seven miles west.

Making a systematic check of passengers, Sandy found none seriously hurt, and after doing what he could for their further safety and comfort, he wormed his way down over the baggage coach to the brink of the river. There in the gathering dusk of Christmas Eve he stood with bared head staring down at the spot where Silent Sam's engine had slipped off into the river.

Poor old Sam! Queer old fellow! He had gone out just about as he had come, and lived and worked—without complaint or praise. Maybe they'd find his big body when the wrecker came. Maybe they'd never find it.

He turned away with a sigh. Then he stopped. He heard a faint cry. He snatched up his lantern, turned the wick high, plunged over toward the fancied sound. And there, from the shelter of a clump of underbrush, he heard it again.

Wading into water to his waist, he parted the brush. Two heads were there, one held above the water by an arm of the other. The newsboy of No. 3 was faintly struggling to free his hero friend, big Sam Negan!

IT was a big job for Sandy and two other trainmen to dig out Silent Sam's mired and unconscious body, but they finally carried him up the treacherous slope to the safety of a standard sleeper berth, and helped the newsboy to another berth opposite before the wrecker whistle sounded.

Across the improvised path of ties the doctors and nurses picked their way. A doctor examined big Sam, then the boy, leaving instructions with a nurse. She set about removing the mud from the two patients, the elder first. It was when she commenced to wash the face of the youth that he opened his tired eyes to see her bending over him. Recognition was instantaneous.

"Mum!" cried the lad.

"Monty! Why—why, you said you were going through to Calgary! Oh, Monty child, are you hurt?"

The boy forced a laugh. "Just a busted arm. You see, I swapped runs with Frisky Owens, so's to get home for Christmas to surprise you. Some surprise, eh? Me and old Sam, the hogger over there, we sort of took the river route. Say, mother, you better tend to him first, huh? He's hurt worse'n me!"

She turned slowly from the boy, a strange fear clutching her breast. What was that name Monty said—Sam? Why did engineers choose that name? It belonged to another, to her Sam. She leaned across the aisle, peering at the face she had just cleansed. The man's eyes opened, stared.

"Lena?" his lips framed the word with hesitation.

Still she could find no voice. She touched him, felt his face, his hands. "Not Sam? My Sam! They told me you were buried at Frank!" she gasped at last.

"And you!" he cried. "Fisher's house was buried! How did you get away? I searched all night for you!"

"I left on Number Twelve, Sam, going east. I was afraid if I waited for Eleven that I'd maybe weaken. Oh, Sam, I've never forgiven myself for leaving you that night! But you, Sam—how'd you get out?"

He grinned weakly. "Jest walked out, Lena. You always said I would be too slow to catch my own funeral." He fumbled a hand to his breast and presently drew out a worn, water-soaked, slender parcel. "I reckon this is too late, too, Lena. Twelve years late. I—I bought it that night in Frank at Leitch's store. Carried it ever since. Seeing as tomorrow's Christmas, maybe it'll do for a present till—till I can get this leg fixed."

Eyes tear-filled, she tugged at the soiled package, holding up at last an age-yellowed lace jabot.

"You always sort of had a weak spot for lace, didn't you, Lena?" he asked awkwardly.

She buried her face against his.

Out in the dark vestibule a delegation of the crew, led by Sandy MacLean, backed away.

"Not now, boys!" Sandy muttered hoarsely. "Did you fellows see what I saw? Old Silent Sam talking and laughing like a kid with that newsboy and that grayheaded nurse! Glory be! There *is* a Santa Claus, sure enough!"

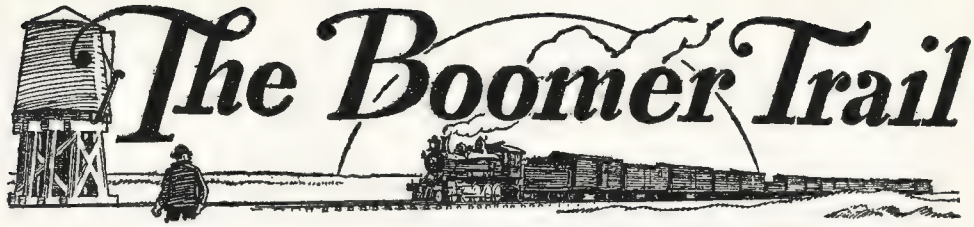
LUDEN'S Menthol Cough Drops now contain an ALKALINE FACTOR

Because Medical Science says this:

The researches (of these Doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition of the body. To overcome this they prescribe various alkalies.

—excerpt from "The Common Cold" based on interviews between the editors of Fortune Magazine and prominent U. S. Physicians.

No change in the famous Luden flavor. Same quick throat comfort. But *now* Luden's contribute to your alkaline reserve. 5¢



WHEN I was running on the Erie, the road had good power, well kept up. They had engine inspectors to see that the engineers did not overlook any bets and also to put in water glass, adjust brake rigging, etc. But when I went to work on the Cuernavaca R. R. out of Mexico City I found everything was different. The Cuernavaca had no roundhouse, no master mechanic, not even mechanics! On the Erie we had been paid on a mileage basis, while on the Cuernavaca we were paid by the month and we were supposed to do our own repair work on the engines. If the job were very difficult we could get an order from the super to have it done at the roundhouse of the Mexican Central Ry.

In the States a man had to be well grounded in the Book of Rules, have good vision, and be an expert on air brakes and machinery. How different in Mexico! When I reported at the office of the Mexican Central to be examined on air and machinery I was asked: "Didn't you run on the Central?"

"Sure, Mike," I replied.

Then the fellow said: "Well, if you passed once, that's enough," so he wrote out an order that I was O. K.

The train dispatcher asked only 2 questions, both of which I answered correctly. Then he said: "Mr. Deegan, it would be an insult to your intelligence to ask you any more questions. You know the Book of Rules better than I do." Thereupon he certified that I had passed a first-class examination.

In the States I had been running about 5 years and was kept on the extra list all that time, but in Mexico I was assigned a regular run right away, although there were other men on the extra list. Probably this was done because of the ease with which I passed the Mexican examinations.

You didn't have to know much to get a hog-head's job in Mexico. After you got it things weren't so soft. You couldn't depend on the natives to do anything right and the conductor was often half stewed, so it was up to the engineer to "play ball."

I met a little Dutchman who could not get to first base on a trunk line in the States, but he was a wizard at locomotive repair work. They gave him a lot of that work every time he had an idle moment. On the other hand, I was considered a fairly good man on a trunk line, but a poor excuse when it came to rebuilding an engine.

On the Erie we had level track; on the Cuernavaca we had between 2½ and 3 per cent grades. We had wood-burners. Now, when you get the average coal-burner on a hill the harder you hit her the better will she steam. A wood-burner is something else. As a fireman once remarked about wood-burners: "You have plenty of steam all over the road—until you need it. Then she fails you." That is the truth. The wood-burner would howl for hours on a siding until it seemed as if she'd never let up. But just as soon as you struck a hard pull, the needle did a fade-out.

It was about 35 miles from Cuernavaca to Tres Marias, where they had a wood pile, a water tank and a dining-room. That was our meeting point for No. 2. Sometimes I had to strain to make it. If you hit the engine too hard she'd begin to fade. There were several stretches where, if you stopped to blow up, you could not get going again and you'd have to back up several miles in order to start. The passing track nearest to Tres Marias was more than 7 miles away, so if you did not make your meeting point it would throw you out about 2 hours, no pay for overtime.

A certain restaurant served a dinner for 20c; but a real good meal, American style, would cost $1. If you drank *tequila* (the native firewater) you could get a shot for one cent. If you ordered whisky they would give you *tequila* with a little coloring matter in it and charge you 25c.

I had heard so much of the awful effects of drinking *tequila* that I resolved to sidestep it. For months I never went near a saloon nor had a drink of anything stronger than coffee. However, the temptation was strong. If there is only one house in a Mexican town, it is a saloon. Every time we hit a sidetrack the conductor would flash me the signal of distress—fingers extended and thumbs up, which means: "Will you have a drink?"

There were native brakemen, firemen, gandy dancers, telegraph operators, waitresses, etc. Very few of them could talk English, while I could not speak Spanish, so I was very lonesome. Finally I made the *cantina* my headquarters, and found plenty of congenial company. Reminds me of the old poem:

> "As a rule a man's a fool—
> When it's hot he wants it cool,
> When it's cool he wants it hot—
> Always wanting what is not."

The average conductor soliloquizes as follows: "Am I not the captain and the brains of this train? Yet that ignorant hogger gets more money than I do. Something is wrong. I should be a hogger myself."

The engineer reasons thus: "That dumb conductor talks about being the brains. Am I not held equally responsible for the safety of the train? All that he does is look wise and carry

messages, while I do all of the work. I wish I was a conductor!"

Now this trait found expression in a large number of O. R. C. men running engines and an equally large number of B. of L. E. men running trains. Jobs were plentiful, so the men gratified their desire to change vocations.

One day I met a couple of buddies who insisted that I go to work at Jimulco. There were 7 engines at that place without regular men. That night I went to bed, debating the proposition: "Which would you rather be—a tramp in the U. S. A. or an engineer on the Greasy Central at Jimulco?"

If I went back to the States I was broke, winter was coming on, and I'd have to hustle a job. If I worked at Jimulco I was assured of eats and a fine climate, but the motive power was poor and the division long and mountainous, with heavy tonnage and world's worst alkali water.

Finally I decided. At 2.30 A.M. I got up and dressed and went down to the depot. No. 1 was ready to leave at 3 A.M. Showing my fireman's card to the engineer, I climbed on board and kissed my hand good-by to the land of sunshine and chili beans. I preferred being a tramp in good old U. S. A.—JAMES DEEGAN, 1851 Brooks Ave., Los Angeles.

Sam Earp, Recently Retired Boomer and Home Guard. His Son Jimmy Is One of the World's Foremost Rail Fiction Writers. Sam Lives at 23 South 8th Street, Herington, Kansas

JUST another old boomer writing in. Not so much mileage as Turkey Moore can boast, but I followed the rails from the Brazos to the Peace and from Waterbury to Vancouver. Among other things have been timekeeper, engine dispatcher, various kinds of clerk, fitter, locomotive foreman and car knocker.—BEN GAUL, 991 N. Main St., Waterbury, Conn.

* * *

ANSWERING many queries: The Boomer Ry. Men's Ass'n is a non-profit outfit. No charge for membership. Applicants, send your rail service record and self-addressed stamped envelope. Membership pins may be bought at cost, if desired, but are not really necessary.—ERWIN W. REITER (originator of B. R. M. A.), Shelly, Pa.

* * *

RAILROADING runs in the Earp blood. At one time there were 5 Earps on the Rock Island pay roll at Herington, Kansas, including William Samuel Earp and his son, James W., the fiction writer.

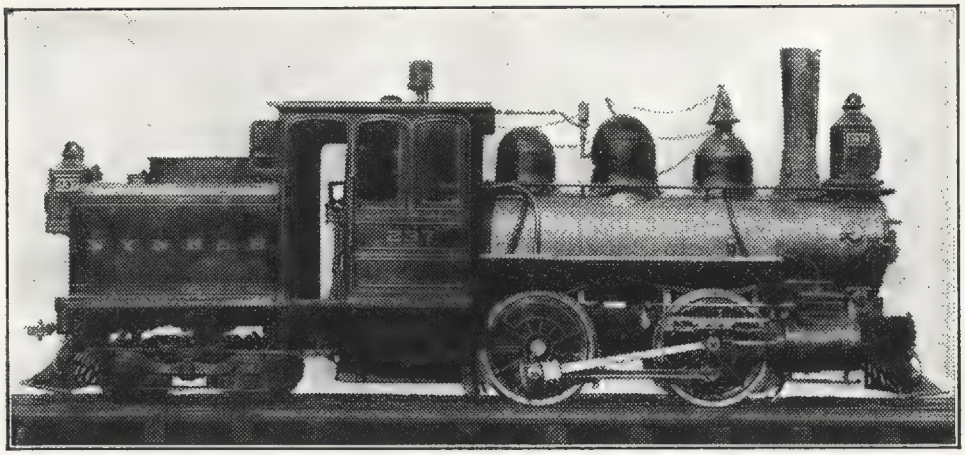
Sam Earp was a boomer; born Sept. 22, 1864; married Catherine Cleary in April, 1887. They have 4 sons and 7 daughters. Jimmy came first; he was born June 15, 1888, at Clarence, Mo. Shortly afterward the little family moved to Marceline, Mo., division point for the new A. T. &. S. F. extension, where Sam began his rail career as brakeman in 1889. Two years later he was promoted to conductor, but was discharged in 1904 for fighting on duty; the said fighting consisted mostly of slapping an operator.

Sam went to Sapulpa, Indian Territory, to work for the Frisco until 1906. Then he twisted brakes on the Colorado Midland out of Colorado City. Mere brakemen on the C. M. in those days made more money than did conductors on other pikes. Next Sam became Rock Island yardmaster at Limon, Colo.; then (in 1908) U. P. conductor at Rawlins, Wyo. In 1909 a derailment gave him another excuse to move, this time to Herington, back on the Rock Island. This was Sam's last move. Even in boomer days when rail jobs were plentiful there was an age limit.

It was at Herington that his son Jimmy, now a Rock Island trainman himself, met the original "Boomer Jones" at an air-car examination and wrote the first of his popular "Boomer Jones" stories for RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. These stories are still running occasionally in RAILROAD STORIES, with "Slippery Buck" Anderson as leading character.

Rails on the Kansas Division will tell you that Sam Earp is a mighty well preserved man for 71 years. He and his wife are already planning a golden wedding celebration in April, 1937. Sam made his last trip as a R. I. conductor Sept. 28, 1935. He could have had one more trip before retirement, Oct. 1, but he said:

"They want to retire me. I want to retire. I'll donate that last trip to them with my best wishes."



No. 237 of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, an 0-4-4 Type Forney Which Connected with the New York Elevated Lines Years Ago

Forney's Iron Horse

By ARTHUR CURRAN

Author of "Hump-backed Hogs"

MATTHIAS NACE FORNEY, whose writings are familiar to railroad men, especially those of the older generation, took time out to design a short-haul locomotive that made him famous in an age which knew nothing—and cared less—about gas and electric motors.

Forney had watched the railroads use superannuated passenger engines on suburban runs, and had noted—doubtless with amusement—the grotesque little coffee-grinders with which the New York Elevated started business. The latter, by the way, were housed in affairs of the dummy style, and not well suited to the work.

Brother Matthias believed that a special type, capable of quick acceleration and with good tracking qualities, would solve what was then known as the "rapid transit" problem. After some experiment, the wheel arrangement of 0-4-4 was adopted; the boiler being over the drivers and the tank supported by a four-wheel truck. When new it was referred to as the four-coupled tank back with swivel truck. Numbers of this type were built for elevated railroads in New York, Brooklyn and Chicago. The New York bunch—a hardy tribe painted red—had single-expansion cylinders. Some of the Brooklyn and the Chicago engines had compound cylinders, either on the Vauclain or cross-compound system. Of course, various builders were represented.

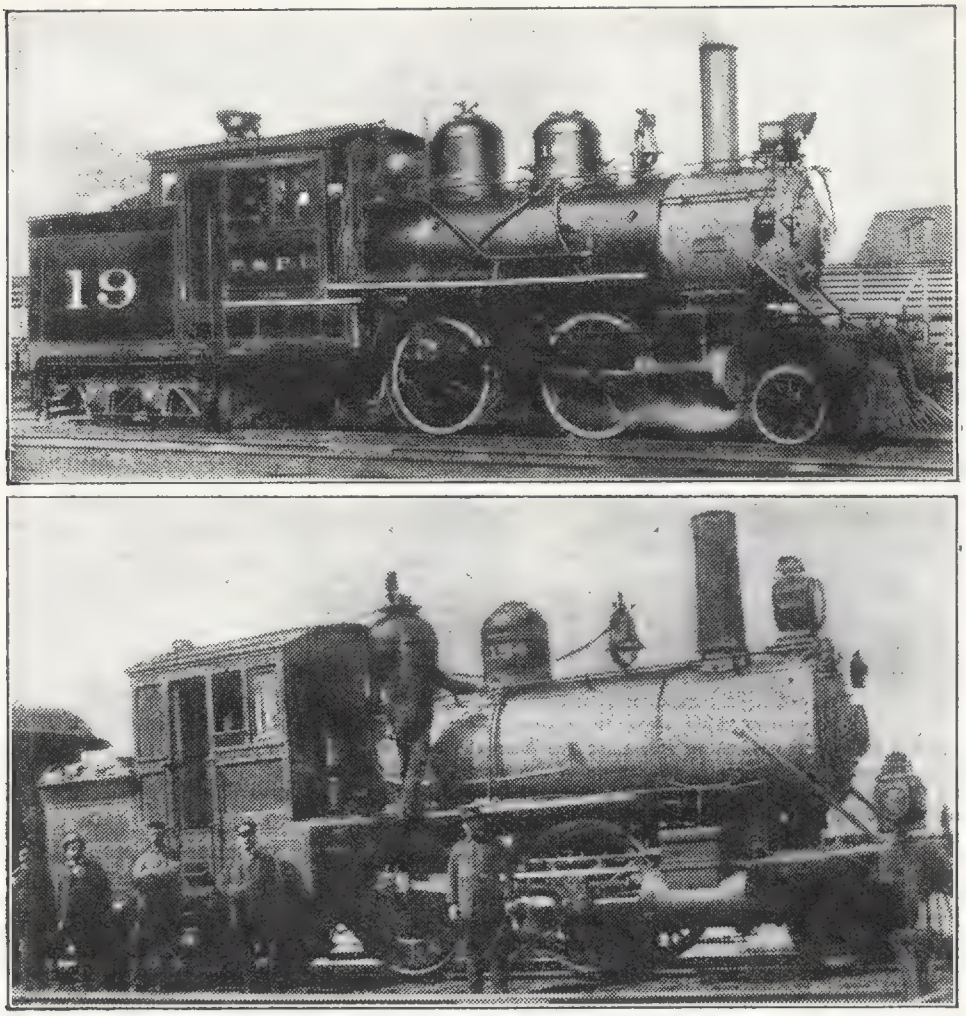
For service on the suburban line connecting with the New York Elevated at East 129th St., N. Y. City, the New Haven Road purchased a class exemplified by No. 237, and known as S-8. They were built by the Rhode Island Locomotive Works, Providence, R. I., in 1892, with 14 by 20-inch cylinders, 49-inch drivers and 81,500 pounds

Photos from R. Davidson, 59 George St., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Porter-Built Forney Types Were Used on the Old 3-Ft. Gage Mt. McGregor Ry., Which Ran between Saratoga Springs and Mt. McGregor, N. Y. This Railroad Carried the Body of General Grant on the Funeral Trip from Mt. McGregor, Where He died. (Note the Smokestack Extension)

weight. Of true Forney type, they represented a considerable advance in capacity and weight over the elevated engines, though handling the same type of rolling stock.

Over on the West Side, at 155th St. and Eighth Avenue, the Putnam Division of the New York Central connected with the "El." This had been the New York & Northern, with a main line to Brewster and a branch to Yonkers. For this Yonkers traffic, the Rogers Works built some engines of a modified Forney type with a pair of pony wheels. They were thus of the 2-4-4 type. The design was doubtless



(Upper) One of the Heavy 2-4-6 Type Forneys Which Hauled Suburban Trains on the Old Peoria & Pekin Union. (Lower) No. 1154 of the New York Central & Hudson River, One of the Forneys Which Originally Belonged to the New York & Northern (See Bottom Photo on Page 41)

influenced by the success of this wheel arrangement on the Illinois Central, whose big suburban business had required special types developed by this same builder.

The N. Y. & N. engines had 14 by 22-inch cylinders, 54-inch drivers, and weighed 98,500 pounds. One of them, as numbered 1154 in the N. Y. C. & H. R. series, is shown in the accompanying photo. These engines were very smart and ran for many years until displaced by a more modern class which, in turn, was scrapped upon electrification of the Yonkers branch. When this was done the terminal was established on its present site.

As time went on the Forney was developed further. A later favorite was the 2-4-6 type, the six-wheel truck being necessitated by the use of a larger tank. This type was popular on the Illinois Central until displaced by electrification of the Chicago suburban

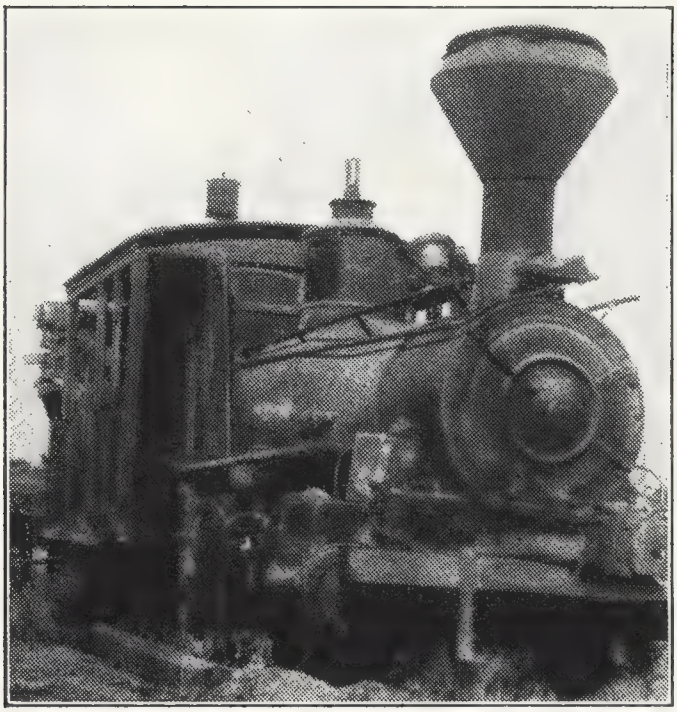


Photo from H. C. Graves, c/o J. Dietz, Rt. 4, Box 22, Petaluma, Calif.

This Old Forney Is Breathing Her Last Far from the Scenes of Her Early Triumphs. Originally the Pride of the New York Elevated, She Was Sold to the Old Jacksonville R.R. of Oregon (Later Medford Coast R.R.), and When the Road Was Abandoned She Was Re-Sold to a Logging Line at Glendale, Ore., Where She Is Still Running

lines. It is illustrated by No. 19 of the Peoria & Pekin Union (ex-I. C.). A few of this class were used on the "Addison Scoot" in steam territory on the I. C. (Chicago and Addison).

Tank engines of one type or another are still used on the Boston & Albany, Central of New Jersey, and possibly elsewhere; but these are much larger and more elaborate than any within the purview of this article.

The Staten Island Rapid Transit had some very neat Forney engines by Cooke, and the Long Island had some by various builders. On the New York and Manhattan Beach there were some Mason "bogies" of which the "Stuyvesant," built in 1878, and of the 2-4-6 type, was an example. Three of the four cars in the train were of the old "open" type with side-curtains. This was a narrow-gage affair, like so many other pleasure lines in the Age of Innocence.

Narrow gage railroads were supposed to save money. It is noticeable, however, that the successful ones were standardized in due course, and that the others folded up. This was the American experience, at all events. So much for that ancient brand of banana oil!

In the old days, the C. & O. had a Forney (0-4-4) which must have been something of a Jumbo for that wheel arrangement. She weighed no less than 110,000 lbs. Her cylinders were 17 by 24 inches, as big as those on contemporary 4-4-0 engines; and her driver diameter was 57 inches—also good for the American type. An oddity was a slope at the rear of the tank.

A number of factors not at all related to the merits of Forney's design caused it to be eased gently into oblivion. There are those who still believe, however, that it might have solved the branch-line problem at less cost than the *put-put* cars. It is certain that many runners would have preferred to handle them on such jobs than to listen in the confined space of a compartment to the din of an internal explosion motor—or internal combustion, if you like that better.

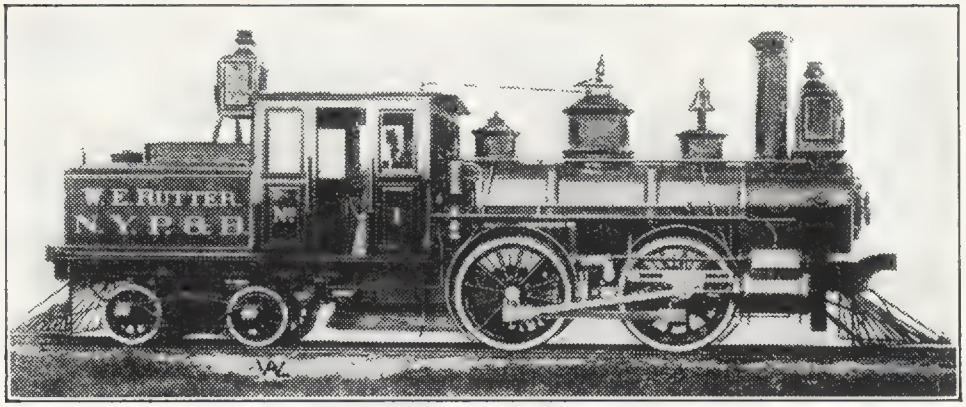


Photo from W. A. Lucas, 56 Tuxedo Ave., Hawthorne, N. J.

The "W. E. Rutter," a Famous High-Wheeled Forney Type Owned by the New York, Providence & Boston (Now New Haven)

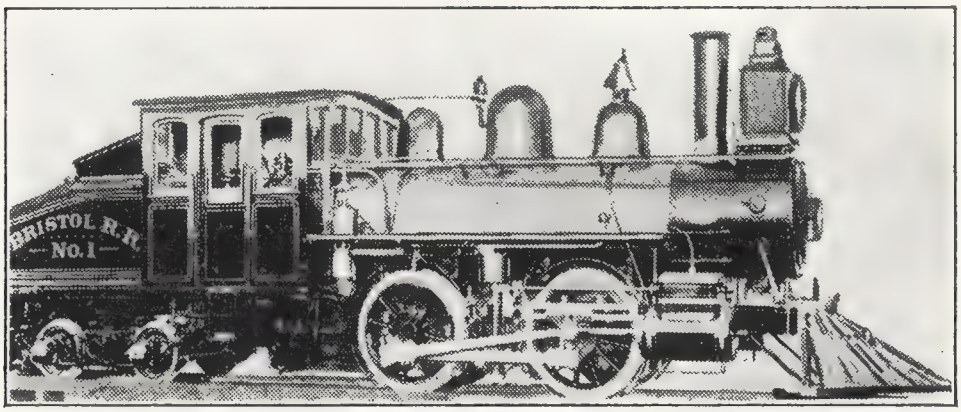


Photo from J. Aldcroft, 512 Cottage St., Pawtucket, R. I.

This Forney Was Built by the Rhode Island Works for the Bristol R.R. (Now Abandoned) in 1891. She Had 15x20 Cylinders and Weighed 92,000 Lbs.

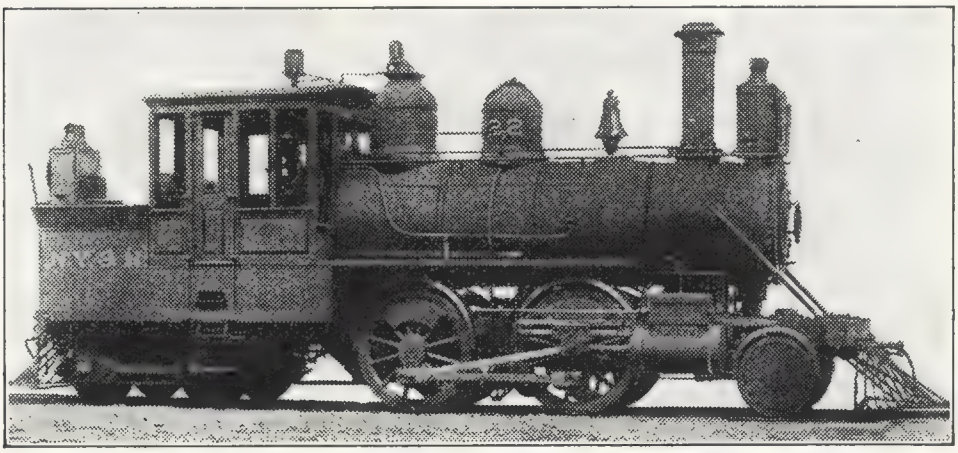


Photo from J. Fisher, 136 Washington St., E. Orange, N. J.

One of the Original Rogers-Built Forneys of the New York & Northern (See Page 39)

Phantom City

For Years the Abandoned Town Hid Its Strange Secret from the World—Until the Railroad Came Back Again

By E. S. DELLINGER
Author of "Tornado," etc.

CHRISTMAS EVE in the Rockies of the Southwest. A Mikado freight hog, the 1702, was wheeling oranges at a fifty-mile clip. Wind was whipping sand through barbed wires and banking it like snow in cuts through the foothills.

Engineer Art Kingston opened his side window, pulled down cap and goggles to shield his eyes, and peered ahead through the roaring inferno of blown sand where he could see a scant dozen feet beyond his pilot.

Across the cab "Brick" Donley, too, was alert. Brick was an extra brakeman, nicknamed from the color of his hair. Face against the narrow front glass, Brick glued his eyes on the starless stretch, helping his engineer pal keep watch for signals and obstructions. Fireman Joe Sharpe bent his back to the task of keeping a full head of steam.

Throttle out, reverse up, they turned down the grade to Kneehi. Art, leaving his seat, called across the cab:

"Hi, Donley!"

"Yeah!" The blue-eyed shack slid

from his comfortable pew and sauntered across the wind-swept deck. "What's your pain now?"

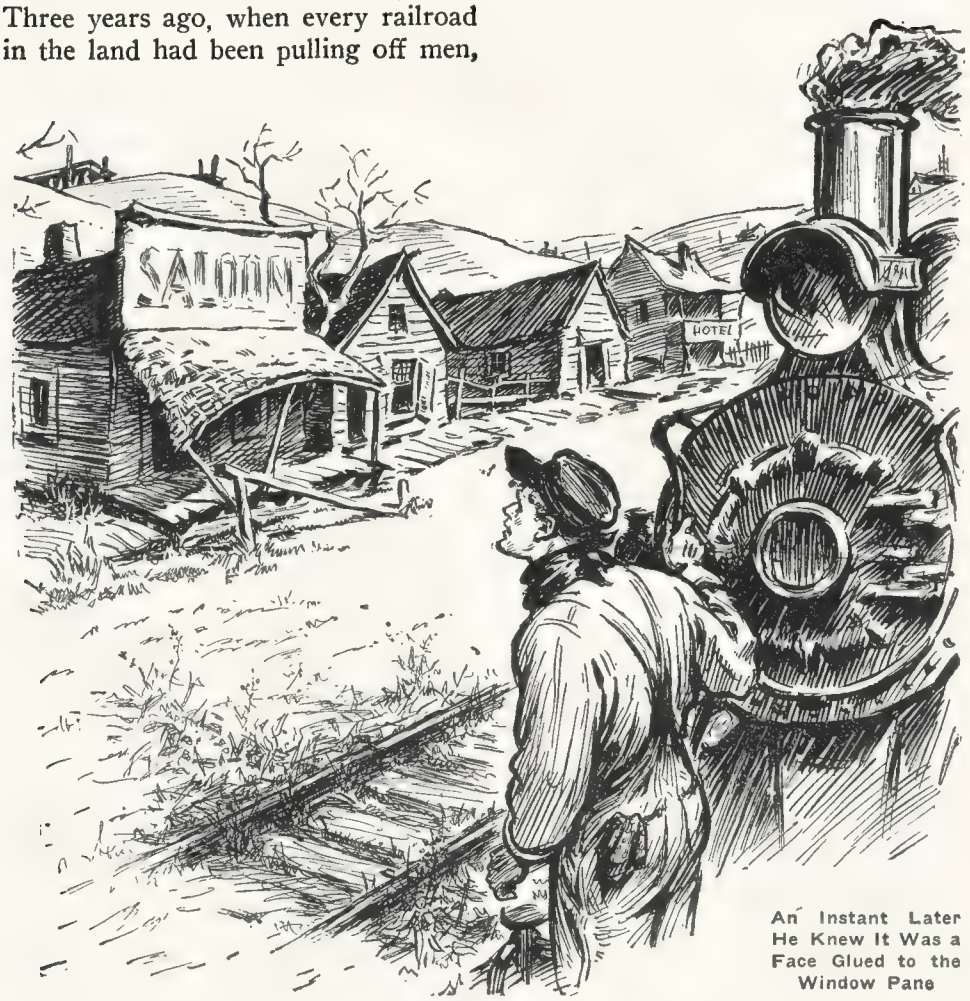
"Run this hog a minute, will yuh? I've got some groceries to unload goin' through Kneehi."

Brick grinned. He knew that Art's "groceries" was a holly box with a wrist watch for the signal maintainer's daughter at the Crowell cottage in the foothill village. He slid in under the throttle, while his companion rummaged through a little black grip.

A crease came between the keen blue eyes. Brick knew that these Crowells were the division mystery. Three years ago, when every railroad in the land had been pulling off men, the S.T.&S.F. had hired the hunchbacked Ben Crowell as signal maintainer at Kneehi.

That was the first mystery. Gossip explained it by saying that Crowell was related to "Old Hell-Bender," president of the S.T.&S.F. Whether he was or wasn't, Ben was definitely attached to the pay roll.

Roadmen watching him *put-put* along the line on his little gasoline motor car, or refill battery boxes, or stand beneath a semaphore while they thundered by, had wondered much about Ben Crowell. The old fellow had



An Instant Later He Knew It Was a Face Glued to the Window Pane

never enlightened them, had never fraternized with them, not even returning the friendly wave and shout with which, at first, they greeted him. At the end of three years the men knew nothing about Ben save that he was a grouch, he drank hard liquor, and he had a nice-looking daughter, Lucile.

This daughter was almost as much of a mystery as her father—almost but not quite. They lived together in the drab little house at Kneehi. Veiled by distance, she had first appeared to the train and engine men as a lovely apparition. They had tried to flirt with her, waving and throwing kisses, as railroad men do. The girl had eyed them coldly, had tossed her black head to one side, and tried to go on being a mystery.

Somehow Art Kingston had gotten next to her. How, even his pal Brick Donley did not know with certainty. Now, whenever Art whistled, Lucile Crowell would come to door or window, waving after him until he faded into summer's haze or winter's blizzard. Although not even Brick had been near enough to the signal maintainer's daughter to know what she looked like, Art made regular drives from Laguna back to the cottage at Kneehi.

Art came up with the holly box. Brick looked at it and growled:

"You don't aim to throw off that fifty-dollar watch tonight, I hope?"

"Why not?"

"Because it might crack up."

"It's rolled in cotton."

"All right. It's your girl and your watch, but if I was you, I'd have an excuse to drive back from Laguna with it tomorrow."

The engineer beamed. "Not a bad idea. I gotta hand it to yuh, kid, even if you are a redhead."

He replaced the package, dropped the lid on the box and returned to his post. Brick stood on the platform behind him, and they talked all the way down the hill.

BEN CROWELL left Camden, eastern terminus of his signal territory, at 6.40 that Christmas Eve. In the toolbox was a quart bottle. That was his Yuletide gift to himself. He had not waited until the morning of the 25th to open it. There were also a box of chocolates and a black sweater in a green package. These were his Christmas presents for his daughter.

Halfway between Camden and Kneehi is a flag stop known as Blind Siding. Both head-blocks there were green. When old Ben turned his car down the six-mile grade, he grunted approvingly. He was an efficient maintainer. His blocks seldom "went out," because he knew what to do to keep them working.

The first signal below Blind Siding was at caution. Aware that an extra freight was almost due, Ben set the car off the track and stamped around on the ground while he waited for the freight to come. Although he could see men in both cab and cupola, there was no exchange of greetings.

When the freight had run, he rode to Kneehi, unlocked the toolhouse and ran the car into it. Then he took out his three Christmas packages. He laid down Lucile's, uncorked his own, and drank two fingers. At that moment the operator came with a message.

When blizzards rage, signal maintainers never welcome official messages. Ben swore. He swore at the operator. He cursed train crews who reported defective signals. He cursed Old Hell-Bender, and the fate which had forced him to gallivant through night and storm instead of sitting be-

side a cheerful fire. Replacing bottle and packages in the toolbox, he read this message:

Extra 2769 reports block 5664 out of order. Please make immediate investigation.

Block 5664 was the west head-block at Blind Siding. Ben knew it had been working forty minutes before, when he went through it. He buttoned the sheepskin coat a little tighter, cursed a little louder, and drove profanely back through the storm to see what had happened.

When he came in sight of the block it was red. He knew that its position might be due to a broken rail beyond, to a defect in the mechanism of the block itself, to an open switch, or to an obstruction which would cause a short-circuit.

Ben investigated the mechanism. It was in perfect working condition. He did not examine the battery, because he had renewed it three days before.

The old fellow flashed his light along the insulated wiring which connected the rails into the block mechanism itself. *One of the wires had been neatly cut,* as with a pair of pliers or a heavy knife. He swore again and proceeded to splice it. As soon as it was repaired, the block returned to position.

With a grunt, the maintainer replaced pliers and wire in his toolbox, and turned the car toward Kneehi, leaving the brake set on it. He next uncorked his Christmas package and drank another two fingers. Then he pulled the big collar of the sheepskin coat higher about his ears.

Wind whistled through singing telegraph wires, lashed his face with stinging sand and sifted the sand over ties and between the rails.

Ben listened to the sand and the wind. Above those sounds, he heard yet another noise which was neither sand nor wind. A boot-heel clicked on gravel. A throaty chuckle turned the blood in his veins to ice. He whirled toward these new sounds, but he did not complete the movement.

KNEEHI is in a shallow valley. It consists of a passing track, a stock track, the signal maintainer's cottage, the drab section house, the boxcar station, six boxcars where the Mexican section hands live, and a little coop of a grocery store and filling station combined.

The track comes down to the bridge over the arroyo at the end of the passing track and starts its easy climb to Blind Siding. Freight trains usually hit the place with a thundering snort like wild horses on stampede, because crews don't like to drag up grades ten miles an hour.

Art Kingston was running a mile a minute when he whistled for Kneehi. That was too slow. He tugged at the throttle; the exhaust changed from a trickling stream to a blurred roar. Above the roar he sent four long blasts of the crossing whistle, followed by three short ones, which told Lucile Crowell he was coming to town.

The engineer and Brick Donley both took their eyes off the track for three ticks of a watch to glance at a large square of light from the cottage window and a smaller one from the door. There was a fleeting glimpse of a gleaming star and the colored lights from a Christmas tree.

As the window winked backward, the men in the engine cab saw a lone bulb make the sign of the cross.

"She's got the light in the window for you, old-timer," Brick jested.

"Lucile's always got thuh light in thuh window. She's the kind that never lets her man down."

They roared past six boxcars and the section house. Both of them were again staring into a cloud of dust and sand which cut off the rails at a distance of a hundred feet. The fireman, Joe Sharpe, was baling in the black diamonds to fight a cold driving wind.

As they passed the section house, both the engineer and Brick glimpsed a darker shade in the shadow of the sand cloud. For a split second they saw something dark moving on the track dead ahead, then it was swallowed in another drift. Art eased off the throttle. Brick started to ask: "What—"

The question froze in his throat. Wind lulled. Sand eddied. Shadow became substance, and the substance was Ben Crowell's motor car, rushing toward them with the hunchbacked maintainer on it.

Art's breath came in one quick gasp. His big hand set the brake valve of the 1702 at emergency. Brick stared, frozen with horror. *The old maintainer was slumped over the controls, arms hanging limply like a dead man's arms.*

There came a sickening crash, sound of splintering glass, of steel striking steel and recoiling warped from the impact . . .

In half its length, Art had stopped the orange train. He whistled out a flag and called for the conductor. Brick lighted his torch, and led the way at a run toward the section house.

"Was it—" Art panted. "Was it—"

"Ben Crowell," Brick said harshly. "Dead! Asleep! Drunk! Never knew what hit him."

Art did not say anything further. His lips were blue, his hands were shaking and his face was a dull gray beneath the goggles pushed up on the forehead.

The section foreman was out by the fence. He flashed a lantern up into Art's gray face and mumbled: "Too darned bad it had to be you, Kingston."

That was all. Nobody thought exactly what he meant; not then.

THE conductor came up. He dropped down beside the crumpled form and looked at the head which had been bashed in. He groped for a lifeless wrist, but quickly let it fall.

"I've been looking for something like this for three years," he said tensely. "When you go pouring hot liquor over cold steel . . ."

He glanced at his watch, gave brief instructions to the section foreman.

Meanwhile Brick, who also had been examining the victim, turned excitedly to the conductor. "Do you see anything fishy about this?"

"No," was the reply. "Not a thing. Why do you ask?"

"The body is already stiff—*rigor mortis* has set in—and the blood is entirely dry!"

"So what?" said the conductor.

"*We* didn't kill that man—he was already dead before we hit him!"

"Murdered?"

"It looks that way," Brick answered solemnly. "In fact—"

The other laughed. "Trying to do some more gumshoeing?" he snorted. "Listen, Sherlock, old Ben Crowell was drunk and he ran into us, that's all."

"I don't believe it."

Brick was unconvinced. He did not follow the conductor and engineer when they went to break the sad news to the signal maintainer's daughter.

Instead, he returned alone to the scene of the accident. He went over every foot of the ground, examining the wrecked motor car and the contents of the toolbox.

Brick's interest in railroad crime and his almost uncanny luck in nosing out railroad criminals had given him the reputation of being the division's Sherlock Holmes. He had even been invited to join the S.T.&S.F. Railway police force but had scoffed at the idea. Braking was more of a man's job.

Browsing with his lantern through the débris, he found scattered chocolates and the black sweater whose package had been broken open. Both were symbols of a father's love, Christmas gifts which would never be given! The brakeman dashed a hand across his eyes to clear them of blown sand. Then he turned to other bits of wreckage.

There was blood on the platform and levers of the motor car—much blood—and it was dry and mixed with sand, drier than it should have been thirty minutes after it had been shed.

Looking further, the amateur sleuth found Ben Crowell's left mitten. It was lying on the end of a tie. He picked it up, wondering why that mitten had not been on its owner's hand. He turned it over, and when he did so, something fell from the lining.

A puzzled frown on his face, he stooped to pick up the object. It was a fragment of bone, part of the broken handle of a hunting knife. On it were the letters "Chals . . ." and "Cana . . ." It was not hard for Brick to decide that these letters, when completed, would form the words "Chalset" and "Canada." He recognized those names because he had seen many a knife bearing that trademark.

Slipping the fragment into his pocket, Brick ran toward the station to which Ben Crowell's body had been taken. He met Art Kingston and the conductor and took them back with him. Together they scrutinized every inch of the body. There was no sign of a knife cut about it. Brick was puzzled. The conductor said impatiently:

"My dear Sherlock, we seem to be on a wild goose chase. Come on, let's get back to town."

So they went back to town.

THE coroner held an inquest in Kneehi on Christmas morning. There was no sign of holiday festivities in this grim and solemn Yuletide assemblage. The whole crew came out for it. Art Kingston paced the floor of the smoker all the way from Laguna. He did not go to the house.

Brick made strenuous efforts to get his murder theory before the jury and bring about an investigation. He called attention to the fact that the blood was already clotted and dry when the body was found. He did not bring in the piece of knife handle, because he knew the knife had not been the cause of death.

The jury was skeptical. Brick was not surprised, but not disappointed, when they returned the verdict:

Death accidental, due to being struck by locomotive No. 3702 in charge of Engineer Arthur Kingston and Fireman Joseph Sharpe.

Gossip centered around the Kneehi affair. Somebody told somebody else:

"It's a shame and a scandal the way that there Crowell girl and that there engineer man that killed her pappy's been a carryin' on. Why, don't you know he's been a-tootin' his whistle at her every time he goes through Kneehi, an' she a-wavin' an' a-throwin' kisses at him."

"You don't say?" responded the listener. "Maybe that's what caused her poor pappy to be killed. Maybe that engineerman was a-flirtin' with her instead uh tendin' to his business an' watchin' the railroad track like he'd orta of been . . ."

Thus the word was passed around.

Gossip reached official ears. The superintendent called an investigation two days after Christmas. This investigation got statements from the section foreman's wife, the storekeeper and his wife, and a few other persons.

It even secured the reluctant admission from Kingston himself that he had often used his whistle to let Miss Crowell know he was coming, and had so used it that night, scant seconds before he had hit the motor car.

Art denied, however, that he had been watching the house at the time of the accident. He said truthfully that he had set his brakes as soon as the car had become visible through the sandstorm. Brick Donley and Joe Sharpe confirmed this testimony.

The super did not get hard about the case. Aware that the sandstorm would have made it impossible for Kingston to see the car in time even to slow down before he hit it, the super did not blame him in any way for the death of Ben Crowell, but he did assess Art Kingston's record with five "brownies" for improper use of the whistle.

In addition, he assessed the personal records of some other employees for not reporting this improper use of the whistle, as required by rules.

The boys, of course, passed it off as a joke. Five demerits did not matter, especially since there were only four days left until January first, when the slate would be wiped clean and they would start earning a new string of brownies.

FIVE brownies did not matter—but something else did. Gossip relayed the news to the signal maintainer's daughter. Lucile was stricken with remorse. Forgetful that a sandstorm had been raging, she jumped to the conclusion that if she and Art had not been flirting that night, her father might not have been killed.

Women are that way. They reach decisions impulsively, instead of reasoning out the situation as a man would. Lucile brooded over the self-accusation. It preyed on her mind, filled her with bitterness.

At length she sent Art back his diamond ring and his letters, and told him in a letter blotted with tears that they must never meet again. Then she left for parts unknown.

Naturally, Art was wild when he got the letter. He hurried over to her deserted house; it gave no clue as to where Lucile had gone. It gave him no comfort, either. Brick tried to offer consolation, quoting that old saying about "plenty of other good fish in the sea." But Art was stunned. He did not want consolation.

For a month the engineer laid off, making a fruitless search for the girl of his dreams. He even appealed to Old Hell-Bender in the hope that the big chief might know her whereabouts. Old Hell-Bender was sympathetic, in spite of his gruffness, but had no information to give.

Finally Art returned to his job, bleary-eyed and tangle-footed. Before the end of February he was taken out of service and summarily dismissed for violation of Rule G—for being drunk on duty.

Brick and Art had been close pals until the woman came. Sorrowfully he watched the engineer moon around like a lost soul. He fingered the scrap

of knife-handle which he still carried in his pocket and tried to think of some way. . . .

The Face at the Window

IN days gone by, Big River Northern had been an important railroad. Connecting with the main line of the S.T.&S.F. at Mill City, it had pierced the high mountains to the north, linking boom towns like Phantom City, Rock River and Green Gulch with the world outside.

Ore veins had pinched out. Thriving settlements had become ghost towns. Business had fled from the rails of the Big River Northern, and it had finally been abandoned.

Soon after the 1702 on the S.T.&S.F. hit Ben Crowell at Kneehi, Mill City Lumber Company acquired a few hundred million feet of standing timber in the mountains overlooking Phantom Canyon and quietly bought the B.R.N. for taxes, intending to repair and use it for a logging road.

When Brick Donley was cut off the board in early spring and headed West as usual to pack lettuce for Hawdey & Sunt, Art went along with him, having nothing better to do. Just about that time the Mill City people were advertising for train and track men to repair and operate this "Phantom Canyon" line. Brick and Art saw one of the advertisements and answered it in person. Eventually a crew was made up, with Brick as brakeman, Art on the scoop, "Phantom Bill" Riley as engineer and "Chick" Bailey conductor.

Phantom Bill was an old-time hogger, a veteran of the Colorado Midland and Canadian Pacific. For years he pulled trains on the Big River Northern. Throughout the spring and early summer while they were rebuilding bridges, laying new ties and replacing rusty scrap with substantial "used" steel, Bill would sit on a dump or in a cab telling about the B.R.N. when she was a real pike instead of a "streak uh rust."

According to Phantom Bill, "Lots of big men was made on this here old Phantom Canyon line. Why, here's where your Old Hell-Bender got his start in life. . . ."

That was news to Brick and Art Kingston. They listened intently as the grizzled hogger went on:

"Yessirree, I remember when Old Hell-Bender used to run work train here in construction days. I was water boy then. He run a work train, an' then passenger. Made his first stake off the Phantom Mine up at old Phantom City . . . Yessirree. . ."

During the first weeks of their work on the Phantom line, Art said little but brooded much. He was nervous and restless. Brick knew that his mind was back at Kneehi, that he was living over again those days when he was courting the signal maintainer's daughter. He knew, too, that Art kept a portrait of Lucile in the back of his watch and studied it with dreamy countenance at times when nobody seemed to be looking at him.

Once he confessed to Brick: "I wrote a letter to Old Hell-Bender's secretary. Maybe he can tell me if any news about Lucile has drifted in since we left."

"Maybe," said Brick shortly.

COMPANY officials, anxious to get sawlogs rolling into Mill City before snow again blocked the passes,

pushed the work rapidly. The train crew, working overtime to bring up rails and ties from Mill City, had by the middle of May pushed far up Phantom Canyon. Snow still lay deep on gorges and clung white to north hillsides, while mountain torrents rolled boulders down the canyon.

Shortly before noon on the seventeenth the men, having cleared away a slide and repaired a tottering bridge, pulled up into Phantom City for lunch. As the minute hand topped the dial, the work train emerged from the cut and come out in sight of the ruin.

The scene was one which Brick would never forget. Ore dumps, weathered and weed-grown, clinging thick to the mountain side; ruined stamp mills sprawled like slain warriors on the canyon floor; livery barns, false-front saloons, dance halls, hovels, and mansions rotting on the bench land, windows gone, roofs gone, walls drooping like blasted hopes.

As far as the eye could see, the only house which showed sign of habitation was the three-storied mansion against the mountain wall at the farther end of the long street where the rails bent eastward through the gulch toward Phantom Pass. Nor had time left even this unscathed.

It was weathered. The bricks were faded. Mortar had worked from between them. Corners and arches were caving in. Windows were all gone from the two lower stories, and only two dormers remained where the gray slate roofs clung over them.

Curiously Brick watched these two windows as he rode the pilot up the main past the rusty switches which had once shunted cars to mill and ore dump. One of them was vacant, its square of glass staring like an open eye which does not see.

Brick's first glimpse at the other told him that behind it were curtains—lace curtains—and below it was a bit of gleaming metal. He squinted through the brilliant sunlight at the metal, and gasped in surprise.

The metal was an old railroad lantern, hanging from the window sill, as conductors hang lanterns from the caboose wall underneath the cupola. And although no train had run on this line for years, its globe was neatly polished and its metal frame was shining like the sun.

While he stared in amazement at the lantern, a movement in the window caught his attention. He glanced up quickly.

At first it seemed to be a shadow. An instant later he knew it was not a shadow but a *face*—a face glued to the window pane. It was a woman's face, colorless as death, with wide eyes staring vacantly, with gray lips parted, with wisps of white hair straggling down over it, with two bony hands pressed against the bony cheeks to shield the vacant eyes from a glare of the May sun.

Turning, he looked back in the cab at Phantom Bill Riley. The old engineer, too, was staring, but not curiously, not questioningly like himself.

Phantom Bill had the air of one who knows a grisly secret. He stopped the engine a stone's throw from the window, climbed stiffly down from the cab, and stood holding to the grab iron. Then he lifted gauntleted right hand in greeting. Still there was no movement in the window, no sign that the vacant eyes had seen. Crossing himself, the engineer turned his back and strode away to eat lunch with the others.

During the meal many an eye was turned questioningly upon the old tim-

er from Phantom City. Once one of the workmen even ventured to ask: "Who's yuh friend up in the roost, hogger?" Bill glared at him, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, shrugged, and went on drinking coffee.

Brick, watching him, sensed that here was a story, that Phantom Bill knew the story, and that when the time came he might reveal it.

FROM Phantom City the railroad follows Green Gulch four miles, zigzagging across on wooden trestles and hairpin turns. From the head of the gulch it clings to the false face of Holy Ghost Mountain, winding up and up for seven more miles to the foot of the rimrock under Phantom Mesa, climbing nearly two thousand feet in the eleven miles.

Brick and his young conductor, Chick Bailey, an O.R.C. off the Union Pacific, often viewed the prospect and speculated on what might happen if a slide should come, or if Phantom Bill failed to make hairpin turn, or if a "bad order" brake on the old Brooks engine or some of those logging racks failed to function.

Both of the trainmen had been around. They were not yellow, but Chick Bailey, looking down from the foot of the rimrock at the scrawl which was the railroad track, used to say to Brick:

"Looks to me, Donley, like the surest way for you an' me to keep out of St. Peter's receivin' line's for us to go West and pack lettuce for Hawdey & Sunt the rest of the summer."

Even reconstruction there was tough. Rock slides had swept away short stretches of the track. Dead trees had blown down and had to be hewn away. Forest fires had destroyed trestles and left a rusty rail hanging like phantom bridges. It was July before the last heavy rail was spiked into place and the road ready for hauling sawlogs to the mill.

And the logs were there, literally thousands of them. Since February men had been busy getting them out. Although there was dense forest at the foot of the rimrock, thinning out toward Phantom City where forest fires had gnawed away the heart of it, the heaviest timber was on the top of Phantom Mesa.

Men working five hundred feet above the track would cut the logs, haul them to the edge of the rimrock and shoot them down through flumes made of heavy timbers.

When the reconstruction crew topped the pass and came out on the level stretch paralleling the mesa, there were already piles of logs ricked up for more than a thousand feet along the old right-of-way.

When the logging crews had first started work on the Mesa, men and supplies had been brought up from the other side by motor truck and pack trail; but as soon as the line was opened, all travel and transportation was, of course, switched immediately to the rail.

BRICK could not shake a feeling of uneasiness the morning of their first regular trip. They left Mill City at 6.30 with two reefers of supplies, seven empty logging racks and the caboose. Since the old Brooks was rated at two hundred tons from Phantom City to the top of the pass, they set out their empties and went on up with the reefers and the caboose.

Twenty racks previously taken up the hill were already loaded. Brick and the conductor suggested to Phantom Bill that they bring their load

down in two pieces, since they must return anyhow with the other empties.

"What yuh want to do that for?" chuckled the old hogger.

"It would lighten our first load down an' make it easier to handle."

"Now you boys don't need to worry about my handlin' this train. We're rated at fourteen loads into Mill City. We'll handle 'em right down Holy Ghost jist like they was empties. All you got to do is turn up all them retainers, an' Liza Jane an' me'll do the rest."

The conductor was dubious, but he was aware that Bill had been letting trains down Holy Ghost Mountain when he, Chick Bailey, was wearing calico. So he left the loads, returned light to Phantom City and brought back the empties.

Brick set up retainers on their fourteen loads and went to the caboose. He and Bailey held a conference.

"We'll soon know whether Bill can do what he thinks he can," Bailey said uneasily.

"It won't be long now, cap." Brick fingered his heavy hickory club.

"You'd better go over to the head end an' be ready to start usin' that thing if he lets 'em get away," suggested Bailey.

"You're the captain."

Brick went on over to the head end, but he need not have worried. Old Bill eased off the bench and turned down the mountain. He watched the heavy cars and whistled "There'll be a hot time . . ."

Brick, watching him skillfully manipulating levers, regained confidence, and by the time the trip was done he was telling Art Kingston that he reckoned this job was just about as safe as a main line one so long as Phantom Bill was engineer.

For long that face at the window haunted the brakeman. His mind was never free from its image. By day it colored his thinking, it haunted his dreams by night; always it was there in exactly the same place, hovering over the shining metal of the railroad lantern below, until sometimes he wondered if it were not an hallucination.

The whole thing seemed so uncanny, so unreal. With the exception of two ancient white burros browsing in the street, and an old Mexican couple slouching in the shade of the little hovel behind the mansion, the owner of this face was the only living soul in this whole Phantom City. Why? Who was she?

Intuition told Brick Donley that in some strange way this person was connected with his past and his future. Fingering the fragment of bone in his pocket, the brakeman asked himself many questions which he could not answer.

"Maybe," he thought, "that old crone could even give some clue to the death of Ben Crowell and the present whereabouts of Lucile. But no . . ."

He dismissed the idea as being too wild and improbable. Nevertheless, the presence of Art Kingston and that little piece of knife-handle served as a perpetual reminder of the Christmas Eve tragedy at Kneehi on the S.T. & S.F.

The Unholy Three

THROUGHOUT July they made daily trips from Mill City to the top of the pass, doubling from Phantom City with fourteen empties, bringing down fourteen loads their second

trip. Often they brought up a carload or two of supplies for the logging camp, sometimes hauling workmen in the caboose either up or down.

Nothing happened. Brick and Art were pretty confident now, and with a sure trip every day they stood to make the summer a paying one.

Pay day with the Mill City Company was on the last day of the month and because their men insisted on it, they paid in cash. Previously they had been taking the pay roll up to the camps under guard on truck and trail.

On the morning of July 30th, however, the disbursement manager instructed Bailey to "Leave your caboose by the office platform tonight. We want to put a safe in it in the morning and send the pay roll up to camp."

Bailey said he would. That night when they pulled in, Brick spotted the caboose at the office platform. He came down to go to work the next morning at 6.30 as usual. The sky was a clear blue, too clear, not a cloud in the heavens, and the July sun grinning relentlessly at the parched and wilting earth.

Usually Brick, Art, and Chick Bailey met at the restaurant and had breakfast together. This morning the conductor was not there. The boys ordered their usual "ham and eggs" and went to the counter to pay.

The restaurant cashier was also ticket agent for Shorty's Stage line, a bus line operating past Quack Springs at the mouth of Phantom Canyon and on into the adjoining state, skirting the mountains to the west.

As the two railroaders approached the counter, three strangers came up to buy bus tickets to Quack Springs. One was an old man with bad spot in his left eye, a wicked little perch mouth, and a prison shuffle. The second was a big man with a U-shaped cut in his right cheek and a pair of bulldog jaws fastened to a thick neck. The third was a foreigner with eyebrows which met over close-set eyes and a chin which sloped down to his shirt collar.

Now the Springs was a health resort. People who bought bus tickets were usually rheumatic, dyspeptics or lungers. These three were evidently not in that class. With soft hats cocked over hard eyes, they looked more like Denver gangsters.

Brick, the railroad Sherlock, eyed them askance, noted the suspicious bulge under an armpit, noted the furtive eyes, the zipper bags. The old one had his bag open. As he shuffled dirty linen, Brick glimpsed metal—a clip of automatic shells, a drinking cup, a belt buckle and a hunting knife in a scabbard.

The bus driver shouted: "All out for Quack Springs!" A zipper zipped. The bag closed. The three jammed themselves into the back seat. Brick watched them drive away toward the north.

WHEN Brick went into the caboose, Chick Bailey was standing before his locker stuffing clothes into a grip. Brick stopped and looked at him.

"What yuh doin', cap?" he queried.

Bailey flushed. He did not look around. "Me? I got a hunch this is goin' to be a good day for me to quit the Phantom Canyon!"

"Why? What . . ."

Chick shrugged. "I dunno, kid. I just got a hunch. That's all. Maybe it's this payroll proposition. I don't like the idea of bein' responsible for nine thousand bucks. Just too darned much cash!"

He snapped the grip and looked straight at the red-headed brakeman.

"I've already telephoned the old man to get another conductor," he added, "an' I've got a hunch that you'll be it."

"Well, since you're quittin' of your own free will and accord," said Brick, "I hope it will be. I could use the extra change."

The manager came. He saw Brick and Chick were on the step. His manner was hostile.

"Looks to me like you might at least have given us a couple of days notice," he stormed, "instead of quitting right here at leaving time with an important run like this."

"Sorry, Mr. Melvin, but I didn't decide to quit until midnight last night, an' it was too late to tell you then."

Melvin snorted, called Brick into the office, asked if he would take charge. Brick jumped at the chance. They found a truck driver who had been a boomer brakeman and put him on the head end.

At first Brick thought little of Bailey's resignation. Chick had been threatening to quit ever since they had finished construction. But while he waited for his brakeman, three questions came:

(1) Was Bailey's move inspired by hunch or by information? (2) Did Bailey know that hi-jackers were after the pay roll? (3) And did all this have anything to do with the face at the window?

From the time they left Quack Springs until they topped the pass at the rimrock, they seldom saw a human being except the mysterious face in Phantom City. It was a perfect setup for a hi-jacker. Brick recalled the three men who had ridden the bus to Quack Springs. Maybe they would fit into this strange picture somewhere.

At 11.50 Ed Smith, the new brakeman, made his appearance, and they left town with fourteen empty logging racks, a reefer with groceries, and the caboose with a little black safe carrying the pay roll. There were no passengers today, no one in the caboose except Brick and an armed guard.

It was forty miles to Phantom City. The first eighteen to Quack Springs was over a stretch of alkali flats feathered with sage and mesquite and yucca. At Quack Springs they left the flats and entered the canyon, threading between its ever-closing walls. Usually the run to Quack Springs required slightly more than an hour and then from Quack Springs to Phantom City slightly more than two hours.

IT seemed to be a hoodooed trip. Hard luck started when Chick Bailey walked out and left them cooling their wheels in Mill City for five hours. The second blow came when they were five miles out on the alkali flats.

In the cupola, Brick and the pay roll guard, clacking along at fifteen miles an hour, were watching reefer and empty logging racks and listening to the *ping* of cinders on the tin roof. Suddenly the caboose stopped like a lassoed yearling and sent them headfirst into the front window. The guard came up clawing at his forty-five and muttering: "What the—what the hell!"

"Don't get excited, buddy," Brick soothed. "Hoghead just pulled a lung or something."

"Pulling a lung" meant, of course, yanking out a drawbar. But Brick's guess was wrong this time.

The train stopped. Phantom Bill whistled the three long blasts of a

Every Moment Brick Expected to Hear a Gruff Voice Bark: "Stick 'Em Up!"

"train parted" signal. Brick swung down and hurried forward, looking for the break.

He did not go far. The *blow* of air was ahead of the third rack. He investigated. It was only a bursted hose. Closing the angle-cock, he returned to the caboose, brought back a wrench and an extra hose, made the exchange, cut in the air and signalled "Highball!"

Catching the caboose as it came by, Brick dropped the hose into the bunker. Then he picked it up and looked at it. The fiber had been cut almost through with a heavy knife! He swore a little, dropped the hose back, and forgot it. Hoses with knife cuts are not news to a trainman.

The stop cost him thirty minutes. Phantom Bill pulled out like he was in a hurry. Maybe he was, because unable to see in the dark, he was anxious to get down off the mountain in daylight. His eagerness gave the hoodoo its next opening.

This railroad had not been built for a speedway. Fifteen miles an hour was about the limit. This afternoon, however, Phantom Bill picked up speed immediately, eighteen, twenty, twenty-five miles an hour.

The little old Brooks wobbled gaily along over low joints. The caboose limped and groaned. Empty racks bowed to sagebrush and cactus. When they were two miles below Quack Springs, Brick saw dust fogging from the engine, felt the brakes go on again.

"Uh, oh!" he grumbled. "That's what I've been looking for. That old speed fiend's got the hog all over the ground."

Leaving the guard with the nine thousand dollars, he hurried over. Old Bill was down on his knees like a praying mantis—only he wasn't praying. Brick knelt beside him and took a look. All four drivers were on the ties as neatly as if set there by the big book.

"You've sure played the devil now!" Brick told him.

"Yessiree. Yessir. I reckon I jist got 'em runnin' a little too fast for this track, son."

The old engineer wiped beads of sweat on his red bandana and headed for the toolbox.

"Only thing we can do now's get down our frogs an' put her back on the iron. I see right now," he added, "where you an' me's goin' to be after dark gettin' down off Phantom Pass."

"I reckon the spooks won't catch us," Art Kingston said caustically.

"Oh, no. Nothin' like that, Artie."

Art hunted hammer and spikes. Brick went to the caboose and brought back the frogs.

The brilliant day had darkened. Clouds had come out of the mountains. The sky was boiling. By the time the frogs were set, the summer downpour had set in. White clay became as slick as soap. Art reckoned they needed chains on their feet so they could stand up. Drivers slipped off frogs and frogs skidded off wet ties. For four hours they swore and sweated.

DURING the ordeal Brick forgot the black safe in his caboose. When the task was completed, he suddenly remembered and hurried back.

The safe was still there. The guard was still there, profanely reckoning that the only way to get a pay roll to a logging camp was to take it in on a burro train. Without denying the statement, Brick changed clothes and they pulled into Quack Springs in the late dusk.

It was pitch dark when they were ready to leave. Not a star. Lightning playing over the roof of the world where Phantom Pass hovered under its cloud blanket. Leaving the engineer to drink a third cup of black coffee, Brick and Art went to the engine.

"I wonder what become of our bus passengers," mused Brick.

"Ah, no tellin'!" said Art. "Maybe down here in one of these roomin'—" He hushed abruptly, tugged at Brick's sleeve. "Talk about the devil—"

Brick followed his pointing finger. Silhouetted against the light from the little restaurant, the three were coming up the track, soft hats, hiking boots and breeches, leathern jackets, zipper bags and all.

"Now tie that, will yuh!" Art muttered when they had passed. "Where do you suppose they're headed?"

"Search me, I'm not Isaiah."

The three passed the engine. Art turned on the headlight. Its dull glow focussed on them going through the cut. They rounded the curve and disappeared.

"Funny time of night for three birds like them to start hikin' up this canyon," the fireman muttered.

"I've got a hunch they won't *hike* very far."

Art rejoined: "I'd hate like the devil to have them for passengers."

"Two of us, old-timer," said Brick.

Phantom Bill came. He was picking his teeth and growling: "I'll tell you boys, it's just got so a man can't git nothin' around these here newfangled bean'ries that does him any good. Now when this here streak uh rust used to be a railroad—"

"You'd better keep your eyes peeled tonight, Bill," Brick interrupted.

The engineer arched shaggy gray brows. "Why so?"

"Because there's three hard-lookin' guys hoofin' it up this canyon ahead of us—*and we're carrying a nine-thousand-dollar pay roll on the crummy!*"

"Now ain't that somethin'?" Bill grinned.

"Yep. What would you do if them babies laid a gun against your neck and told you to stick 'em up?"

"What would *you* do?" Phantom Bill smiled a crooked smile.

"Having seen 'em in daylight, I'd do what they told me."

"So would I."

BRICK rode the engine around the curve, stayed on it until he felt certain he had passed the three hikers. Then he dropped off to look his train over. He did not see the men, but when the lightning came on the curve a mile above, he caught sight of the three unmistakable bulks on a logging rack halfway to the engine. They had caught the train and dodged him. Why, he did not know.

In the month since he had been hauling sawlogs, these were the first bums he had seen. There was no place for them to go except to the logging camp, and men both going and coming were given free passes to ride the caboose.

He did not go ahead to put them off. Instead, he confided his suspicions to the guard. They locked and bolted both caboose doors. Brick brought his forty-five from the grip and they waited in total darkness.

For more than two hours they toiled up Phantom Canyon, winding through the narrow passage. They ran into a drizzling rain. Every moment Brick expected to feel the brakes go into emergency or to hear a gruff voice bark: "Stick 'em up!"

The command did not come, though more than once he saw the three bums on the logging rack, hunkered down with their backs to the rain.

At 10.40 the engineer made his regular stop at Phantom City. Brick put on his slicker and went to help the brakeman set the empty racks in the doubling spur. He kept an eye out for his passengers, but did not see them. They had disappeared.

While he was bleeding off the air so the brakeman could tie down the empty racks, Brick recalled the face at the window. He had wondered whether she kept watch by night as well as by day.

Taking the caboose and the one reefer, they went up the hill. Their bums did not go with them. When the train was two miles from Phantom City, Brick went to the engine, leaving the guard in the cupola.

Phantom Bill looked around when Brick slid down the coal. "Well," he said with a knowing grin, "we ain't been helt up yet, son."

"Nope," was the reply, "but this deal's sure got me guessin'."

"Why so?"

"Because that unholy three rode an empty rack all the way up from Quack Springs."

"What—what's that?"

"You heard me, hogger. I can't see what they'd come up here for unless it was this pay roll."

The engineer frowned out through the front cab window where the mountain side circled in the gleam of their headlight. He rubbed a gauntleted thumb over the smooth end of the throttle lever.

"Maybe," he said half to himself, "they was huntin' bigger stakes."

"Bigger stakes?"

Phantom Bill shrugged his shoulders, but he did not explain.

Old Hell-Bender's Sister

THEY left Mill City late the following morning. When they pulled into Phantom City, Brick had grilled steak and brown potatoes ready to serve. He called the engine crew back to eat.

While he was pouring Phantom Bill a second cup of coffee, the veteran engineer cleared his throat and asked: "You boys seen anything of your passengers hereabouts today?"

Brick said they hadn't.

"Well, last night comin' up—" The engineer halted uncertainly. "Last night comin' up, I told you boys that they was probably playin' for bigger stakes than a nine-thousand-dollar pay roll."

Brick and Art looked up without comment. Phantom Bill blew his coffee, and took a cautious sip.

"You know that woman at the window over there?" He nodded toward the red brick mansion. "Well, that's Old Hell-Bender's sister."

"Hell-Bender's sister!" Art knocked a knife off the table and Brick almost fell off the spike keg he was sitting on.

"Yessir. That's Mrs. Josephine Rayburn. Used to be Miss Joe Bender."

Brick's blue eyes widened and he scratched his red hair. "What on earth's she doing—"

"I'm comin' to that, son." The hogger sipped thoughtfully. When the cup was half gone he went on: "I told you Bender used to work on this pike."

They nodded.

"Him and Slats Rayburn come here together when the road started up Phantom Canyon an' got work on work trains as conductors. Rayburn an' Little Joe was married when the first train come into Phantom City. Folks liked 'em, but they didn't like Bender, loud-mouthed, hard talkin' like he was."

Brick and Art winked at each other. Even now the president of the S.T&S.F. was not exactly soft.

"Slats Rayburn," the engineer continued, "along with bein' a good railroad conductor was a shrewd prospector. He knew his ores. Sometimes he'd lay off for weeks at a time an' go out into the hills. Folks said Bender furnished him money, understandin' they was to split fifty-fifty on whatever he found. Slats kept a-prospectin' an' projectin' around, an' finally started a hole on the hill above the brick house. You can still see the old ore dump."

The boys looked out the caboose window. The ore dump with two lone timbers sticking up from the abandoned shaft was plainly visible.

"Well, right there," continued the old-timer, "Slats Rayburn located the richest vein of ore that was ever found in these hills, an' Bender named it the Phantom Sister. Bender always had ideas of his own, hard as he was.

"For a time things run along like it was greased. Bender quit the road

an' came down to keep books at the mines. Finally, like usually happens when kinfolks tries to run a business together, trouble started. Slats accused Bender of usin' the pencil to figger with, an' Bender ups an' quits the mine an' goes to work for the S.T.&S.F. at Costilla."

BILL finished his coffee, and then continued his story: "Things rocked along for a few years, an' the mine struck a fault or somethin' an' pinched out. While things had been boomin', though, Rayburn built the house—that brick mansion jist like you see it today—an' finished it an' furnished it like Fifth Avenoo, an' there's where Lula Belle was born—"

"Lula Belle?" Art Kingston frowned.

"Yessir, Lula Belle—cute little trick she was. Little Joe an' Slats both worshiped her, an' before the break come with Bender, he used to get out an' wheel her along the old boardwalks jist like she was his own. Soon the lead pinched out, Slats went prospectin' again, him an' old Juan Baca—"

"That Indian out behind the house?"

"Yeah," said the hogger. "That's Juan. They used to go off an' be gone for weeks on end, an' nobody knowed where they was. Finally they begun comin' in with nuggets—five thousand, ten thousand—twenty thousand at a crack. Men begun to watch ol' Slats—honest ones an' the others, too—tryin' to figger out where he was gittin' all that gold, because where that was must be more good claims. But when they watched him, he'd browse off into the hills, fool around for a week or so an' come back with *nothin'*. Then when they wasn't watchin' him, he'd give 'em the slip, an' come in with a small fortune.

"Things went on that way for two, three years, Slats gittin' richer all the time. In 'eighty-nine, I think it was, he tried to buy Bender's interest in the Phantom Sister, offered him fifty thousand for it. I know, because my brother-in-law handled the deal. Bender told him to go to the hot place.

"Not long after that, some hard lookin' customers begun loafin' around Phantom City—killers, if there ever was any. Some folks thought Bender had hired 'em. Some thought they'd heard about Rayburn's secret lode an' come in to hunt for it. Anyway, along in the fall of 'eighty-nine, Slats left his home, headin' up through Green Gulch alone.

"He was gone two or three weeks. His wife got uneasy. Slats an' her had always stayed by the old railroad crowd, used to have a bunch of us roughnecks up at the big house for a feed every so often. When Slats didn't come home, she asks us to go hunt for him.

"We went, every man of us that could get an hour off. Hunted up Green Gulch till the Christmas snows buried the mountains, but never found track nor trace.

"After that, Josephine kind of went off her base. Wouldn't see nobody nor talk to nobody, an' when the women come to see her she told 'em to mind their own business. Her an' Lula Belle lived alone in the big house, with Juan an' Carmen in the 'dobe shack behind.

"Folks didn't worry much about her, figgered she had money to run her as long as she lived; but when the bank busted in 'ninety-three it cleaned her out, along with the rest of us. After that, she moved into the attic, and went sellin' off furniture a piece at a time to buy groceries."

THE old man paused. Brick glanced furtively at his watch. He knew they should be climbing the hill with their seven empty logging racks, but the story-teller seemed in no hurry.

"What happened to Lula Belle?" Art Kingston asked softly.

"Lula Belle? Oh, she stayed on with her mother till a minin' engineer come along—sixteen or seventeen she was—an' when he left, Lula Belle skips out with him."

The grizzled hoghead tugged at his leather watch chain, but he did not look at his watch. He held it between his hands and caressed it.

"That finished breakin' Little Joe's cracked heart," he added. "Right away she shut herself in her attic. So far as I know, she's never been out of it or spoke to a livin' soul but them two old Indians for more than thirty years."

He reached for the coffee pot, emptied the sugar bowl into the steaming cup.

"Yessir, for thirty-odd year that woman's been a settin' right there by that window, waitin' for Slats an' Lula Belle to come home."

"Doesn't she realize that they may both be dead?" queried Brick.

"Nope. She still thinks they're comin' home—an' the funny thing about it is, she thinks they're comin' home on the railroad."

"On the railroad?" Brick remembered the old railroad lantern hanging under the window.

"Yes, sir! On the railroad. Right after Lula Belle left her, she got Slats' old lantern an' cleaned an' polished it all up, an' hung it under her window, like as if it would be a beacon for them when they come, though nobody's ever seen it lighted."

Art spoke up suddenly, hopefully: "Did you ever know an old hunch-backed fellow named Ben Crowell—or his daughter Lucile?"

"No," said Phantom Bill.

"How does Mrs. Rayburn live?" Brick asked quickly, to cover his pal's disappointment.

"Oh!" The engineer arched his eyebrows and sipped thoughtfully. "While the furniture lasted, she sold that off. When the furniture was gone, an' folks reckoned she'd either move out or starve out, old Juan Baca begun showin' up with little batches of nuggets—"

"Nuggets?" Both youths spoke together.

"Sure! I've seen 'em myself, both before the last grocery store moved out of Phantom City an' since down at Quack Springs. Old Juan'll come drivin' his burros down the canyon, slip a goose-quill full of gold out of some hidin' place in his pack—coarse gold, too, none of your flour stuff—nuggets big as wheat grains. Hidin' the quill in his blanket, he'll sneak up an' jabber in Mex to the storekeeper, an' then he'll head back up the canyon with two burro loads of groceries."

BRICK eyed the ancient fellow closely, wondered if he could be stringing them, and decided not.

"Do you suppose—" he began.

"Everybody's s u p p o s e d, s o n. There's some folks suppose them nuggets comes out of a cache Mrs. Rayburn put away when things was boomin'. Others suppose old Juan knows where that secret lode is, an' goes there an' pans it out—"

"Can't they trail him?"

"Trail Juan Baca? Did you ever try to trail a native trout up a waterfall?"

The old man laughed scornfully. Art and Brick stared out at the mansion, with the weed-grown ore dumps on the hill above.

"But I don't see," Art began, "how that ties in with those three thugs?"

Phantom Bill's face took on a shrewd look. "All right, before Lula Belle died, she hinted that her daddy had left a map showin' the location of this here mine, an' her ma had hid it, but she herself had a good idea where it was. I don't know how true that was, but I do know her man came back here three times, tryin' to locate it.

"Now let's suppose Lula Belle told somebody where she figgered that map was. An' let's suppose some hard guys get hold of her story—it would take hard guys to get it, because as long as Little Joe an' them Indians lives—it's goin' to take murder or torture to break into that house to even hunt for it. Now let's suppose our three hard guys get the story, or that some other guy run into it an' hired 'em—"

"You mean Lula Belle's man?"

"Yes, or Old Hell-Bender."

Brick brought his jaws sharply together. "Bender wouldn't be in on a job like that," he protested stoutly. "I've had some pretty close dealings with Bender and—"

"All right, all right! Now let's suppose we hike outa here an' git these racks up the hill. I want to grab some sleep tonight, 'stead of rawhidin' around till daylight like we did last night."

THEY went up the hill and back that day and seven others. Brick Donley watched the face at the window with increasing curiosity. Each time the curve hid it from him, he reckoned: "Maybe it's the last time I'll ever see you, Little Joe Bender."

Each time Brick was mistaken. He kept right on seeing her. He did not see the three bums until the eighth of August. When he came down the hill with his sawlogs that day and the train stopped, they were standing near the water tank. They approached. The old one with the prison shuffle was in the lead, and he inquired:

"What's the chance gettin' a ride to Quack Springs, buddy?"

"You rode up, didn't you?" Brick said shortly.

"Who said so?" flared the square-jawed one.

"Shut up, Mike!" hissed the old guy. Then, to Brick: "Maybe we did ride up, but I don't see much chance to ride down on *them*." He jerked a rueful thumb toward the loads of sawlogs ten feet high.

Brick thought rapidly. They couldn't steal the caboose. Brick himself had less than a dollar. Finally he growled:

"All right. Go back and get on. We'll be leaving in about five minutes."

He went to the engine. Art and Bill razzed him about the bandits, told him they were prospectors who had been up the river hunting a gold claim.

When the trainmen caught the caboose, the three bums were on the left bunk with a bottle between them. The big one offered it to Brick with a conciliatory smirk.

"Have a li' snort, buddy. Pretty decent stuff, if I do say it."

"No, thanks!" Brick returned shortly. "I don't use it."

"Don't mix yuh liquor an' yuh railroadin', eh?" the old one asked smoothly.

"No," said Brick. He was thinking of the terrible accident to Ben Crowell last Christmas Eve. The little piece of bone handle from a knife was still

in his pocket. Finding the men in friendly mood, he tried a question: "You fellows been up in the hills prospecting?"

The two young tramps looked at the old one. He had his answer ready.

"Yeah, in a way. These boys wanted to go bear huntin' this winter. We been up prospectin' for a place."

"You ought to be able to find about anything you'd name up that canyon."

"It is sort of wild," conceded the old man, with a poker face.

Brick climbed to the cupola to watch his train. After a while the old man climbed into the cupola and asked:

"Do you fellers keep the railroad open all winter?" It was a natural question for a bear hunter.

"Oh, no. Not all winter. When the snows begin, the road will be blocked. After that we'll be out till April or May."

Another mile, then: "What time do you figure you'll be blocked out?"

"Thanksgiving," said Brick. "Fifteenth of December at the latest."

"Fifteenth of December, huh?" The old man spoke to himself more than to Brick. He smoked a cigarette, flipped the stub to the right-of-way, and went down to talk to his companions.

Brick fingered the piece of bone, whistled "The Last Roundup," and watched the loaded log racks rock over unsteady trestles.

The Mysterious Passenger

SINCE last Christmas, Art had been subject to fits of despondency. When he thought of Lucile he grew taciturn and moody, despite Brick's effort to cheer him up. One day the former engineer laid off to get drunk and forget his troubles.

On the day that Art was off duty the mystery girl came to Phantom City. When Brick shoved his caboose against the train, Manager Melvin came down piloting her and carrying two black bags.

"I've got a passenger for you this morning, Donley," he said quietly.

Brick had frequently hauled men up to the logging jobs, but this was his first lady passenger. She was young and alluring. Brick looked her over. His first thought was "Stunning!" Clad becomingly in black crape with a black hat and a thin veil which partially concealed the features, she was the kind of girl men look at once and turn to look again.

At first glance, Brick thought he detected an unnamed fear in the big hazel eyes with which she regarded him from under long silken lashes. Then she looked up with a smile.

"She's going to Phantom City with you, Donley," said Melvin. "Take good care of her!" The manager spoke as if he meant it.

Brick replied: "Yes, sir, we'll do the best we can." Taking the bags, he preceded her into the caboose. "Now make yourself at home, Miss —"

He hesitated a split second, hoping she might fill the blank. She didn't.

"Here's the cushions downstairs," he went on. "There's the cupola. Ride wherever you want to, only I wouldn't try to walk around much when the train's running. This doesn't ride like the varnished cars."

The young stranger thanked him gravely and sat on the bunk. When he caught the caboose pulling out, she was still there. Several times Brick sensed that her eyes were following him. After they left Quack Springs and be-

gan the heavier climb toward Phantom City, he invited her up into the cupola.

"You get a much better view of the mountains," he said, "and it will probably make the ride less monotonous."

"How long does it take?" she asked.

"Nearly two hours."

The girl followed him. He helped her up the clumsy ladder. When she leaned over to thank him, a letter fell from her bosom. Brick recovered the letter and handed it to her. Slipping it back into its hiding place, she smiled faintly, and thanked him.

The trainman scarcely heard her, because when he had passed up the letter he had seen that the envelope was from Old Hell-Bender's private stationery—H. L. Bender, President of the S.T.&S.F. Railway.

Ever alert for mystery, Brick was puzzled. Then he decided there was no mystery whatever. This girl was probably a nurse whom Bender was sending up to look after his afflicted sister.

FOR five miles they rode in silence. The first frosts had come. The red of the maple, the gold of the aspen, the silver of the balsam, the green of the spruce made the canyon a riot of color.

Soft eyes shifted from scene to scene. Somewhat shy, Brick watched the girl when he should have been watching his train crawl over the uneven track. When they came out in full view of Holy Ghost Mountain, with the aspens glowing pale gold in the September sun, she swept a hand toward them and exclaimed: "Beautiful!"

Brick pointed out other beautiful sights—the patch of snow under the rimrock of Phantom Mesa—the clump of giant spruce trees which had slipped down a thousand feet in the last slide—the hills above Phantom City covered with scrub oak and green cedar.

"Is this your first trip to Phantom City?" he inquired at last.

She nodded. "Yes."

"Not much of a village now."

"So I've heard."

"Nope. Nobody there but two donkeys, two dogs, two Indians and that old—a—peculiar old woman."

The girl did not answer that one. Brick did not pry further.

When the train slowed down for the stop at Phantom City, he looked for the face in the window. It was there, and he felt sure that today it was pressed to the pane a trifle closer than usual. Inside the caboose the girl passenger stood at his elbow. She, too, must have seen, for he felt her start.

"A trifle cool in this altitude," Brick remarked casually, as they headed for the door and down the steps.

"Yes—yes, it is cool."

He took her bags, led toward the house.

"Let me have them," she urged.

"I'll take them as far as the porch," Brick volunteered. "I've got plenty of time."

Twenty feet from the porch, he looked at the face again. He had never seen it at that close range. At the porch he set down the grips.

"Anything more I can do, Miss?"

Brick shuffled awkwardly. He felt like a brute, leaving her here with this lunatic. But after all, what was she to him?

"Thank you, Mr. Donley!" Hazel eyes were shining. Silken lashes trembled. "Thank you! There is nothing."

There was a strange emptiness below Brick's collar-bone when he re-

turned to his train. With no woman of his own, he was free to love them all. And he did, especially the lovely ones.

When the seven empties were moving up the hill, he tried to drive this one from his mind. Unable to do that, he endeavored to place her. Who was she—nurse—relative—gun moll spying for the gang who had been here a month ago?

All the way up the hill and back the trainman imagined her sitting across the cupola from him. But when Brick considered what he knew about her, he was forced to admit that he knew exactly nothing—with this exception: she was the most adorable, the most charming, the most bewitching creature he had ever met.

BRICK told Art Kingston about his "mystery woman." He launched into an enthusiastic description of her pretty face, her shapely figure and her charming personality.

Art was mildly interested, but not sympathetic. He was still bitter over the disappearance of Lucile Crowell.

Next morning when Brick appeared on the job with a box of bonbons, explaining: "That poor kid up there in a ghost town with an old lunatic needs a little attention from some good Samaritan."

Art scoffed and expressed his opinion of all good Samaritans, especially his red-headed buddy. The former engineer was thinking of a certain wrist watch he had bought for Lucile the night her father was killed.

Brick defended his bonbons all the way to Phantom City. He pinned a little note to the box, eased over and set it on the porch where he had set the grips; and when he came down the hill it was gone.

All that fall, Brick Donley played Santa Claus to the mystery woman. He lamented the fact that beauty like hers must be wasted on that crazy old woman. He decided she must be hard up for a job, surmised she had suffered some great bereavement, maybe lost a husband or lover.

"She won't mourn long for *that one,*" Art reckoned sarcastically, "if you have your way."

"And how!" averred Brick.

Thus all fall he took little gifts to the mysterious stranger. She accepted them, but he rarely saw the girl; and the few times he did see her, she was muffled to the eyes as if chilled by the frosts of the mountain canyon. So far he had never once had a good look at her uncovered face.

Hallowe'en brought the first skiffs of snow. Throughout the fall, the logging crews kept running timber down the rimrock and piling it beside the track. Anxiously the mill officials asked about the snow, anxiously scanned the heavens for those banks of billowy black harbingers of a storm which would block Phantom Pass. Clouds would swarm up, hang for hours, drop a little snow and scamper back into the clear blue of the autumn sky.

In November old Juan Baca made one of his rare trips to Quack Springs. The crew saw him in the morning as they went up, and again in the afternoon as they came down each time, urging his burros along the dim trail, light packs on the clumsy saddles.

"Goin' after the winter's supply of groceries," explained Phantom Bill. "Somewhere in one of them packs is a goose quill full of gold. Coarse gold, some of it big as wheat grains."

"Looks to me," mused Art, "like somebody would hold the old devil up and torture his secret out of him."

Phantom Bill laughed. "They might take that old devil apart a joint at a time, but he'd never tell."

The next day Juan Baca went back up, the burros laden with sacks and boxes slung over the saddles.

ON the 15th of December Brick saw his "bear hunters" in Mill City buying supplies and loading them into a wreck of a car. Halfway to Quack Springs next day, he saw the outfit parked by the road. Brick waved at them. They pretended not to see him.

That evening he pointed them out to Phantom Bill—the men in the canyon with their pack outfit, heading toward Phantom City.

"I'd like to know what them birds are up to," the veteran engineer growled. "This is a helluva time to go into the mountains prospectin'."

Brick replied: "They said they were going bear hunting."

"Bear huntin', hell! I'll bet the bears they're huntin' ain't the kind my fur coat's made out of."

On the 17th the train crew had trouble going up, and yanked a drawbar out of a logging rack. It was afternoon when they pulled into Phantom City. The mystery woman was standing on the front porch, again muffled to the eyes, for the weather was quite cold. She started toward the railroad; then, apparently changing her mind, she beckoned for Brick to come over.

He was astounded at the change in her. She looked worn and haggard, her hands trembled, and there were dark circles under the soft hazel eyes.

"Will you do me a favor, Mr. Donley?" she asked.

"I will," he replied fervently. "What—"

"Please mail this for me tonight." She handed him a letter and a quarter. "Air mail and special delivery."

Puzzled, he took the missive. Addressed to Mr. Henry L. Bender, President of the S.T.&S.F. Railway.

"Wonder if the old lady's worse," Brick muttered to himself. He mailed the letter.

THE trainman began trying to picture Christmas in the decrepit house at Phantom City.

"Somebody ought to do something for that poor little girl," he told Art, and Phantom Bill. "Just imagine spending Christmas with nobody but that hag and two old Indians!"

"Why don't you do somethin' for her?" scoffed Art. "You found her—"

"Maybe I will," Brick murmured. "Now maybe I will."

He asked the landlady to help him plan a Christmas for Miss Hazel Eyes. And the landlady helped. They bought Christmas tree decorations, nuts, candies, books—anything a man can give a woman he's only seen a few times in his life—and Brick packed them into a box which he set under his bed.

As Yuletide drew near, Art was troubled by recollections of his last happy moments with the signal maintainer's daughter at Kneehi. He studied the sweetly serious face that he carried inside the case of his watch, became morose, and began to slip.

Brick, interested in making Christmas for his "mystery woman," overlooked the symptoms.

While he was buying his last trinkets for her, Art bought some trinkets for himself—at the saloon—and when Brick came in on the evening of the twenty-third Art was gloriously drunk. He was *so* drunk that he had the fifty-dollar wrist watch he had bought last year for his sweetheart out on the

table, sobbing over it like an orphan.

"It's no use to me any more, Brick, ol' boy!" he moaned. "No use to me. I'll tell yuh what to do. You take it an' give it to that pore li'l girl up at Ghost City. Maybe she ain't got no time—maybe she ain't got nothin'. You just put this watch in yuhr box an' take it up to her."

"Why, I couldn't do that, Art," protested Brick. "It wouldn't be proper for a man to present a lady with expensive jewelry like that unless he's engaged to her. Now, flowers and things—"

"It's proper for me to present anything I damn please to anybody I damn please. By golly, if you won't give it to her, I will. Here, gimme a pencil!"

Art produced a pencil, and in a drunken scrawl he wrote:

To the mystery woman in the graveyard, from another friend.

He tossed it to Brick. "Now, Donley, you tuck that into yuhr box an' take it to her. An' don't you double-cross me, or I'll lick hell outa you when you get back. Unne'stan'?"

With an indulgent smile, Brick "tucked" the fifty-dollar watch, done up in its old holly wrapping and engraved with the monogram "L," into a corner of the box he was taking next morning to Phantom City.

Racing Against Time

CLOUDS came to the mountains that night. When Brick carried his Christmas box to the caboose in the morning, high peaks were hidden. The manager was waiting.

"Think you can make it through today, Donley?" he asked.

"Oh, sure! We can make it all right." Brick was thinking that his box had to make it through to Phantom City.

"Well, don't you and old Bill fool around up there and get that engine blocked in. If it's too tough, you turn around and come back light."

"We'll make it," Brick assured him.

It was cloudy in Quack Springs. It was snowing in Phantom City. Brick left his box on the porch. Old Bill and the fireman kidded him when he came back.

They continued up the mountain. Snow grew heavier. Wind whipped it into cuts. Halfway up, Brick went to the engine.

"What you think about it, Bill? Reckon we can make it?"

"We'll have to, Donley," said the old-timer. "We can't back down this hill without sand—unless you wanta get out on the caboose platform with a funnel an' a bucket and pour it on the rail."

They were three hours going to the rimrock. It was 2.10 when they coupled into their fourteen loads and started back.

Since the summer rains had commenced, there had been trouble with slides, little ones. Whether movement of trains on the mountain or jar of logs coming down chutes caused it, all autumn they had been nosing down into cuts to find piles of boulders or loose gravel dislodged from above.

Three miles from the top they ran into their first one—gravel three feet deep over the rails, with snow mixed in to cement it. The situation was serious. Snow piling ever deeper on the crests would soon have the road buried.

"She don't look so hot, boys,"

growled the engineer. "If we can't get this tea kettle down from here, it's goin' to be a hell of a walk to Quack Springs."

"Especially with snow hip deep to a giraffe," added the fireman.

They had the track cleared at 7.20. It was pitch dark. Snow was a foot deep on the level, up to the drawbar in cuts.

Brick rode the engine. Phantom Bill took his time. He eased those fourteen racks of sawlogs down as if they had been sticks of dynamite. He did not know at what moment he might encounter another slide which would send them hurtling into eternity.

The mountain was behind them. They were in Green Gulch. They had never struck a slide in the Gulch. Bill let them move a little faster. Aware that snow must soon block the canyon, he picked up to twelve miles an hour.

It was snowing hard. Flakes as big as goose feathers were spilling from the leaden heavens. Brick watched from the left cab window. Three miles they whipped around hairpin turns, rumbled over trestles, plowed through cuts.

Their plow was a piece of sheet iron bent to fit over the pilot bar. It stripped snow from the tracks and sent it swirling over the headlight.

A half-mile above Phantom City, Bill made a reduction—set his brakes. Speed fell off. They nosed into the cut. With the plow lifting its fog of snow, they could see nothing.

BRICK was reminded of the sandstorm in the foothills last Christmas. He remembered how Art had taken out the watch that night to Lucile Crowell. Now his mystery woman had it.

"She might as well use that watch as for it to lay in Art's grip and rust out," he thought.

The old Brooks engine rooted snow out of the cut, turned a half circle and rolled out over the long trestle. Brick's eyes were on the track. His mind was a year away. He was recalling how Ben Crowell's motor car had looked when they had first seen it through that sand storm. It had been, he remembered, but a shadow—a shadow in a cloud.

A shadow in a cloud! He leaped to his feet and shouted: "Look out!" Then he peered through the front cab window. Had that been a shadow in the trestle out there—or had he only imagined it?

For a split second he was not quite sure. Then he saw it again—somebody muffled to the eyes, standing in the middle of the trestle waving a flashlight.

Brick stared. Phantom Bill swore, kicked open the brake valve, horsed back the Johnson bar, opened his throttle and pulled the whistle cord.

Brick snapped out of his trance. There was no mistaking that muffled figure. *It was the mystery woman from the ruined old mansion!*

"What the devil's she doing here?" he muttered tensely.

Then he quit wondering why she was here. In a few seconds the engine would be on top of her. He knew it, knew that she had realized it—and had lost her head. Instead of running ahead of the slowly moving engine, she was dancing up and down, waving both arms.

While he watched her, the girl leaped to the edge of the track and looked down into the gorge—fifty—eighty feet, with snow covering sharp rocks below.

Brick went out of the front win-

dow. He was shouting: "Don't jump!"

The fireman was right behind him. He was shouting: "Run! Run!"

If the girl heard either, she did not heed. She turned first to one side of the track, then to the other, peering wildly into the depths and waving her arms.

Through snow packed deep on the running board, Brick went to the pilot. The whole head end was solid ice. He kicked and clawed, trying to get down through.

When he reached the platform, he tried to go to the pilot step. Snow was packed into it. While the drivers turned three times, he tried to dig it out. The fireman, holding to the smokebox, was shouting: "Run, woman, run!" and "Let me down there, Donley! Let me down there!"

The woman did not run. Donley did not let the fireman down. He clawed at packed snow. Relentlessly the engine clanked across the trestle.

When the pilot was forty feet from the girl, Brick had his inspiration. He could not reach her, because he could not gain foothold on the pilot step. She could not run, because she was paralyzed with fear. If he stayed on the engine, she was going under the wheels.

He peered down where little ridges of snow whisked under the pilot nose. Under each ridge was a crosstie eight inches wide. Between ties were openings eight inches wide. Ties were slick like glass. Spaces were death traps. If he leaped for a tie and landed in a space. . . . Still, that was his only chance.

THIRTY feet away, she stared at him. In the headlight glare her eyes were like saucers, her face like chalk. Strong hands gripping the pilot coupling lever, he eased toward the track, kicked with a boot heel, found a quarter inch of steel pilot step, pushed himself up and forward.

His right foot hit first, struck a tie, glanced off, and sent him stumbling into the track. Above the hiss of steam and grind of brakes, he could hear the frightened gasp of the fireman. As he scrambled for footing, he imagined he could feel the thrust of the pilot nose, cold wheels crunching his bones to mincemeat.

Feet and hands found ties. He knew he was up rushing toward her. He knew he did not dare stop, because the engine was at his heels and Death was holding his coat tails.

He caught the woman in his arms and fled down the trestle, taking those ties three at a step. Long after the engine had stopped sixty feet behind, he imagined he could still hear it clanging right at his heels.

Phantom Bill and the fireman walked down the track. Brick was standing in snow knee deep, leaning against a cut bank and holding the girl very close.

"What'n blazes was she tryin' to do?" demanded the engineer savagely. "Commit suicide?"

Brick did not know, but he answered: "Certainly not!"

"Then will you please tell me . . ."

It was five minutes before Miss Hazel Eyes could explain. Then, nestling snugly in Brick's arms, she told how there were three big boulders in the track behind the next curve, how she had heard them come rolling down the mountain, and knowing that the log train had not yet run, had come to warn them.

Brick felt a thrill. Had she not fought her way up through this blizzard? Had she not braved the terrors of the dark? Had she not risked her

very life in the trestle? And for whom? Certainly not for a fireman she did not know, nor for an old grouch of an engineer who had never bought her a bonbon nor a book nor a cut flower! The thought was exhilarating.

Leaving the rest of the crew to pry the boulders out of the track, Brick carried her down to the house, carried her all the way in his arms, although she kept telling him she was able to walk, and took her right upstairs to her attic door.

The young trainman wanted to kiss her, but he didn't do it. He did determine there and then that he was coming up this canyon to spend a month bear hunting, coming right back tomorrow.

IN a blissful sort of daze, he returned to his train and continued into Mill City. It was midnight when he arrived.

The bells of St. Mary's were chiming "Silent Night." A truckload of youth were singing "Star of the East, Sweet Bethlehem Star . . ." Sots desecrating the birthday of the Saviour were weaving their wobbly way home to disappointed families.

Phantom Bill pulled down on the log track. The brakeman cut off the engine. Before Brick had the caboose door locked, he was aware something was amiss.

A high-stepping passenger train off the branch line of the S.T.&S.F. was at the lumber office platform. It was under steam. A pilot plow was on its nose. A business car was tied to its tail, and a group of brass hats were gathered about it.

Brick took a dozen halting steps. Art Kingston came hurrying to meet him. Art's voice rang on the midnight atmosphere, loud and clear:

"Hurry, Donley! For God's sake, get a move on!"

Brick quickened his step. Two men in overcoats left the group at the rear and came trotting forward. One of them was his boss, the Mill City manager; the other was his former boss —Old Hell-Bender! When he was even with his pilot, the lumber man shouted the anxious question:

"How's the snow in Phantom Canyon?"

"Pretty tough," Brick returned with a puzzled frown. "We had to shovel—"

President Bender cut in: "Can this train get through to Phantom City?"

"Well—" Brick took off his cap and put it back. "It might, if the wind's not been too high above Quack Springs. Why?"

"I've got business there," Mr. Bender said shortly. "And so have you!"

"I've got business at the bean'ry first," drawled the conductor. "I've not had a bite to eat since—"

"Eat! Bean'ry!" the official snarled. "Don't you fellows ever think of anything except to eat and sleep. Come on! Let's get going!"

"Wa-a-ait a minute!" drawled the log train man. "What's the rush? Somebody sick or somethin'—"

"Listen, Donley!" The president clutched Brick's shoulder with a grip that Brick had learned long ago meant business. "This is no time to fool. The Green Garland gang's loose up at Phantom City—"

"The Green Garland gang?"

"Yes. Come on. Let's get moving. I'll explain later. Kingston," turning to the young engineer, "you say you know this railroad. Prove it."

Old Hell-Bender led Brick past three bulls and a deputy sheriff on the rear platform, and into the private den.

BRIEFLY he explained. He told what Brick already knew, how he and Slats Rayburn and Little Joe had come to Phantom with the railroad; how they had found the Phantom Sister Mine; how the mine had pinched out; how Slats had located a richer one; how someone had done away with Slats in an effort to make him reveal its location.

"I always figured it was the Green Garland gang," said Mr. Bender. "They were in there at the time. I never could prove it, but I got them all sent up for fifty years for a train robbery a while afterward.

"The old gang's dead now—all but Garland himself. He got out of the pen last year. Joined up with Lefty Landers and Mike Markham in Denver. They've been tipped off that Little Joe's got a map showing where the mine is, and they're up there after it. I know, because since I got a letter saying they had come, I've had 'em traced. They figured on choking the dope out of Old Juan or Little Joe the minute you fellows got blocked out with the log train, and making a clean-up before spring.

"They're up there right now armed to the teeth and nobody to stop 'em. Before morning they're likely as not to kill Little Joe, and old Juan Baca—"

"And that nurse?"

"What nurse?" snorted Mr. Bender.

Brick warmed up to the subject. "Didn't you know there was a nurse up there? One of the sweetest little—"

"Nurse, hell! That's no nurse. That's her granddaughter; that's Lula Belle's girl—Lucile Crowell."

"Lucile Crowell?" Brick gasped.

"Sure. You know her. Ben Crowell's—"

Brick's jaw sagged. His heart went out through his shoe soles. "You mean," he stammered. "You mean—that girl up there's—Art—Art Kingston's sweetheart?"

He looked up appealingly.

"Of course she is," the big chief grated. "You're a devil of a detective, Donley. Rode right by in stone's throw of that girl every day for three years, finally met her face to face on your caboose, and didn't know her. You'd better have your eyes examined . . ."

Old Hell-Bender raved on. Brick did not hear much of what he was saying. He was gulping and swallowing. Now he knew why the mystery woman had been scared that day she had gone up with him, and why she had been bundled up to the eyes every time Art Kingston came by. Cursing himself for a fool, he looked up at Mr. Bender and muttered:

"Why, I thought—"

But he never finished saying what he thought. During the months since his mystery woman had come into his life, while he had bought bonbons and newspapers and magazines for her, he had come to hope that maybe he had almost reached the end of the lonely road.

And then tonight, when he had caught her from the track and held her limp figure in his arms, while she was crying softly, he had felt certain. . . .

Now his hopes were shattered. She was not *his* woman, but his buddy's. Bitterly he told himself that she had not even been thinking of him when she had braved the storm and come up the lonely wind-swept canyon to flag the log train and keep it from tumbling off in the gorge. She had done that for Art Kingston, because she thought Art was on the engine!

Thinking thus, Brick scarcely heard Old Hell-Bender raving when they slowed for curves and wobbly bridges,

scarcely knew that the old railway official was striding the carpeted floor praying for speed and yet more speed.

The Phantom Sister Mine

WHEN Lucile Crowell had come to the mansion in September, Little Joe in her dementia had accepted her—not as Lucile, but as her daughter, Lula Belle, who more than thirty years ago had gone away and left her.

Little Joe not only accepted her, but now that she believed Lula Belle had come, her demented hopes burned higher that her Slats also might come home, might come on the rail, as Lula Belle had come. She continued to polish the lantern every day and let it hang unlighted under the window.

Terrified at first, Lucile had soon accustomed herself to the routine. She had tried earnestly to make things comfortable for her afflicted grandmother. There was little she could do.

The old room was fully furnished. The plush overstuffed rocker in front of the dormer window, the plush couch, the mahogany four-poster with its goosehair mattress, the mahogany dining table handed down from days of splendor, the tiny cookstove in the corner, the little fireplace with cedar fagots, which the aged Juan brought daily to remove the chill of the mountain nights.

Not only was the room furnished, but the food was ample. Years ago Old Hell-Bender had made sure of that. He had tipped off the Mexican storekeeper at Quack Springs to supply Juan Baca liberally when he brought down the quill of gold.

But in spite of food and furnishings, Lucile's lily-white complexion changed. She read the magazines which Brick left for her. She ate the bonbons. She enjoyed the flowers brought her from the city. She appreciated all that Brick was doing for her, but secretly her lonely heart yearned for Art Kingston.

And yet when Art came by, she was careful not to show herself, because she still believed that somehow he was to blame for her father's death. As she reasoned, marriage with Art was impossible. It would be sacrilege to the memory of the deceased.

Although she did not know it, that type of reasoning was the very trait which had sent her grandmother into the life of the living death. But Lucile could not help it. Heredity pointed the way. Her soul must follow.

All through that Christmas Eve, while the clouds grew ever thicker on Holy Ghost Mountain and their snows came slanting down on the dreary mansion, Little Joe kept calling Slats. When winds rocked the house and moaned through spruce trees and whistled past rough corners, she leaned forward in the plush rocker, held her face more closely to the window pane and called "Lula Belle!"

"Listen! Don't you hear him! That's my Slats coming home! Hear him! He's on the engine. That's his signal whistle sounding. Get dinner ready. He'll be here any minute."

The old woman kept awake, alert. She missed her daily nap. She sat before her window, watching and muttering: "He's coming home. I know he's coming. I hear his engine puffing on the grade."

When Brick brought Lucile back after the boulders had been rolled away, a strange loneliness smote the heart of Lucile. Almost she would

have run after him, would have called him back, would have urged him to take her away from this place before she lost her reason. Instead she restrained herself and eased into the attic.

Her grandmother was waiting. "Where's Slats? Didn't he come? Was not that his lantern—his train?"

Lucile soothed her, told her Slats was probably coming on the next one, lulled her into sleep.

CEDAR chunks burned low. The distracted maiden put on others, sat by the hearth and went for the second time through the box which Brick had left for her.

She wept when she fingered the wrist watch which came in the holly box bearing Art Kingston's drunken scrawl, "To the mystery woman . . ." She knew that Fate had at last given her the present which Fate the previous year had denied her.

Wind howled. Snow sifted through cracks, built narrow ridges beneath dormer windows. Lucile shivered, laid another chunk of cedar in the grate, and sat alone to muse and ponder.

It was after midnight when she went to bed. She did not sleep. She recalled that other Christmas, and fondled the wrist watch, other things forgotten. She heard a sound outside, a growl of the dog which was soon silenced.

With a start she recalled the three men who had camped in the canyon, the men of whom she had written her Uncle Henry. Old Juan Baca's warning came back to her: "Bad mans. *Muy malos!* Keel lika thees!" and the Indian had drawn a finger over his throat.

The girl regretted now that she had written. She had not seen or heard them since. Maybe they were not the men she had been told to watch for. Maybe they were gone. She hoped so. How she had hoped that Uncle Henry might come and take them away! It was too late now, though. Brick had told her the train would not come.

Another hour. Wind howling. Shrieks like tortured souls in agony. Would the night never pass?

What was that—that sound like the squeak on the stair when the foot touched it? It came again, the dull *squee-a,* and a moment later the stealthy fumbling at the door.

The knob was turning. Lucile raised up. She licked her lips and croaked: "Who's there?"

No answer. Eternity of silence. At length the door burst open. Light flooded the attic. Harsh voice snarling: "Don't move! I'll kill . . ."

AT thirty miles an hour Art Kingston snatched the private car of Mr. Henry L. Bender over the alkali flats. December's blizzard raged. Cars lurched and swayed. Brick feared the track would go to pieces under their speed, feared they might hit the ditch before they reached Phantom City. He began to wonder if Art were wholly sober. After a particularly violent jerk he determined to investigate.

Going over the coal pile he slid down into the deck. Art jerked his head; then looked forward again. Brick stepped up behind him.

"Aren't you wheeling 'em a little fast for this track?" he queried.

Art growled, "Naw!" and gave the throttle another yank.

"Remember we got the old Brooks all over the ground—"

"I'm runnin' this engine, Donley. You go back to the hind end an' sit down."

Brick did not say any more. He

stood on the platform for another mile, then went back to the car.

Bender was chewing a stogie. The three bulls and the deputy were holding their chair arms and sitting very very straight.

In exactly forty minutes they roared up through Quack Springs. Lights came on in adobe houses. Doors flashed open and windows went up. On and on, racing over trestles, bobbing through cuts, careening toward the ice-locked river, snow whirling at their windows.

Brick knew the snow in the cuts was deepening. He could feel the speed fall off when Art hit them, see the spray fly by white windows, hear great chunks of ice falling like rocks on the roof of the private car.

When Old Hell-Bender had consumed his second stogie, he came to stand beside Brick.

"How far are we?" he asked.

Brick shielded his eyes and peered into the canyon. "Four miles down."

"Four miles, huh?" The railway president looked at his watch. It said 2.44. "We ought to make it in another twenty minutes."

Brick ventured a question: "What do you expect to find when you get there?"

"God knows, I don't," said Mr. Bender. "If Green Garland has stayed sober tonight . . ."

Another snow-clogged mile went down the hill. The inside wheels went up and settled back on a curve.

"I hope we don't plow into one of these cuts and turn wrong side up in a snowbank," Brick growled.

"The way we're scorching this track, there won't be much snow left in this canyon," Bender replied, grabbing for a window ledge.

Another mile and yet another. Brick was wondering if Art would whistle for the station. He didn't. The mile-post went by. They struck the trestle below Phantom City. The engine went off the trestle and into the cut. It was running twenty miles an hour.

There was a perceptible slowing, as drifted snow packed ahead of the pilot plow. A perceptible slowing, then a sudden jolt, as the train came from fifteen miles an hour to a dead stop. The tank buckled. The coach reared up like a bucking horse, and settled back with a groan.

"He's played hell now!" stormed Bender.

"We're almost there," Brick breathed. "We'd better walk in."

Calling the officers, Brick led the way toward the house, Bender at his heels. When they came to the engine, buried to its headlight in the drift, Art was down on the ground, buckling on his forty-five.

"I thought you knew this railroad, Kingston," said President Bender.

"I did, didn't I?" Art flung back. "I got you in sight of where you're goin'."

"Yeah! You got us away up here in this canyon where we got to wade snow to the eyes to get through."

WHEN they came within sight of the old mansion, a light shone in the dormer window. The light was there, an oblong blob of it. The face was not there, but behind the window shadows were moving; and when the men came within hearing, a loud, piercing scream issued from it.

Art brushed past Brick and started toward the door. Brick caught him, refused to turn him loose.

"Wait a minute, Art!" he said shortly. "You can't go bursting in like that. One sound and the game's up.

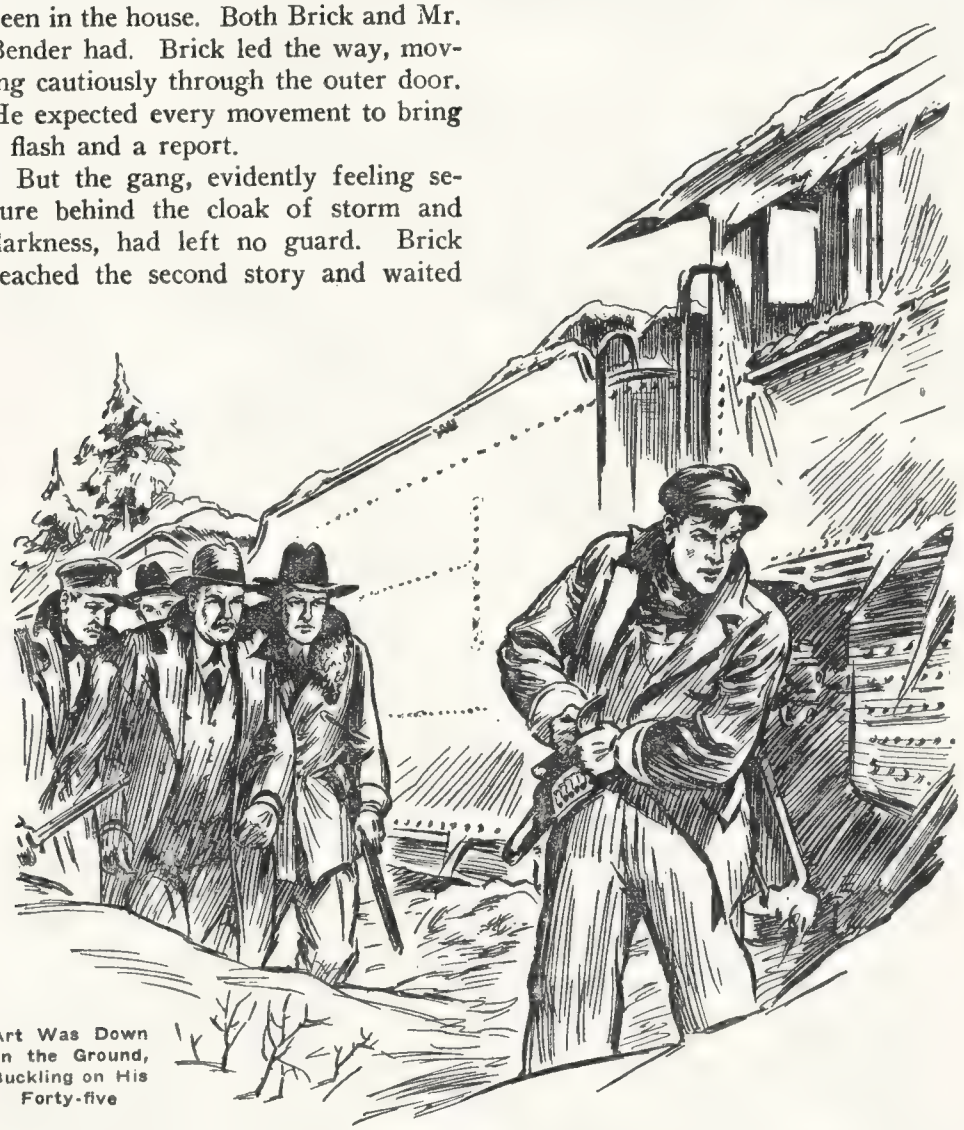
We've got to take that gang by surprise or they'll shoot us down faster than we can get up."

Art listened to reason. He had never been in the house. Both Brick and Mr. Bender had. Brick led the way, moving cautiously through the outer door. He expected every movement to bring a flash and a report.

But the gang, evidently feeling secure behind the cloak of storm and darkness, had left no guard. Brick reached the second story and waited for the others to come. They halted on the landing. There was commotion upstairs, and a shuffling of feet, and a harsh voice, an old voice, the voice of old Green Garland talking, rasping out:

"So you won't talk, eh? You won't tell where the mine is nor where the map of it is? You won't, eh?"

And the groaning answer: "I don't know! Oh, God, I don't know!"



Art Was Down on the Ground, Buckling on His Forty-five

"Think up a better one, Little Joe." Then: "Lefty, fetch that knife, an' be sure it's red hot!"

Feet shuffled. Mr. Bender shoved Brick on. "For God's sake, hurry! Don't you know what they're doing?"

Brick moved cautiously. They were

too close now to chance discovery. He felt his way up the stairs. They were rickety. There were loose boards where a misstep would bring a burst of gunfire, dooming them to eternity.

When he was halfway up, he heard another scream from the old woman, another sob from Lucile Crowell, another bitter oath from Green Garland, and the admonition:

"Where is it? Damn you, you'll squeal, or we'll blister your dried-up carcass from head to heel like we did that old Injun's. Damn you an' your Slats and Old Hell-Bender! I spent many years in stripes waitin' for this hour! I—"

GARLAND never finished that sentence. Under cover of his bluster Brick reached the landing. His hand groped for the knob of the attic door. He found it. He flung it open. With Art Kingston, Mr. Bender, and the three officers falling over each other, he burst into the room shouting: "Up! Up with 'em!"

The men did not up. They clawed for six-guns. As the attacking guns belched death, Green Garland kicked the lamp off the table.

Lefty Landers went down in his own blood. Mike Markham fell with a bullet in his chest. Flashlights flashed. Green Garland shot at the gleam. A deputy coughed and crumpled.

Five guns talked. Another flashlight played, and again the six-gun barked, this time from the four-poster.

When the gun behind the bed no longer challenged the flashlight's beam, men played it over the scene. A foot in a hiking boot lay toe down on the floor beneath the bed, and a leg was tilted crazily above it. Cautiously they moved, but no guns spoke their challenge.

Art Kingston went to the couch where Lucile lay bound. Brick and Mr. Bender went to the four-poster where Little Joe was gasping. Brick struck a match to the lamp. Little Joe looked up into her brother's face. The crazy gleam was gone from her eyes.

"Henry!" she whispered. "Henry, where's Slats?"

"Coming, Little Joe!" choked the railroad president. "He's coming!"

Maybe he came, for when Bender laid his poor weary sister back on the pillow, she had gone to meet him.

AS soon as the smoke cleared away, Art Kingston rushed over to the "mystery woman" with the one word, "Lucile!"

The girl stepped forward, crying, "Artie, my darling!" and sobbed in her lover's arms, all inhibitions gone. It was a dramatic reunion.

"I missed you so much, Lucile," said the engineer. "Why did you go away?"

The hazel eyes, tired, and rimmed with tears, were shining in pure joy. "But I told you—in my letter . . ."

Brick turned away, toying with the piece of knife-handle which he had found in the signal maintainer's glove.

"Some day," he muttered, "I'm going to get at the bottom of this—find out what really did happen to old Ben Crowell."

The chance came sooner than he had expected. It began with a conference in President Bender's private car, two days after Christmas. Four persons were there: Old Hell-Bender himself, his niece and her lover, and Brick Donley. They talked about the mine.

"We know there was a mine," averred Bender. "Where Juan Baca got the gold, there's more. This girl's entitled to it, because Slats Rayburn found it."

"How is she going to get it?" asked Art.

"Slats Rayburn left a location map. I know Slats. He was a good business man."

"Sure there was a map," declared Lucile. "Father used to tell me about it. He said mother knew where it was, and he had a good idea."

"Then why didn't he tell you?" her uncle snorted. "That's just the way with women."

Lucile bit her lip. "He did not tell me because he was afraid somebody might try to torture the secret out of me. Said he'd find it when Granny went."

"We can do anything he could do," Brick boasted. "If it's in that house we can find it."

They returned to Phantom City. The house was cold. They warmed it and began a systematic search. They dismantled the bed first.

When Brick was lifting the goose-hair mattress from the old four-poster, he encountered something hard and cold. Carefully he felt it out, and removed it from its lodgment on the end slat.

It was the knife which last night Green Garland had been heating to redness, and with which he had been trying to gouge secrets from unwilling lips. Brick slipped it into his sheepskin pocket and continued the search.

They tore up the ancient plush rocker, the old lounge, the cedar chest, chairs, stove—every bit of furniture which might conceal a scrap of paper. Failing to find it in the furnishings, they tore up the room itself, facings, baseboards, flooring, ceiling. It was not there.

They searched the second story, and the first story. They found nothing. Baffled by their fruitless search, they were heading disconsolately back to the car for the return trip to Mill City.

"Kingston," said Old Hell-Bender, with a wink at Brick, "if you let the Engineers' Brotherhood take up your case, I think they could get you reinstated on the S.T.&S.F."

"Reckon they could?" asked the engineer.

"You can't tell," growled Bender.

Art and Lucile went on toward the car. Brick stopped to stare up at the dormer window. It seemed strangely empty, now that the face was gone from it. With a glistening in the steel-blue eyes, Old Hell-Bender turned to follow Lucile and Art.

Brick sighed and started after them also. The gleam of the setting sun was on the old lantern, Slats Rayburn's old lantern. He laid a hand on the presidential sleeve.

"Are you going to leave that old relic—" He hushed abruptly, muttered: "Wait a minute! I've got a hunch."

The trainman strode rapidly back toward the house. Old Hell-Bender was at his heels, asking anxiously: "What is it?"

BRICK took three flights of stairs two at a time. Art and Lucile went on to the car. They were too much interested in each other to worry about a million-dollar gold mine.

Tugging up the dormer window, Brick snatched the old lantern from its nail. There was no liquid in it. An unsteady hand took out the globe, unscrewed the burner, and peered into the rusty bowl. It was empty.

He looked stupidly at the burner, and then at Mr. Bender. The president was pointing to the wick. Brick's eyes closed and opened. The wick was not a wick but a piece of old brown parchment folded several times.

He yanked it from the burner and unfolded it. Mr. Bender was trying to take it from him. They looked at the markings, almost obliterated by age. When they managed to make out the lines, Brick's face fell.

Instead of a map of the hill country, it was the drawing of a house. Bender took it away from him and puzzled over it.

"That's the basement plan of this house," he declared. "Now what'n blazes do you suppose—what's this?"

He indicated the scrawl at the bottom and the arrow pointing toward the basement wall. Brick squinted closely, read:

"Push pegs."

"Push pegs," repeated Mr. Bender. "Push pegs. Let's go to the basement."

They ran downstairs. Over the coal bin were twelve cedar pegs, which had evidently been used to hang harness, tubs, or something on. Most of them were covered with cobwebs. Two were slick and clean.

Brick shoved one. Bender shoved the other. They slipped through. Something fell. The two men touched the wall. It was not the wall—it was a door leading into a tunnel!

"Well, hang my Hannah!" Mr. Bender was muttering. "Hang my Hannah, if this ain't the old tunnel we walled up when we built this house here forty-odd years ago. The tunnel—wait a minute! *I've* got a hunch!"

He was into the tunnel, Brick at his heels. Flashing lights ahead, they followed it five hundred feet under the mountain. It left the horizontal and angled down. At the bottom were chunks of soapstone quartz studded with glittering particles.

Old Hell-Bender did not seem elated. He muttered a curse. He played the light over the chunks of rich ore mined not three months ago, and a big tear spilled out of old eyes to fall upon it. Everything had suddenly become clear to Mr. Bender.

"So that was the game?" he cried.

"What is it?" asked Brick.

"What is it?" retorted the railway chief. "Don't you see, Donley? There never was any *lost* mine. This is the old Phantom Sister. Slats was sore because he had to pay me my half of the profits, figured that I was not entitled to it because he found the vein. Kind of forgot that I furnished the money. I knew he was holding out on me. That's why I left and went railroading."

"But . . ."

"When the lead played out on him, instead of going down from the top, he told me there was no use wasting money on it. This drift had been here when we bought the lease—four hundred sixty feet of it. With Old Juan to help, he came down here, cut back to the fault, and picked up the lead on the lower level. To cheat me out of my share, he pretended to be working a placer claim somewhere else . . ."

THEY were clacking down the snow-filled canyon through the darkness. Brick took from his sheepskin pocket the knife he had found in the old four-poster. A fragment had been broken from the white bone handle, and a piece of wood cut to fit the break.

With the other three watching him, Brick dug out the piece of wood with his own knife, fished the piece of bone from his pocket and fitted it into the opening. When it was done, the symbols, matching perfectly, spelled: "Chalset—Canada."

He handed it to Art Kingston, saying: "I found the piece of bone in

Ben Crowell's glove. The knife was in the four-poster. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Mean anything!" shouted Art, after a moment's study. "Why, man, it means that my engine didn't kill Ben Crowell. Old Ben was already dead!"

"It means," Bender muttered huskily, "because Slats Rayburn was trying to cheat and fool me, the Green Garland gang killed him, and then Ben Crowell and Old Juan and Little Joe, trying to torture from them the location of that mine."

"I guess you win, Sherlock Holmes," Art grinned. "You and your little piece of bone."

Lucile was crying softly. Art had to comfort her. There was nobody to comfort Old Hell-Bender. He blew his nose, and went out on the rear platform for a breath of fresh air, and Brick discreetly went along.

When Brick left the car that night to return to Costilla to resume his job braking on the main line, Lucile held his hand a moment.

"It was wonderful, Mr. Donley, the way you've stood by Art and me, supporting him when I went back on him, encouraging me when the day was dark, finding the map for that mine. And now this—it's almost too much!"

"It wasn't nothing, Miss Crowell," said Brick, flushing and falling back into his boyhood vernacular in his confusion. "Nothing at all. The only thing there was to it was luck. Pure downright luck."

A suspicious gleam was in the girl's soft eyes as she smiled up into Brick's wind-burnt face. Seeing the gleam, he turned quickly to stare out across the yards of the S.T.&S.F. where a decapod was leading sixty orange cars in from California. Then he said to Lucile, in an easy drawl:

"It's going to be kinda nice to go back swinging a light on your uncle's railroad, the good old S.T.&S.F."

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community where the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

Ethiopia's First Iron Horse

IN view of the terrific fighting which has been centering around the Franco-Ethiopian Railway these past few weeks, the origin of this 487-mile iron highway is of unusual interest. Plans for the construction of a meter-gage railway from Jibuti in French Somaliland to Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia, were approved in 1895 by Emperor Menelik II, "King of Kings"—great-uncle of Haile Selassie, the present ruler.

Menelik was most enthusiastic, but expected the road to be built immediately. He knew very little about the intricacies of financing such an enterprise and the diplomatic red tape which would have to be cut before a foreign power could lay the steel through French Africa and into the heart of semi-civilized Ethiopia.

The project was being pushed forward by the French, with the aid of British capital, but actual construction did not start until 1897, and even then it was at the seaport of Jibuti, some distance from Ethiopia. Emperor Menelik grew increasingly impatient over the delay in connecting his capital with the sea. He was extremely curious to see a "great steam horse" actually enter his empire. Diplomats tried to explain the delay to his satisfaction, but Menelik became irritable over it.

Finally a member of his court, named Serkis, went to Europe to get a locomotive. By this time the railway had been built as far as Dirre-Daoua. Then the first engine came. The only European to witness its arrival was a French traveler named Hugues LeRoux, who described the scene as follows:

"It was on May 18, 1904, that I received a gracious invitation from the Emperor to join the cortege which was starting to meet Serkis at Dirre-Daoua. Menelik took the road with all the adornments of a pleasure party. I have never seen so many horses caparisoned with silver, mules covered with splendid saddle-cloths, so many silken hoods bordered with purple. All the functionaries eager to stand with the Emperor were in the cortege.

"As they were to be four or five days afield, they took full camp equipage along. The Emperor alone had from 700 to 800 woman cooks, each one riding a mule and having a soldier to guard her. On the morning of the second day out, on the borders of Lake Kilole, the Emperor received news that the locomotive was near by.

"At last there came to us the confused chanting of thousands of men. Then they came trooping down the dusty track that had been cleared over the hill. They dragged the engine behind them by cables. Others behind prevented its too rapid descent. First of all came a crowd of slaves carrying two magnificent elephant-saddles, a present which England sent from India to the 'King of Kings.'

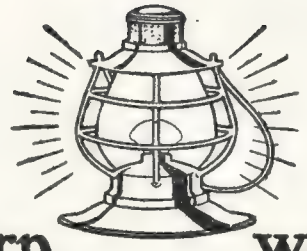
"Next there came two open railway cars. Next came extra wheels and other parts, carried by porters. The men seemed intoxicated with a sort of religious fervor as, singing, they approached and marched past their ruler. There were thousands of them. Every province had furnished its contingent, and when the forced labor of each lot was completed, many fell in behind.

"An Ethiopian banner fluttered above the crowd. It was fastened to the body of the locomotive. When the big machine appeared at last on the summit of the gorge, a terrific shout rent the air. The Emperor stood up, took a step forward, and made a gesture of salutation.

"'I thought it would be bigger,' was his comment when he saw it at closer range. Behind the locomotive came Serkis, who fell to his knees at his monarch's feet. It had taken them twenty-eight days to drag the engine along the rails from the coast to Dirre-Daoua, reaching an elevation of nearly eight thousand feet above sea-level."

The road was not completed to Addis Ababa until 1917, due to financial and political difficulties. Of the entire length of railway, 411 miles run through Ethiopia. The road is under French management, one company having failed in 1902, and construction being resumed seven years later by a new concern financed by the French Ministry of War. In 1935, through a Franco-Italian agreement, 20 per cent of the capital stock was turned over to the Italian Government. Because the road is not owned by the Ethiopians, it is thought at this writing that the Italian invaders will not attempt to destroy it.

By the Light of the Lantern



Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Always enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary. We will print only your initials.

(3) Don't be disappointed if answers do not appear at once. They are printed two months before date of issue.

WHAT are the world's fifteen longest railroad tunnels?—A. L. M.

Here is a list of them. Tunnels with the same mileage rating, of course, are arranged in order of their comparative lengths.

Tunnel	Country	Length
Simplon	Switz.-Italy	12.4 miles
Apennine	Italy	11 "
St. Gothard	Switzerland	9 "
Loetschberg	Switzerland	9 "
Mt. Cenis	France-Italy	8 "
New Cascade	U.S.(GNRy)	7.8 "
Arlberg	Austria	6 "
Moffat	U.S.(D&SLRy)	6 "
Schimizu	Japan	6 "
Ricken	Switzerland	5 "
Grenchenberg	Switzerland	5 "
Tauern	Austria	5 "
Otira	New Zealand	5 "
Ronco	Italy	5 "
Hauenstein	Switzerland	5 "

Sixteenth on the list would be the Connaught Tunnel of the Canadian Pacific, in British Columbia. It is exactly 5.02 miles long.

IN your November issue (answering L. S. of Montreal) you implied that there were no customs regulations on locomotives crossing the Canadian border both ways. However, as I understand it, a locomotive belonging to a road in either country cannot remain in the other country more than 24 hours without having duty paid on it. In fact, I have known of cases in which engines of certain American roads have broken down on Canadian territory and have been towed back to the United States because repairs could not be made before the time limit was up.—E. H.

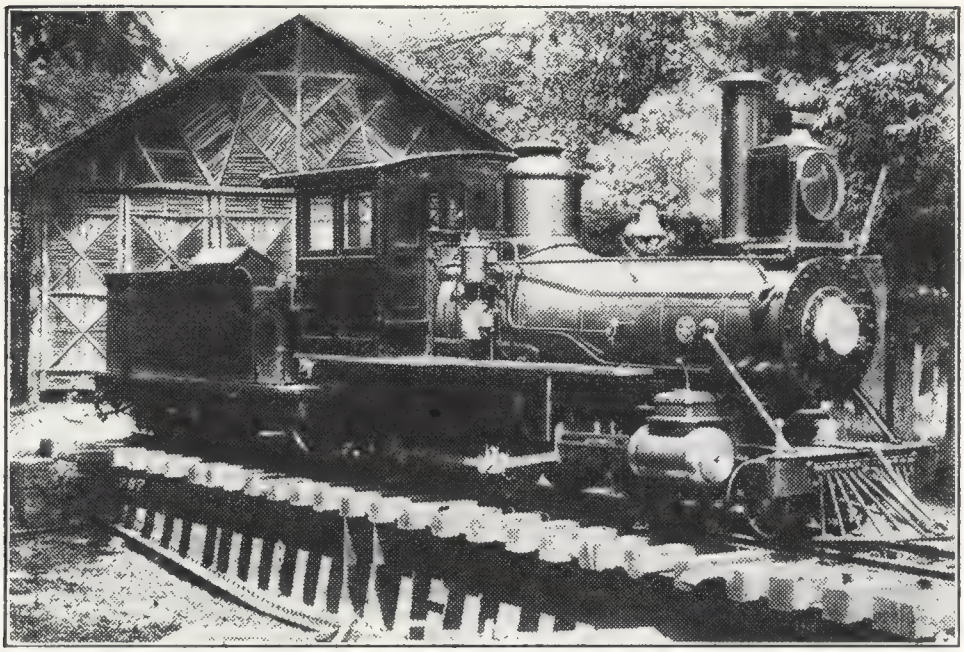
We had never heard of any such regulations, but when we got your letter we checked up, just to make sure. In doing so we find that you are clearly mistaken. The only rule governing the operation of an American or Canadian-owned locomotive in the other country is that the engine must not be used except to haul the train on the particular run to which it is assigned. If for any reason the run is suspended, the locomotive can be held indefinitely provided no use is made of it. The penalty for non-observance of this rule (we believe it has never been necessary to levy it) is payment of duty or seizure of the engine. The Canadian duty on American-made engines, incidentally, is 35% *ad valorem*, 6% sales tax, and 3% excise tax. Obviously, then, the American road you speak of must have had some reason for towing its engine back to the United States other than the fact it was on short time.

A FRIEND in Melbourne, Australia, states that the Flinders St. Station in his city is used by more passengers than any other in the world. Is he right?—R. E. W.

While we sorrowfully admit we don't know, we are sure that he doesn't, either. Nobody has taken the trouble to compile accurate statistics on the size of the world's passenger stations, comparing them on the basis of the number of people using them. The Pennsylvania Station in New York City, beyond doubt this continent's busiest passenger terminal, is used by about 50,000,000 people a year. If the Melbourne station can beat that, it deserves serious consideration for first prize—provided some European or maybe Japanese station doesn't prove to be even busier.

PLEASE explain the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain tieup. Which came first, and when were they united?

(2) *What is the history of the Tallulah Falls Ry.?*—R. M. H.



Courtesy Baldwin Locomotive Works

No. 11 of the Old Cornwall & Lebanon (Mt. Gretna Narrow Gage), One of the Only Three 2-Foot Gage American Types Ever Built. She Had 10x14 Cylinders, 33-Inch Drivers, 130 Lbs. Pressure, and Weighed 30,270 Lbs. No. 12 of the Same Road Had Similar Dimensions, but No. 15 Was Slightly Heavier and More Powerful. All Were Baldwin-Built in 1889

(1) The original Missouri Pacific Ry. was the successor of the old Pacific RR Co., chartered in 1849, begun in 1851 and first opened (for a short distance) in 1852. It expanded rapidly, and about 15 years later, in the course of its expansion, it acquired a controlling interest in a road known as the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, which extended from St. Louis to Belmont, Mo., and from Bismarck, Mo., to Texarkana, Ark., and with branches included 695 miles of line. It was chartered in 1874 as a consolidation of the St. Louis & Iron Mountain RR, the Cairo, Arkansas & Texas, and the Cairo & Fulton, all of which originally had been chartered in 1853. Until 1879 the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern used 5-foot gage track, but that year it was changed to standard.

In 1909 the MoP reorganized, taking over several small roads. Six years later both it and the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern (operated jointly and using the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain trade-mark, often reproduced in this magazine) went into receivership, out of which emerged, two years later, the present Missouri Pacific RR System.

(2) The Tallulah Falls Ry. was incorporated in 1898 to take over the Blue Ridge & Atlantic RR, sold in 1897. It runs from Cornelia, Ga., to Franklin, N. C., 58 miles, and has 5 locomotives and 48 cars. It ran up large deficits in 1931 and 1932, and in 1933 its abandonment was approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission. However, in 1933 and 1934 it almost broke even, and it is still being operated.

WHAT is the meaning of the capital "S" before the car number on freight cars of NYC subsidiaries?—C. W. N., Long Island City, N. Y.

It has been used to denote cars which, when feasible, were not to be loaded for points off the system.

LIST the highest points on the main lines of the New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore & Ohio.—J. L., Blauvelt, N. Y.

The following list applies to what the railroads consider main line altitudes. In most cases they are exceeded by branch line altitudes on the same roads. See "The Highest Railroad East of the Mississippi," in this issue, for other data.

Railroad	Altitude
Erie	1,773 feet; Tip Top, N. Y.
Pennsylvania	2,193 feet; New Portage Tunnel, Pa.
New York Central	995 feet; Kendalville, Ind.
Baltimore & Ohio	2,624 feet; Altamont, Md.

T A. G.—Following is list of steam roads operating in Arkansas:

Arkansas & Louisiana Missouri
Ashley, Drew & Northern
Arkansas
Augusta
Arkansas Western (KCS)
Bauxite & Northern
Caddo & Choctaw
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific
Dardanelle & Russellville
Doniphan, Kensett & Searcy
De Queen & Eastern
Delta Valley & Southern
El Dorado & Wesson
Fordyce & Princeton
Ft. Smith & Western
Ft. Smith, Subiaco & Rock Island
Graysonia, Nashville & Ashdown
Helena Southwestern
Kansas City Southern
Louisiana & Arkansas
Louisiana & North West
Louisiana & Pine Bluff
Missouri & N. Arkansas
Murfreesboro-Nashville
Missouri Pacific
Midland Valley
Prescott & Northwestern
Reader
St. Louis-San Francisco
St. Louis Southwestern (Cotton Belt)
Thornton & Alexandria
Texas & Pacific
Warren & Ouachita Valley
Warren & Saline River
Yazoo & Miss. Valley (IC)

WHAT is meant by intermittent and continuous train control?—J. B. H., Cleveland Heights, O.

Automatic train control, as you probably know, is designed to stop a train whenever a signal calls for it—regardless of the engineer. There are two kinds: the continuous cab signal and the intermittent wayside. The former uses a continuous alternating current through the rails, artificially interrupted at a certain rate or code frequency varying with the condition of the track ahead. A receiver on the engine contacts the rail, passes the current to the equipment box, which causes reproductions of the wayside signals to appear in the cab and the train to stop if the stop signal is disregarded. (See photo and discussion of this system on the PRR on pp. 92-93 of our Nov., '33, issue, or write to Union Switch & Signal Co., Swissvale, Pa., for Bulletin No. 144.) Most roads have removed the automatic stop feature of the equipment, however, and use only cab signals.

Intermittent wayside train control simply uses a strong electromagnet between the rails at each

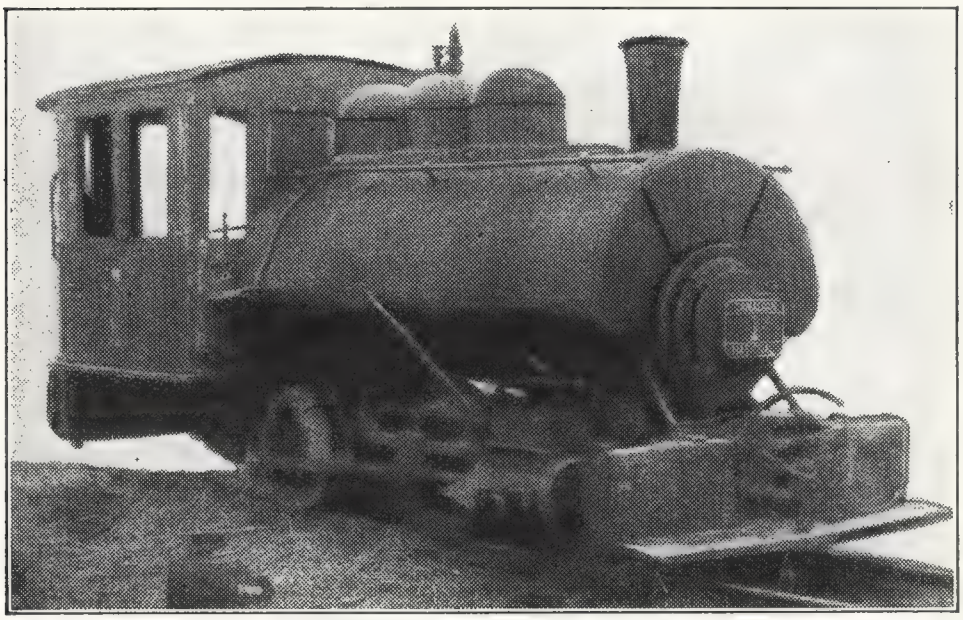
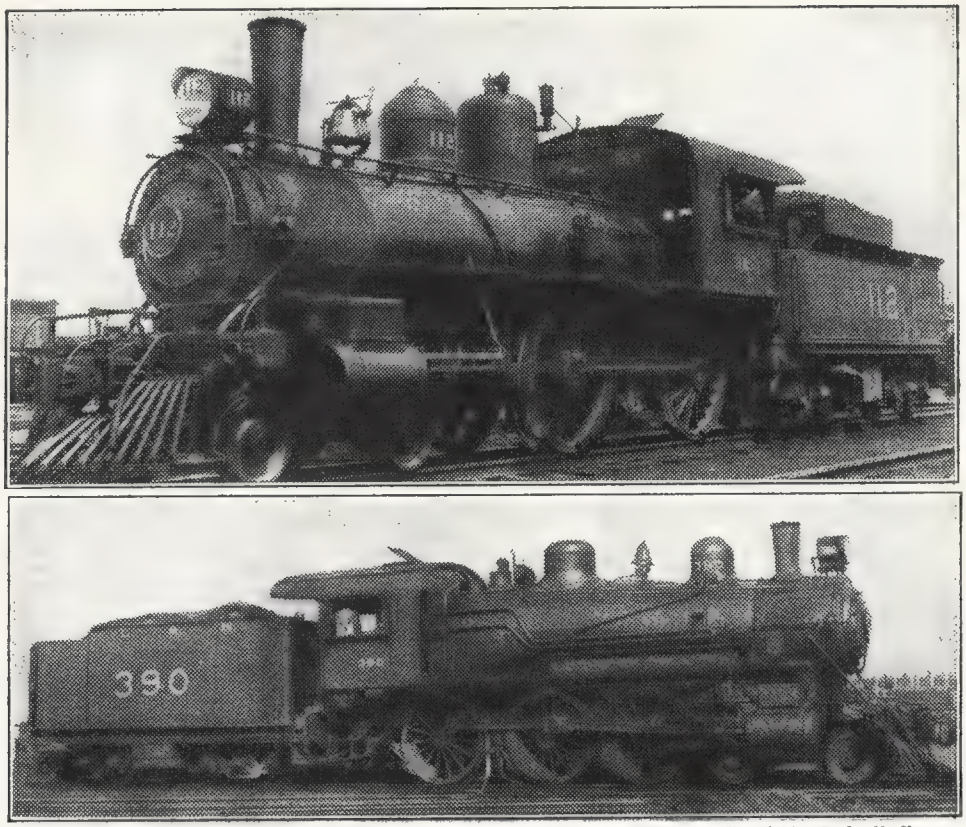


Photo by R. R. Brown, 700 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal, Canada

There Are 2,900 Iron Horses on the Canadian National System, but This One Tops the List. She Is No. 1, Class X-1a, Formerly No. 36 of the Prince Edward Island Ry., and Is 3½-Foot Gage. She Has 8x16 Cylinders, 24-Inch Drivers, Was Built by Davenport in 1910



Photos by Joseph Lavelle, 4615 66th St., Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

A Couple of Louisville & Nashville Old-Timers, Listed in the Complete Roster of That Road on Pages 88-91. No. 390 (Lower) Was No. 500 When New, Was Exhibited at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, and Was Later Changed to No. 290, and Finally to 390

wayside signal to set the engine brakes if the signal indicates "Stop." Practically all lines equipped with this type of train control have been permitted to remove it—not because it wasn't effective, but because railroading was so safe there seemed little need for any kind of automatic train control system. On page 86 of our April, '34, issue we printed a list of roads using both types of signals. For later information on this point, we suggest you write directly to the Union Switch & Signal Co.

O. H. R., Bowden, Alta.—The Canadian National's Montreal-Chicago passenger trains used to change engines only at Sarnia, but since the advent of pool service with the CPR, an extra change is now made at Toronto.

(2) The operation of the "Mountaineer" of the Canadian Pacific as a separate train between Moose Jaw (where it connected with the train from Chicago via C&NW and Soo) and Vancouver was a success last summer, and it will be run separately during the 1936 summer season.

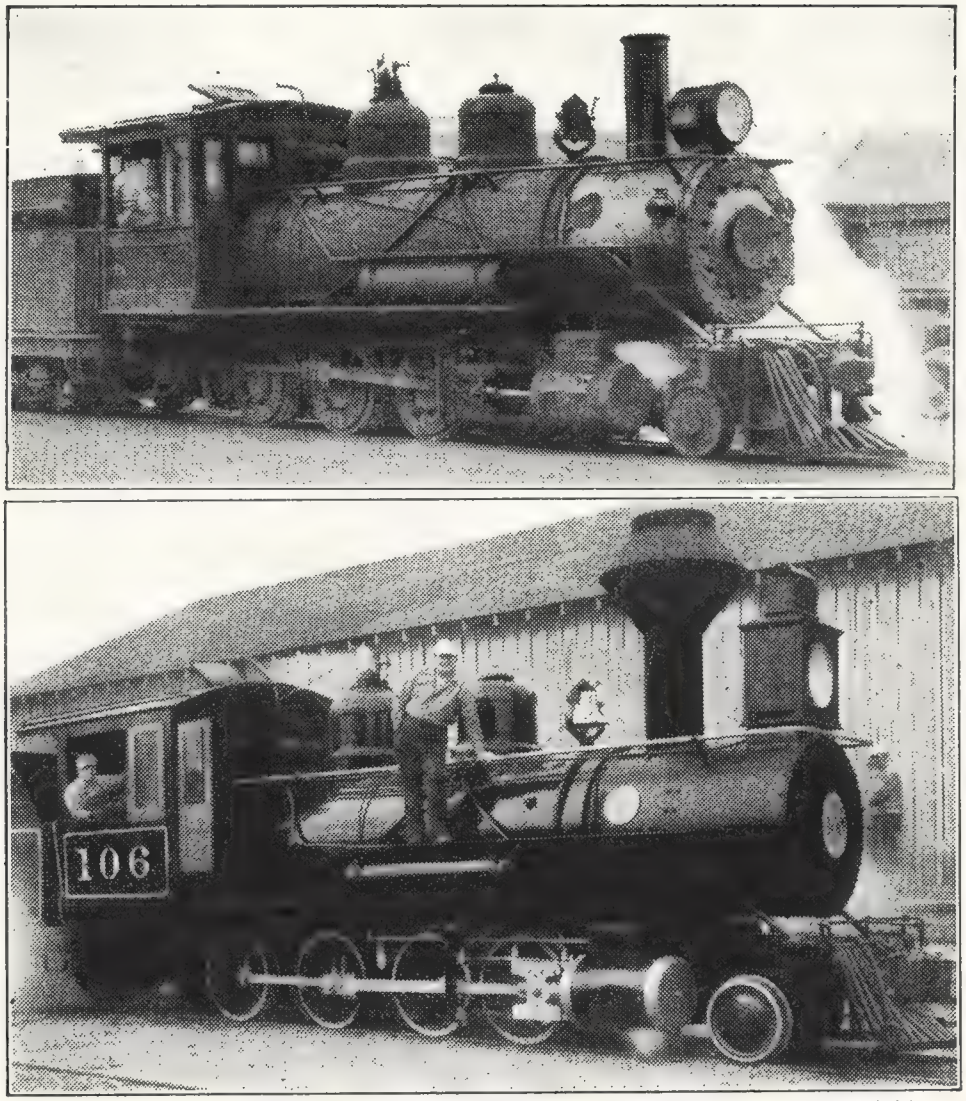
WHAT is the charge for hauling a privately-owned car in a passenger train?—B. H. N.

The minimum revenue for a one-way trip must be equal to 15 fares good in sleeping cars, plus a surcharge (in certain cases 10% of these 15 fares, and in others 15 regular lower berth surcharges), plus a first-class fare good in sleeping cars for each passenger. In any case, the total charge is at least $42 one way, and $84 round trip. Privately-owned cars moving empty or in charge of porters are charged 10 first-class fares in addition to the fares of each porter or attendant (except not more than three trainmen or other employees of the railroad). No surcharges are made, but in this case, too, the minimum charge is $42 one way.

WHAT railroad owns the largest and most powerful 2-10-2 and 2-10-0 types? What are their specifications?

(2) *What part of the present Canadian National System is the Grand Trunk?*—W. D. S.; F. S.

(1) The world's largest and most powerful



Upper Photo by R. P. Middlebrook, 2744 Columbia St., San Diego, Calif. Lower Courtesy Universal Pictures Corp. Both Supplied by G. M. Best

When the Movie Boys Filmed the Story of " Diamond Jim " Brady, Famous Railroad Supply Salesman, They Used the Motive Power of the 3-Foot Gage Pacific Coast Ry. to Provide Local Color. Upper Photo Shows No. 109, One of the Road's Consolidation Types, and Lower Photo Shows No. 106, an Identical Engine, " Rebuilt " with Fake Diamond Stack and Square Oil Headlight (Note the Generator Which Supplies It With Electricity!). The Gent Standing on the Running Board of the 106, Incidentally, Is Edward Arnold, Snapped While Portraying the Early Life of " Diamond Jim " in the Movie

2-10-2 (Santa Fe type), according to the information at our disposal, is Class K-15b, Nos. 3011-3020, of the Reading, which has 30½ x 32 cylinders, 61½-in. drivers, 225 lbs. pressure, weighs 451,000 lbs. without tender, exerts 92,570 lbs. t.f. Photo on page 85. The largest and most powerful 2-10-0 (Decapod type) is Class I-2, Nos. 1111-1130, of the Western Maryland, which has 30 x 32 cylinders, 61-in. drivers, 240 lbs. pressure, weighs 419,280 lbs. without tender, exerts 96,300 lbs. t.f. Photo in roster of WM engines, in our Oct., '33, issue.

(2) The main line of the old Grand Trunk used to run between Montreal and Sarnia, Ont., Montreal and Portland, Me., and Buffalo and Detroit, but its other lines comprised the greater

part of its mileage. It also controlled the Grand Trunk Western, whose main line extends from Sarnia to Chicago, with branches to Detroit, Pontiac, Grand Haven and Muskegon, and car ferries between Grand Haven and Milwaukee. The Grand Trunk (including GTW) was taken over and operated by the Canadian National in 1920, at which time the GT owned 4,000 miles of line, not including the Grand Trunk Western or Grand Trunk Pacific. The Canadian National today comprises 23,336 miles of line, and is the world's third largest railroad system.

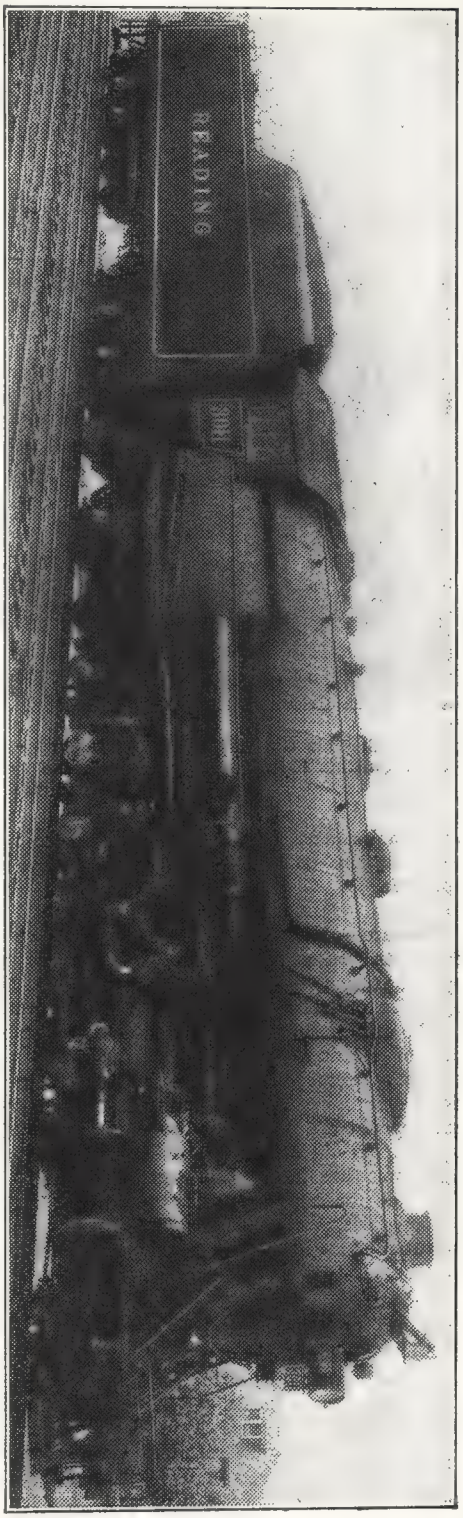
W. O. S., Pasadena, Calif.—The California Central was inc. in 1912 to build from Hollister to San Juan and Chittenden to Watsonville, Calif., a total of 23 miles. However, only the 10 miles from San Juan Jct. to Chittenden were opened. Controlled by the Pacific Portland Cement Co., it had one locomotive (leased). It was discontinued in 1933.

(2) The Minarets & Western was incorporated in 1921, opened in 1923 from Pinedale Jct. to Pinedale and from Friant to Wishon, Calif., 44 miles (it used SP tracks between Friant and Pinedale Jct.). About five years ago it had 3 locomotives, 228 cars and employed 11 people. After losing money for several years, it was abandoned early in 1934. Engines Nos. 102 and 104 of the road have been purchased by the SP and are renumbered 3295 and 3296. Built in 1923 by Brooks, they are 2-8-2 type, have 24½ x 28 cylinders, 51-in. drivers, weigh 262,000 lbs. without tender, exert 50,400 lbs. t.f.

R. L.—The Central Indiana Ry., which runs between Anderson and Advance, Ind., 52 miles, was incorporated in 1903 to succeed the Chicago & Southeastern Ry. It has 3 locomotives and employs 34 people. In 1927 permission was granted to abandon the line, but it has hung on and after several bad years was able to show $4 net income last year. Road and equipment are valued at $932,495.

(2) The Chicago, Attica & Southern was incorporated in 1922 to take over the C&I Coal Ry., an old abandoned branch of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois. It operates 154 miles between State Line Jct. and West Melcher, and Percy Jct. and Wellsboro, Ind., using the Pere Marquette tracks between LaCrosse and Wellsboro. It owns 6 locomotives and 20 cars, employs about 120 people. Road and equipment are valued at $2,613,171; it has lost money every year for the last 6 years except 1933.

RECENTLY I read an account of how a freight train ran away down a mountain. The reporter stated that the wreck was caused by a hobo's opening a retainer on a freight car. I claim this was impossible, and that the reporter



The World's Largest and Most Powerful 2-10-2 (Santa Fe) Type—Reading No. 3011, One of the 3011-3020 Series. See Answer to W. D. S. and F. S.

Photo from W. R. Osborne, 38 Colonial Ave., Whitehorse, Trenton, N. J.

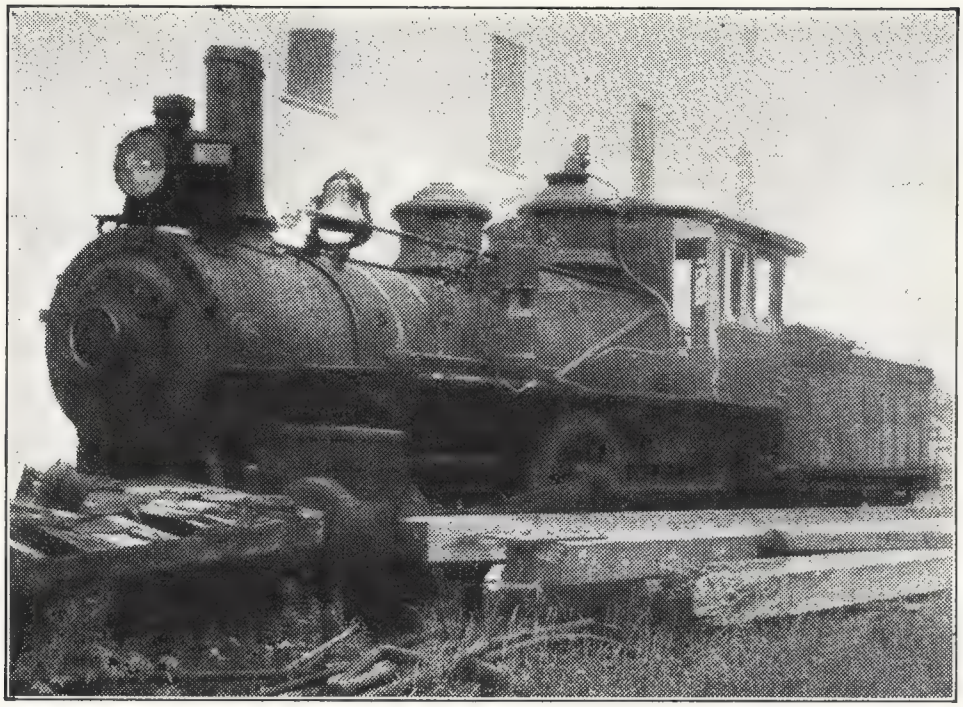


Photo by J. Woodbury, 374 Yarmouth Rd., Rochester, N. Y.

Although This Old Gal Hasn't Been Under Steam in About 20 Years, She's Still No. 1 of the Paul Smith's R.R. (See "Additions and Comments"). She Was Built in 1886, in the West Albany Shops of the N. Y. C., and Is 4-4-0 Type

made a mistake, but a friend of mine says it could happen. Who is right?—C. B. C., Tylersburg, Pa.

You are—unless you have misstated the question. As you probably know, the pressure retaining valve ("retainer") on a car, when in the operative or closed position, i.e., with the valve handle turned up horizontally, retains about 15 lbs. of air in the brake cylinders while the auxiliary reservoirs are being charged. Turning down or opening the valve on *one* car of a heavy train would not be enough to cause the whole train to run out of control. What probably happened was that the retainers were opened on practically all the cars, and when the engineer began charging his auxiliary reservoirs his train accelerated so swiftly that he could not slow it down.

H. W., Little Rock, Ark.—The following South American railroads use 5½-foot gage track (unless otherwise indicated): Argentine State Rys. (which also uses meter and standard), Buenos Aires & Pacific, Buenos Aires Great Southern, Buenos Aires Western, Central Argentine, Central of Brazil and San Paulo (5 feet 3 in. and meter); Paulista (5 feet 3 in.; meter; and two feet). Despite these wider gages, however, South American loading gages are no larger than those of most American and Canadian roads, which are higher and practically as wide. Moreover, motive power and rolling stock on wide-gage railways are not so heavy and powerful as comparable American equipment.

WHAT is the purpose of a small sign with a "W" painted on it, on the right-hand side of railroad tracks?—J. T. F., Jr.

It tells the engineer to whistle for a grade crossing.

WHERE is Raton Mountain? How long is the tunnel under it, and is Raton Pass on the north or south side of the mountain?—W. C., Huddersfield, England.

North of Raton, N. M., where the Santa Fe crosses the Colorado-New Mexico state line. The tunnel is 2,100 feet long, and is approached by the steepest main line standard gage grades in America: 3.7% westbound and 3.4% eastbound. The pass is on the north side of the mountain. See "Raton Mountain," by W. H. Edwards, in our March, '34, issue.

L. F. C., Norwich, Conn.—Iron rails were rolled in much the same fashion as steel rails are rolled. The first rail mill in America rolled its first rail in 1844 at Mt. Savage, Allegany County, Md.

M. T., Raymondville, Tex.—Neither the Texas-Mexican nor the Texas South-Eastern, alas, has paid any attention to our requests for data on its engines. They must be pretty busy down there.

C. W. M.—The Sumpter Valley Ry. has six steam engines: No. 50, ten-wheel type, has 16 x 20 cylinders, 42-in. drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, 18,600 lbs. t.f., 91,000 lbs. weight, was built by Baldwin in 1915. Nos. 16-18, Mikado type, have 17 x 22 cylinders, 42-in. drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weigh 124,400 lbs., exert 23,200 lbs. t.f., built by Baldwin in 1915. Nos. 19, 20, Mikado type, have 19 x 20 cylinders, 44-in. drivers, 170 lbs. pressure, weigh 128,000 lbs., exert 23,700 lbs. t.f., built by Alco in 1920.

B. S.—The Reading yards at Reading hold 1,439 cars; at St. Clair, 2,902 cars; at Rutherford, 4,870 cars. The CNJ yards at Mauch Chunk hold 1,950 cars; at Wilkes-Barre, 280 cars.

ADDITIONS AND COMMENTS

NORTH AMERICA'S first genuinely transcontinental railway*, the Canadian Pacific, was completed fifty years ago. Today it is the world's longest privately-owned railroad and the world's greatest travel system; it runs over 17,243 miles of track in Canada, owns and manages a chain of luxurious modern hotels, controls more than 5,000 miles of steel in the United States, and operates a great globe-encircling fleet of steamers. Very appropriately, therefore, comes "Steel of Empire," the first detailed history of the mighty C. P. System. Written by John Murray Gibbon, C. P.'s head publicity agent, it is no hasty press-agent handout, and it is not confined to a simple narration of the incidents in the beginnings and growth of the Canadian Pacific. To Mr. Gibbon the C. P. R. is the real North-West Passage to the Orient, and he goes back to the days before railroads existed to start his story. For more than a hundred pages he prepares the way for the coming of the railway, and by the time it begins to arrive the reader is so sold on it that he later wonders how any Canadian could be so devoid of a sense of national destiny as to oppose it in the way that many men did. Despite its length, however, the pre-railroad history is as interesting as the story of the railway itself. The whole book is written thoroughly and fully documented, but it does not compel you labor and sweat to get through it.

* Technically, the first transcontinental was the Panama R.R., completed in 1855.

Illustration from "Steel of Empire"

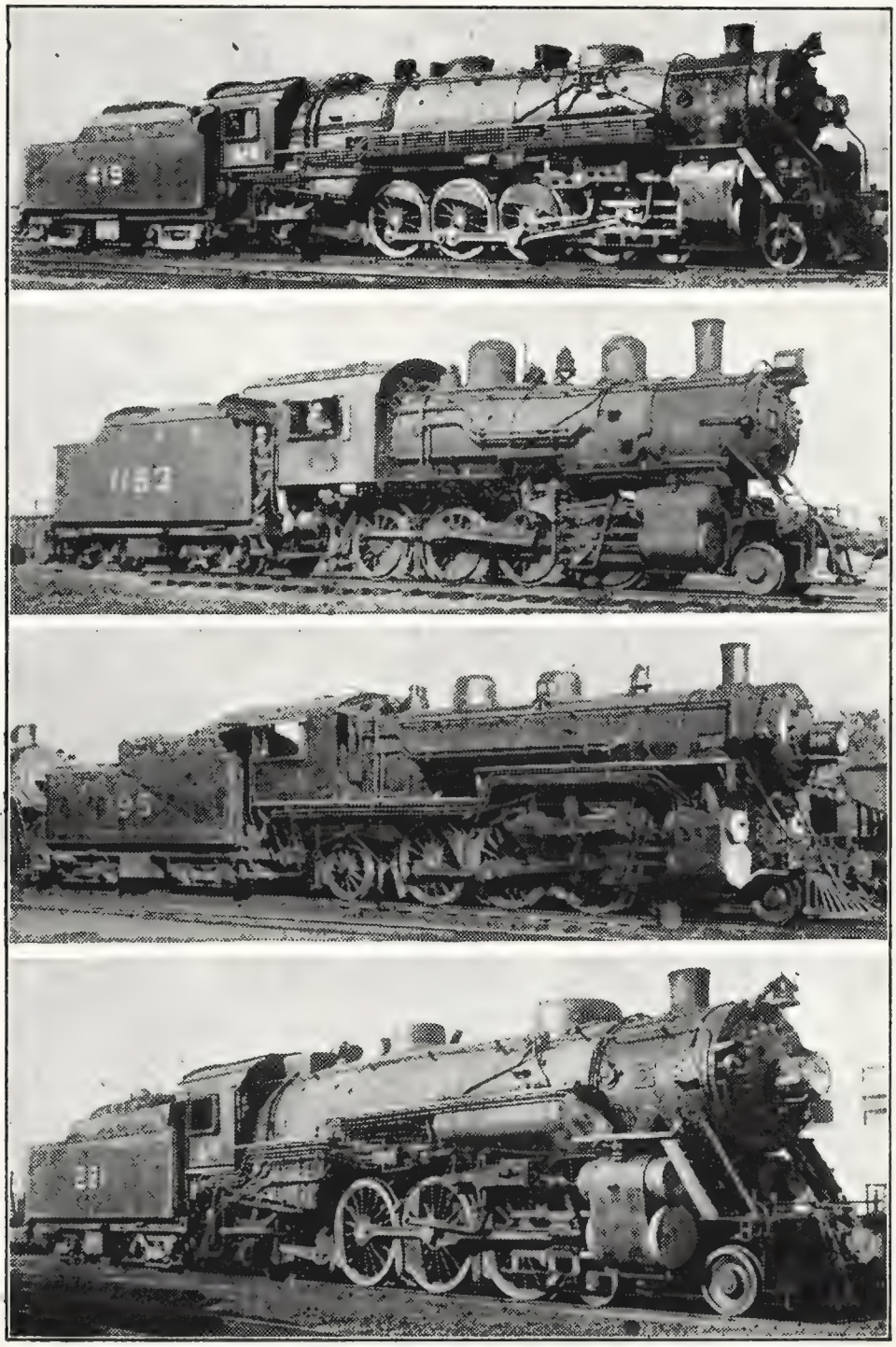
The First Steam-Driven Train in Canada, July 21, 1835

All we can say is that if you are interested in Canadian railroad history you can ask for nothing more. In addition to four maps (we suggest you keep a map of Canada before you as you read it), the book's 423 pages include about 150 black-and-white illustrations, 64 pages of photographs, and 17 full-page color plates. It is published by Bobbs-Merrill Co. (Indianapolis, Ind.), and sells for $3.50.

Entirely different from "Steel of Empire" is a short book called "Trains in Story and Pictures," a simply-written account of the adventures of Jack and Betty Brown during a trip from Chicago to New York on the Pennsy's "Broadway Limited." Containing at least one large illustration on every page, it is an ideal present for any child. It is 10 x 12 inches in size, 42 pages long, and is on sale (50c) at most book shops, department stores, and railroad terminals.

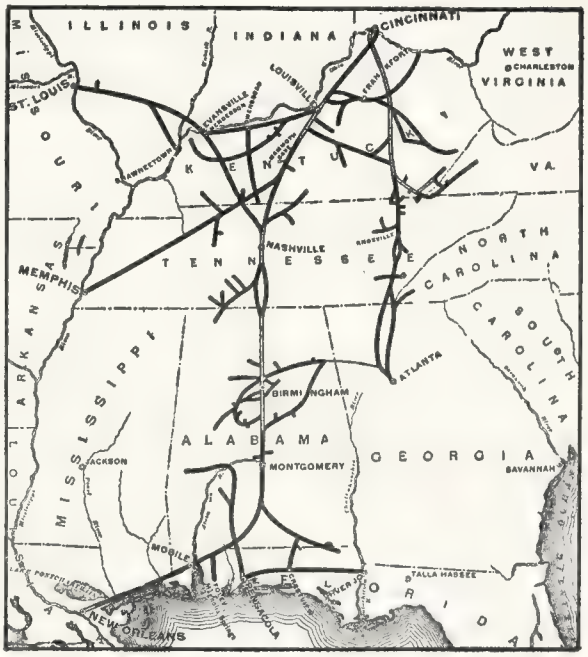
In our November issue, some of you will remember, we told G. R. of E. Orange, N. J., that we had no information about the Paul Smith's RR at Paul Smith's, N. Y. Well, we have now, thanks to John Woodbury (whose photo we are using), E. Jay Quinby, W. F. Brown, S. O. Stearns, and Wm. H. Watts, who inform us that the road is 8 miles long, was steam-operated until about 20 years ago, is owned by the Paul Smith's Electric Light, Power & Railroad Co., has one electric locomotive, two motor-freight cars and one service car. It operates from the NYC at Lake Clear Jct. to the hotel at Paul Smith's on no regular schedule, although a few years ago it connected with all NYC trains on the summer timetable. Which goes to show that what we don't know, our readers do know!

Locomotives of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad



L. & N. Nos. 419, 1183, 195, and 281, Snapped by R. J. Foster, P. O. Box 375, E. St. Louis, Ill. Other Photos on Page 83.

THE Louisville & Nashville was incorporated in 1850 and first opened for traffic nine years later. Between that date and 1929 it enjoyed a steady, untroubled growth, and today operates 5,051 miles of line in 13 states, and owns 58,900 freight, 730 passenger, and 1,736 miscellaneous cars, and the locomotives listed below. Although the depression reduced its traffic greatly, it managed to keep its head above water, and it showed a deficit only in 1932. Since then its earnings have improved greatly. In 1934 it employed an average of 22,966 employees, to whom it paid $33,469,988. Among the roads it controls are the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, the majority of whose stock it owns; and the Clinchfield, which it leases. The Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis and the Cumberland & Manchester, which it also owns, are operated as part of its system, and their locomotives are listed in the roster below, the former designated by the initials LH&StL and the latter by C&M. The Louisville & Nashville itself is controlled by the Atlantic Coast Line, which owns 51% of its capital stock.



Class	Engine Numbers	Cylinder Dimensions (In.)	Driver Diameters (In.)	Boiler Pressure (Lbs.)	Weight without Tender (Lbs.)	Tractive Force (Lbs.)	Builder and Date Built
	Six-Wheel Switcher (0-6-0) Type—65 Engines						
B-0	30 (LH&ST.L)	20 x 26	51	180	129,600	31,200	Baldwin, 1911
B-4	2055-2059, 2070-2089	19 x 26	52	180	144,200	27,600	Manchester, 1903, 05, 07; Rogers, 07
B-5	2060-2063, 2065-2069	20 x 26	25	180	143,000	30,600	Baldwin, 1903-04
B-6 B-7 B-8	37 (LH&STL), 600, 601, 605, 606, 609, 612-614, 618, 621, 623, 624, 626, 627, 630, 633, 638, 642, 649, 652, 654	20 x 24	51	160	122,300	25,600	Rogers, 1884,86 L.&N., 1883, 88 Rhode Is. 1888
	(Nos. 613 and 624 weigh 120,000 lbs.)						
B-9	2090, 2091	21 x 28	57	170	173,600	31,300	Lima, 1918; acquired from Am. Int. Ship Corp.
B-12	704, 738, 802-805	21 x 24	51	180	137,400	31,960	Rogers, 1888, 90
	Eight-Wheel Switcher (0-8-0) Type—60 Engines						
C-1	2100-2117, 2124-2139	23½ x 30	51	180	219,000	49,700	L&N, 1915-23
C-2	2118-2123, 2140-2159	25 x 28	51	175	214,000	51,000	Brooks, 1919; Schen., 1922; Rich., 1924, 25
	American (4-4-0) Type—17 Engines						
D-0	130	18 x 24	68	160	109,500	15,500	L&N, 1885
D-10	104	18 x 24	64	160	103,700	16,500	Rogers, 1886
D-11	112, 122, 126, 132, 133	18 x 24	64	160	108,000 105,500	16,500	L&N, 1881, 84, 85, 89
C & M	7	18 x 24	69	190	123,500	18,240	Baldwin, 1916
D-12	121	18 x 24	64	160	102,700	16,500	L&N, 1884
D-13	111	18 x 24	68	160	104,600	15,500	L&N, 1889
D-16	134-136, 145, 146	18½ x 24	67	180	125,500	18,800	L&N, 1905, 08
D-20	142	18 x 24	64	160	112,200	16,500	Rhode Is., 1891; acquired from AK&N
D-21	143	18 x 24	64	160	112,650	16,500	Baldwin, 1889
	Mogul (2-6-0) Type—6 Engines						
F-8	545-549	20 x 24	51	160	136,200	25,600	Rogers, 1906
F-9	550	19 x 24	52	180	119,000	25,500	Baldwin, 1907; acquired from L & A
	Ten-Wheel (4-6-0) Type—26 Engines						
G-0	29 (LH&StL)	19 x 26	63	180	135,200	22,800	Baldwin, 1910
G-6	390	20 x 26	69	200	166,000	25,600	Baldwin, 1897
G-7	391, 394	19 x 26	64	175	144,600	21,800	Rich., 1899
G-11	305, 306, 308, 309	20 x 26	67	175	154,000	23,100	Inter-power, 1901
	(No. 305 has 190 lbs. pressure, 25,100 lbs. t.f., weighs 163,000 lbs.)						
G-13; G-13a	314-322, 324	20 x 26	67	190	166,000	25,000	Baldwin, 1903
G-22	25, 27 (LH&StL)	18 x 26	63	170	129,200	19,300	Pittsburgh, 1909
G-23	31-36	19 x 26	63	185	142,000	23,400	Baldwin, 1912

(Continued on Next Page)

Consolidation (2-8-0) Type—335 Engines

H-0	661-663, 666	20 x 24	49½	180	134,200	[29,700	Baldwin, 1901-03, acquired from L&ERR
H-9	776, 778, 782-784, 786, 788	21 x 24	52	160	142,700	27,700	Rogers, 1893
H-8	766, 769, 773	21 x 24	51	160	147,700	[28,200	Cooke, 1892
H-10	850, 852, 856, 857	21 x 26	52	170	153,100	31,900	Rogers, 1895
H-19	925-927, 929, 930, 933, 932	21 x 26	52	180	159,200	33,700	Int. Power, 1901
H-20	934-941	21 x 26	52	175	159,200	32,800	Cooke, 1902
H-23	1026, 1040, 1051, 1055, 1057, 1061-1063, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1075, 1076, 1083, 1088, 1093, 1098, 1101, 1103, 1109, 1112, 1113, 1117, 1127, 1128, 1132, 1134, 1135, 1139, 1144, 1146, 1148, 1150, 1153, 1155, 1163, 1168, 1169, 1174-1178	21 x 28	57	190	183,400	35,000	Baldwin, 1903, 06, 07; Rogers, 1905, 06; L&N, 1906, 07
H-23a	975, 979, 991, 1006, 1008, 1035, 1036, 1039, 1041, 1042, 1044, 1046, 1048, 1049, 1052, 1053, 1059, 1072, 1079, 1081, 1082, 1084, 1085, 1086, 1091, 1095, 1102, 1104, 1106, 1110, 1111, 1114, 1116, 1118, 1120-1122, 1125, 1129-1131, 1133, 1138, 1140, 1142, 1145, 1149, 1152, 1157, 1159-1161, 1165-1167, 1170, 1179	21 x 28	57	190	185,500	35,000	Baldwin, 1903, 06, 07; Rogers, 1905, 06; L&N, 1906-08
H-24	848, 849	20 x 26	55	190	154,000	30,600	Rogers, 1904
H-25	1180, 1181, 1182, 1187, 1189, 1190, 1202, 1203, 1205, 1210, 1229, 1231-1233	21 x 28	57	190	187,600	35,000	Rogers, 1907; Baldwin, 1908; L&N, 1909, 10
H-25a	1136, 1192, 1193, 1197, 1201, 1204, 1211, 1212, 1214, 1217-1221, 1223, 1224, 1227	21 x 28	57	190	193,400	35,000	Baldwin, 1906, 08; L&N, 1909, 10; Rogers, 1907
H-25b	1124, 1156, 1183-1186, 1188, 1191, 1194-1196, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1206, 1207-1209, 1213, 1215, 1216, 1222, 1225, 1226, 1228, 1230	21½x 28	57	190	192,500	36,700	L&N, 1908-10; Baldwin, 1907, 08; Rogers, 1907
H-26	996, 997	22 x 30	51	180	196,600	43,560	Rich., 1910
H-27	1235, 1249, 1254, 1256, 1258, 1269, 1273, 1277, 1279	21 x 30	57	190	191,700	37,500	Baldwin, 1910; L&N, 1911
H-27a	41, 43, 45, 46, 48 (LH&StL); 1238, 1240, 1243-1247, 1250, 1251, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261-1264, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1270, 1276, 1278, 1280	21 x 30	57	190	191,000	37,500	L&N, 1910, 1911; Baldwin, 1910
H-27b	42, 44, 47 (LH&StL); 1236, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1252, 1253	21½x 30	57	190	196,000	39,300	Baldwin, 1910; L&N, 1910, 11
H-28a	1281-1305	23½x 30	57	190	221,400	47,000	L&N, 1911
H-29	1308, 1311-1313, 1316, 1318, 1320, 1323, 1324, 1327-1329	23½x 30	57	190	220,000	47,000	L&N, 1912, 13
H-29a	50-57, 59 (LH&StL); 1306, 1307, 1309, 1310, 1314, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1322, 1325, 1326, 1330-1361, 1363, 1367, 1372	24 x 30	57	190	220,000	49,000	L&N, 1912-14
C&M	61, 62	21 x 28	51	200	176,000	41,160	Brooks, 1921

Mikado (2-8-2) Type—355 Engines

J-1	1419, 1424, 1426, 1427, 1432, 1437, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1443, 1446, 1449, 2400, 2402, 2403, 2406, 2408-2410, 2415	27 x 30	60	185	302,000	57,000	L&N, 1914, 15, 17
J-1a	1416-1418, 1420-1423, 1425, 1428-1431, 1433-1436, 1438, 1442, 1444, 1445, 1447, 1448, 1450-1461, 2401, 2404, 2405, 2407, 2411-2414	27½x 30	60	190	306,700	61,000	L&N, 1914-1918
	(No. 1461 exerts 73,600 lbs. with tender booster)						
J-2	1462-1479	28 x 30	60	195	326,000	65,000	L&N, 1918, 19
J-2a	1480-1495	28 x 30	60	195	328,000	65,000	L&N, 1921
J-3	1500-1592	26 x 30	63	200	292,000	54,700	Lima, 1919; Rich., 1920, 1922; Schen., 1922; Brooks, 1923
J-4	1750-1890	27 x 32	63	200	323,350	63,000	Brooks, 1918, 23-27; Rich., 1923, 25
J-4a	1891-1914	27 x 32	63	200	325,500	63,000	Baldwin, 1929
	(No. 1903 exerts 71,280 lbs. t.f. with booster; weighs 340,450 lbs.)						
J-5	1999	23 x 28(1) / 23 x 32(2)	63	190	334,000	62,415	Brooks, 1924

Pacific (4-6-2) Type—146 Engines

K-1	150, 153, 156, 157, 159, 169-171, 173, 174	20 x 28	69	200	187,800	27,600	Rogers, 1905; L&N, 1906, 07
K-2a	151, 152, 154, 155, 158, 160-168, 172, 175-181, 183-194	20½x 28	69	200	201,500	29,000	Rogers, 1905; L&N, 1906, 07, 09, 10
K-2b	182	20½x 28	69	200	216,000	29,000	L&N, 1910
K-3	195-211	21½x 28	69	200	211,500	31,890	L&N, 1912

(Completed on Next Page)

K-4	216-239; K-4b, 246-263]	22 x 28	69	200	233,000	33,400	L&N, 1914—22
K-4a	2212-2215	22 x 28	69	200	228,500	33,400	L&N, 1914
K-5	240-245, 264-271, 272-283	25 x 28	73	200	277,000	40,700	Rich., 1919; Baldwin, 1923; Alco, 1924
K-6	296-299	22 x 28	69	185	198,000	30,900	Baldwin, 1912; acquired from GM&N
K-7	295	(3)22½x 28	73	190	295,000	47,000	Alco, 1925
K-8	81-87 (LH&StL)	22 x 26	69	190	210,000	29,500	Rich., 1923, 24, 27
		Mountain (4-8-2) Type—22 Engines)					
L-1	400-421	27 x 30	69	200	{334,240 / 337,730}	53,900	Baldwin, 1926, 30

Total, 1032 engines

Next Month: PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE R. R.

The Highest Road East of the Mississippi

THE above photo shows the highest underpass near the top of the highest railroad line east of Mississippi River, on Webster Springs branch of Western Maryland Ry. This portion of the road extends from the Durbin Line in Cheat Valley over across Cheat Mountain into the Upper Elk Valley. Eighty-six miles long, it serves a newly-developed timber and coal region. The largest stand of virgin timber remaining in the Appalachians, approximately 35,000 acres, is in this section.

Most of this section of railroad originally was built by lumber companies, and their trackage was taken over by the Western Maryland, who rebuilt it to their standards. It has been put in such condition that Mallet locomotives weighing 245,000 pounds are operated over it. Heavy power is necessary because of the steep grades, some of which are as much as 3.15%, the stiffest long grades in the Appalachians.

On Cheat Mountain, the East's highest railroad rises to its highest point: 4,015 feet above sea level. Curiously enough, this is only 150 miles from tide water. Webster Springs, the Western Terminus over in the Elk Valley, is only 1,450 feet above sea level. The track west of Mount Airy parallels Elk River some distance and this stream, very picturesque along its upper length, has a rapid fall.

The altitude reached by this part of the Western Maryland compares with other railroads of the East at their highest points as follows:

Railroad	Place	Altitude reached, feet
Boston & Albany	Washington, Mass.	1,458
Louisville & Nashville	Norton, Va.	2,160
Pennsylvania	Lloydsville, Pa.	2,245
Buffalo & Susquehanna (B. & O.)	Cutler Summit, Pa.	2,365
Virginian	Algonquin, W. Va.	2,524
Norfolk & Western	Bluefield, W. Va.	2,558
Baltimore & Ohio	Pickens, W. Va.	2,695
Clinchfield	Altapass, N. C.	2,629
Chesapeake & Ohio	Bartow, W. Va.	2,774
Southern	Balsam, N. C.	3,352

The Chesapeake & Ohio Bartow Branch is geographically the closest railroad to the high line of the Western Maryland. Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in which these two railroads reach their greatest altitudes, has an average elevation of approximately 3,000 feet, said to be the highest of any county in the United States. This county is one of the few in the United States that has no watercourses flowing into it. All its streams rise within its borders.—Charles Carpenter, Box 325, Weston, W. Va.

International Engine Picture Club

Notes on the Photography of Moving Trains

MR. ENGINE PICTURE FAN, if you want to get a real bang out of your camera why not go out and snare a train? Taking still engine pictures is a great hobby, but compared with good pictures of moving trains the results are tame. Your first attempt, of course, may not get what you fondly hope for, but sooner or later you'll have some swell shots.

Naturally, a cheap box camera or one with a slow shutter, is not capable of doing the finest work, but surprising results may be got with even these, provided the train is not running fast, or it is taken pretty much head-on. Remember that a train traveling 60 M.P.H. is doing 88 feet per second and even in so short an exposure as 1/100 second, moves nearly a foot. The more to the front you get, the more is this motion minimized in the picture.

Some of the better grades of hand cameras may come with fast lenses fitted and shutters capable of speeds up to 1/300 second. Except for very high train speeds, this is sufficient, for the train is almost always taken at an angle. With the high-speed films and fast lenses available nowadays, there should be little difficulty from under-exposure. For really fast work there is nothing to equal a focal plane shutter camera, with its range of exposure to 1/1000 second or even less.

Your first attempts usually will result in the exposure being made too soon, and you'll get a fine picture of two shining lines of steel with a little image of the oncoming train in the distance. Holding on till the engine gets where you want it and then exposing is what counts. However, after a few trials your nervousness is licked, and you can just see yourself improve. In using a hand camera a direct finder (ground glass back) is much preferable to the small reflecting finders usually fitted on them, and costs only a dollar or more. It gives a much better chance to see and aim at the subject.

As for weather conditions, naturally, the brighter the better. In the summer, say, from nine to five, and in the winter, from ten to two. A good deal depends on whether you have a fast enough lens. One working at a speed of f/4.5 is ideal.

The real charm in a good picture of a train in motion is due to smoke and steam. These days little of the former is allowed to belch from the stack as it did in days of yore. In summer the steam is almost invisible, and a picture of a train without it is as interesting as one of that same train standing on a siding.

Winter is the answer. The colder the weather the better, and it matters not whether the engine be oil, stoker or hand-fired. The steam condenses on leaving the stack and, on a quiet below-zero day, it will hang over the track, curving away a mile behind the last coach. It is as pretty a sight as one would want to gaze at. Perhaps the only comparable picture would be that of a sailing ship at sea, with all her canvas spread.

In capturing the image of steam on a cold day panchromatic film is almost a necessity. Ordinary film is over-sensitive to blue, photographing it as white, whereas panchromatic film is sensitive to all colors, extremely fast, and can be had in all sizes in the heavier cut films, and in several sizes in roll films and film packs.

Enough has been written about exposures, finishing and so on to omit that here, except to state that, with the short exposures necessary, development should be full, especially where the sunlight falls flat on the subject.—Fred Jukes, Blaine, Wash.

A Baldwin Pacific Doing Better Than Sixty with No. 2 of the Southern Pacific, Snapped by Fred Jukes, East of Elko, Nev., on a Cold Fall Day in 1918. He Used a Plate Camera on a Tripod, and Allowed 1/400 Second Exposure with a Lens Opening of F 6.8

READERS who collect, buy, sell, exchange, or make pictures of locomotives, trains, cars, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

A membership button is given FREE to those who send in a "Readers' Choice" coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. (If you live in Canada or any foreign land, enclose a loose 3c stamp from your own country instead of the envelope.) Address Engine Picture Editor, "Railroad Stories," 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell him what you want or what you offer.

TO help make Christmas more railroady the Locomotive Photograph Co. has issued a special set of ten photographs made from old-time lithographs of American railroad scenes. They are 4½ x 7½ inches in size and come to 25c each or $2.25 for the set. One of them, "Snowbound," is issued in postcard size as a Christmas card, at 10c each or three for 25c. With each order for $1 or more a photo of the new sensational Russian 4-14-4 type locomotive (photo and specifications in our next month's issue) will be given free. The address of the Locomotive Photograph Co. is Box 6354, W. Market St. Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

LUTHER ATKINS, 5369 Maple Ave., St. Louis, Mo., has 23 back copies Am. Boy Mags, to trade for "Railroad Stories" before June '34.

H. L. AYRES, Box 182, Eustis, Fla., will trade stamps and covers for engine snaps; also wants photo lists.

* * *

R. BAIN, 1302 Geranium St., Washington, D. C., has '33, '34, '35 issues "Railroad Stories" for sale or trade for other back nos., esp. Jan. '34.

R. L. BANKS, 16 W. 77 St., N. Y. City, will sell many small electric and short-line steam timetables; send 3c. list for stamp.

Miss M. BARR, Box 464, Chilliwack, B. C., Canada, will trade CNR and GN train orders for orders, tts., photos, etc., of other Canadian or U. S. lines; send lists and samples first.

H. BELL, Box 422, Springfield, Ill., wants offers for large Ill. railroad wall map printed in 1904. Also has postcard pictures of trains, depots, right-of-ways; photos of C&A 553.

W. B. BERGERON, 239 Cherry St., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich., wants photos interurban lines of Ohio, Ind., Ill., and Mich.; Brill Elec. Mag. and old Elec. Ry. Journal and Official Guide; and Pere Marquette tts. of '15-'17. Write prices.

J. BIEWENER, 3768 Mississippi St., San Diego, Calif., needs help as beginner; send lists and samples.

D. G. BLAINE, 2025 Fletcher Ave., S. Pasadena, Calif., wants Santa Fe 151, 270, 398, 465, 520, 890, 908, 2526; has most class Santa Fe, D&SL, SP, UP to sell or trade for 116 or p.c. size.

R. BORRUP, 56 Elmer St., E. Hartford, Conn., has many New England trolleys and few steam negs. for sale; send stamp for list.

C. W. BURNS, 1301 29th St. N. E., Canton, Ohio, has p.c. and 116 size negs. of W&LE, including Mallets, PRR and few B&O for sale or trade. Has photos for trade of the following roads: AC&Y, B&O, PRR, W&LEMP, Erie, DL&W and many others. Takes W&LE and PRR photos on order; write for prices and other information.

W. D. BOWMAN, 165 S. 7th St., Zanesville, O., wants emp. timetables of NYC Toledo-Cleveland Div. and Erie divs. from Chi.-Salamanca for '29 after June. Will send engine picture list for stamped envelope.

L. BROCK, 1914 Ovington Ave., Evanston, Ill., wants 2½x4¼ photos of famous modern or old pass. trains; send lists.

G. BURBA, 5208 S. Aberdeen St., Chicago, beginner.

R. BUSHNELL, 2219 N. 42nd St., Seattle, Wash., trades and collects transfers, tokens and photos of trolleys, interurbans and BL&R.

* * *

R. CHAFFIN, 130 Green St., Lynn, Mass., wants B&M, MeC engines and all streamliners.

P. CHIESA, 1651 Quint St., San Francisco, Calif., will buy negs., Baldwin Locos., Loco. Eng. Journal, "Railroad Stories" '32 issues, emp. mags., etc. Has Ry. Age, Official Guides for June '11, Jan. '30 and Aug. '35 and many detec. mags. for sale or trade.

W. A. CHISOLM, 441 E. 84 St., N. Y. C., has colored engine pictures to trade for others; write first.

A. R. CHRISTMAS, 3025 Sherbrooke St., W., Montreal, Canada, has 500 2½x4¼ size loco prints of 60 roads, esp CPR, CNR, D&H, CV, to trade for others or sell at 10c. ea. Send sample print with your list.

A. CHRISTOFFERSEN, 1228 Schiller St., Racine, Wis., trades old railway maps and timetables for photos.

D. W. CONNOR, 46 Mountfort St., Suite 7, Boston, Mass., starting.

A. N. CROSSLAND, 1198 Broad St., Providence, R. I., wants European and other foreign timetables.

E. CUMMING, 3039 Bartlett St., Oakland, Calif., has 3 ea. of U. S. mint airmail stamps in singles, Nos. 1306-1308, 1318 and 1400, to trade for best offer railroad stamps.

H. E. CHAPMAN, 153 S. Main St., Waterbury, Vt., wants p.c. size of B&M 4100's and 3711 class, SAL 2500's and new B&M—MeC streamliner.

* * *

E. DALE, 321 Ten Forsyth St. Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., has Southern, SAL, NC&St.L, L&N and numerous southern short and abandoned lines to trade for interurban or engine snaps; send stamp for list.

F. DEVORE, 1046 Fortin St., Baldwin Park, Calif., has 116 size snaps of Santa Fe and Diesel engines; also train orders to trade for stamps, coins, etc.

G. F. DRAKE, 2412 E. 2nd St., Wichita, Kan., has New Zealand Rys. Mag., Sept. '32-Apr. '35 to trade, all or part, for what have you? Wants old MoP tts.

* * *

H. E. ENTLER, 6632 S. Irving Ave., Chicago, wants "Railroad Man's" Feb. '30; will buy, or trade the Dec. '16 issue; write first.

V. ESCALLE, 608 E. H St., Colton, Calif., has history of "Change of SP Engine Nos." and SP roster.

* * *

T. A. FISHER, Dover, Mass., starting collection loco snaps, esp. PRR, New Haven and B&M; send lists and sample.

J. W. FRASER, Box 37W, R. F. D. 2, Redwood City, Calif., wants July, Aug. '31; June '33 and Nov. '34 "Railroad Stories"; will trade Aug., Sept., Oct. '33 and Feb. '35 issues; also has few other back nos. 25c. ea. p.p., write first.

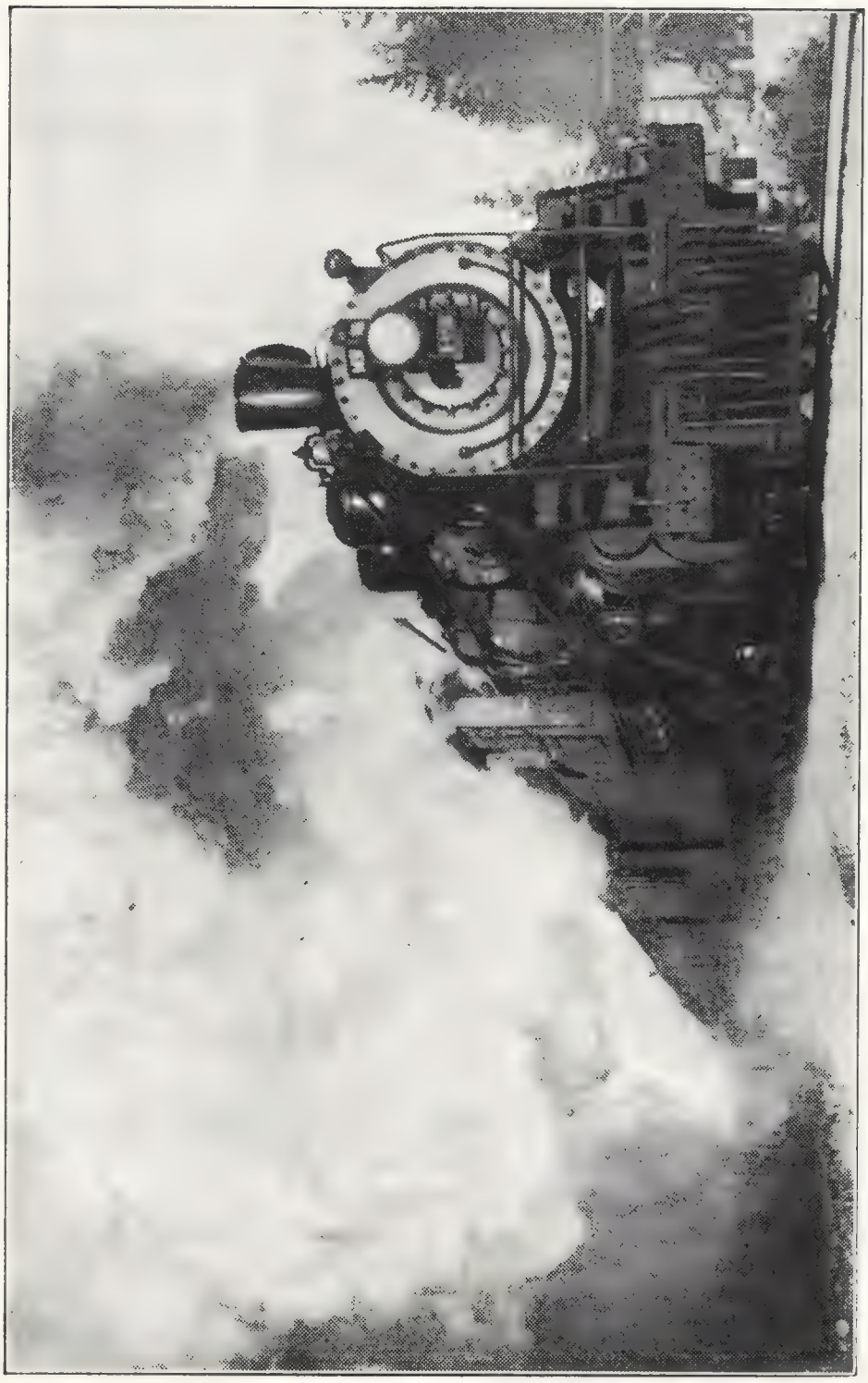
H. H. FULTON, Lewis, Ia., wants old Colo. and n.g. lines: send sample with lists; will trade.

* * *

L. GAILLARD, 6 Beech Tree Lane, Bronxville, N. Y., has many trolley and few railroad photos; send for free list.

V. J. GAUSTAD, Enderlin, N. D., wants 116 size or larger of Eastern roads; has miniature

This Splendid Photo of a Three-Engine, Nine-Car Freight Train Tackling Cumbres Hill, on the Narrow-Gage Denver & Rio Grande, Was Taken at 9 A. M. One Summer Day 17 Years Ago by Fred Jukes. He Used Ordinary Film, Lens Opening of F 6.8, and Shutter Speed of 1/150 Second



Great Northern Train Running 35 M. P. H., Snapped by Fred Jukes near Blaine, Wash., at 10 A. M. on a Cold Winter Day a Year Ago. Although She Was Almost Head-on, Jukes Gave 1/300 Second Exposure. He Used Supersensitive Panchromatic Film and a Lens Opening of F 5.6

and larger Soo Line engine prints to trade. Wants to hear from Mpls. fans.

L. B. GEDDES, 311 Mesnard St., Hancock, Mich., has new indestructible engine pictures: 5x7, $1.95; 8x10, $2.95; mention type preferred. Wants DSS&A 4-6-0.

R. F. GIBNEY, 4337 Martha Ave., Bronx, N. Y., starting.

N. GIDNEY, 1567 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, B. C., Canada, has CNR, CPR, GN, etc. to trade for others.

J. GOTCH, 14521 Welland, Detroit, Mich., sells 116 size prints of 17 roads, 2 for 5c. plus postage. List free.

V. E. GRUENWALD, R. 4, Madison, Wis., wants 116 size GTW power.

L. GUNNING, 709 N. Bell St., Kokomo, Ind., collects, buys, sells or trades railroad literature, esp. good poetry.

C. GUSTAFSON, Humboldt, Sask., Canada, will sell telegraph set in perfect working order at $2.50 p.p.; also has CPR and CNR photos for sale or trade.

* * *

G. HARDY, 915 Broadway, Oakland, Calif., wants Baldwin Loco Mags.; pays $1 for perfect wanted copies. Any other Baldwin publications.

A. HASSETT, 711 E. 237 St., N. Y. C., starting; would appreciate spare photos.

B. HASTIE, 4546 49th St., Long Island City, N. Y., will sell following perfect copies "Railroad Stories": 25c. ea.—Mar., Aug., Dec. '31; 15c. ea.—all '33 exc. Apr., June, Sept.; 10c. ea.—Feb., Apr. '34, Jan. '35; and many others, Poor's Manual 1902, $3; many Loco Engineers Journal, Ry. Age, etc. Write first.

I. HINZE, 301 W. Oak St., Chisholm, Minn., will buy following "Railroad Stories": Dec. '29; Jan.-June, Sept., Oct. '30; May, Sept.-Nov. '31; Jan., Feb., Apr., July, Aug., '32; Apr. '33; Jan. '34. Will trade the Jan., Feb., Apr.-June '35 and Sept, Nov., Dec. '34 issues for them; send prices first.

N. HODGSON, 233 McAdam Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada, starting.

F. H. HOWARD, 180 Warren Rd., Toronto, Canada, has CNR, CPR, TH&B, NYC, T&NO, IC, B&M, MeC, others for sale or trade; sample and list for 8c. Will buy perfect May-July, Dec. '32 and Aug. '34 copies "Railroad Stories."

S. HOWLAND, Jr., secretary, Watford Ry. Club, 32 Shaftesbury Rd., Watford, Herts, England, wants to exchange engine pictures and correspondence with N. Amer. fans.

* * *

R. ICKES, 1010 N. Main St., Gallitzin, Pa., has 2 old-time PRR prints: 14x11 size of 2420 and 7½x6½ of 237 to trade for pocket edition "Mech. Functions of a Loco."

P. W. INGRAM, Limestone, Ky., has many GN, Erie, C&O and Rock Island snaps to trade for Western roads, postcard to 116 size; enclose stamps. Also has 45 "Railroad Stories," '31-June '34 to swap for July '34 to June '35 issues; write first.

* * *

L. E. JAMES, 421 15 St., Columbus, Ga., will swap May '31 to date "Railroad Stories" for N. Am. prints; send lists.

J. B. JOHNSON, 71 Hillcrest Ave., Trenton, N. J., has over 300 railroad and 400 trolley photos, 30 for $1; list on request. Wants small roads, not industrial.

E. JONES, 1537 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y. starting; has timetables to swap for engine photos; send lists and samples of photos and negs.

J. E. JONES, 2104 11th St., Wyandotte, Mich., has maps and histories, pub. '05, of 34 railroads and 11 elect. traction lines; 1 map and history $1, or trade for 12 p.c. or 20 size 116 engine photos. List for 3c. or trade list for list.

L. E. JONES, Groton, N. Y., wants old DL&W Utica Div. engine photos in '70s and '80s; also old Baldwin Loco. Mags., state condition and price.

M. R. JONES, 1537 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y., sells or trades timetables; buys train photos. Send 10c. for list and sample.

W. JONES, 405 E. 2nd St., Lima, O., collects photos, train orders, emp. timetables, etc., also wants to hear from foreign fans.

* * *

C. KANSTEDER, 290 Codwise Ave., New Brunswick, N. J., wants p.c. size side views N. Amer. engines and annual or trip passes any road; send lists.

P. KAUKE, 1017 Denver St., Lindsay, Tulare Cty., Calif., trades or sells 116 and 120 size WP, Visalia Elec., and SP, mostly 2-6-0's, few Diesels; trades or buys emp. timetables; local fans, write.

W. V. KENNEY, 90 Walworth St., Roslindale, Boston, Mass., has Boston El. Ry., Nantasket Beach, E. Mass., United Electric, Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn and Conn. Co., 5c. ea., or trade for Ill. Term., People's Ry. of Dayton, and other trolleys.

R. H. KINDIG, 3811 Federal Blvd., Denver, Colo., has 116 size D&RGW, UP 4-12-2's and D&SL Mallets in Rockies. Wants Dec. '29, Jan., June, Sept., Oct. '30; May-June, Sept.-Nov. '31; Feb., May '32 "Railroad Stories." First write lowest cash price.

* * *

F. LEES, Box 286, Media, Del. Co., Pa., starting collection.

R. LEVERING, NP Depot, Wallace, Ida., will sell various snow scenes showing rotary fighting way up mountain and Wallace and Olney depot snaps; also 10x6 of NP 5000 with data, 50c. ea.

M. E. LEWIS, 27 Holly St., Toronto (12), Canada, has 35 odd public tts., 5c. ea., 6 for 25c.; 10c. for list and sample; or trade for Feb. '34 "Railroad Stories" or 116 or 120 size photos.

* * *

A. MATTINGLY, Stittsville, Ont., Canada, sells prints 15 for $1: (1) CPR motive power 4-4-0 to 2-10-4 types; (2) other Canadian rys., logging and construction firms also; (3) U. S. roads 4-4-0 to 2-8-8-2. No list sent; order by group. Will buy 4-4-0, 2-6-2, Mallet negs.

F. McBRIDE, 612 E. 4 St., Muscatine, Ia., will trade U. S. pub. timetables for other countries; send for list first.

D. H. McCLAIN, 3404 Telford St., Cincinnati, O., trades engine, train, trolley photos, details about Cincinnati Union Term (used by 6 roads) for trolley photos, esp. around Kankakee, Ill.

N. L. McKIERNAN, 419 Oak St., Hannibal, Mo., has 116 and p.c. size prints for sale or trade; send 10c. for list and sample. Also has tts., train orders and railroad books.

F. E. MEANEY, Jr., 68 Charles St., Metuchen, N. J., starting engine photo collection.

P. E. MILAN, 66 Decker Ave., Staten Island, N. Y., wants 116 snaps of Santa Fe, SR, K&M, LV and emp. schedules; will send photo of Dixie Flyer or 20th Cent. Ltd. to first 10 writing.

A. MILLER, 2079 Hoyt Ave., Fort Lee, N. J., has "Railroad Stories" July '33 to date; what offer?

E. MILLER, Petersburg, Ind., has disposed of his negs.; regrets he couldn't answer all requests.

W. J. MILLER, 1335 Riverside Dr., Dearborn, Mich., buys small and abandoned U. S. lines and all foreign prints; wants pub. timetables with covers intact; send samples, if possible.

H. C. MORATH, 1710 School St., Chicago, has '35 Official Guides, $1 ea.; 50 back issues "Railroad Stories"; write what you want and price.

F. MORRIS, Madelia, Minn., will buy or trade from his song-poem collection (largest in West) for railroad songs.

H. MUNCK, 371 Prospect St., S. Amboy, N. J., wants PRR photos.

J. MURRAY, 429 Orange Rd., Montclair, N. J., beginner.

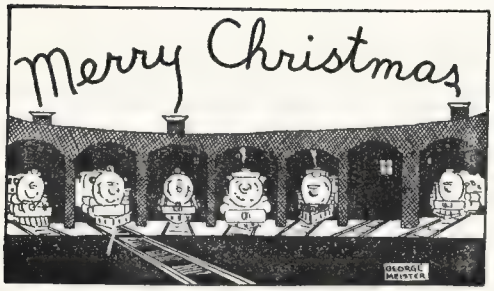
* * *

G. NICELEY, 5026 Broadway, Indianapolis, Ind., has 500 interurban car negs., mostly of Ind., Ohio, Ky., Wis. and Ill.; send 5c. for list and sample. Choice of any 5 prints free with $1 order; limited time only.

H. B. NILES, 10 Upton Ave., Battle Creek, Mich., wants PRR engine pictures and emp. timetables.

E. NORTON, Hotel Green, Pasadena, Calif., starting; wants lists.

L. L. NORTON, 609 Miller Ave., Knoxville,



Drawn by G. Meister, 77 Riggs Place, W. Orange, N. J.

Tenn., will trade L&N or Southern engines for 116 or larger size engines other roads.

J. OTT, 421 S. 17 St., La Crosse, Wis., has limited supply of Milwaukee Rd. and Burlington snaps for sale or trade; write first.

R. PAYNE, 3321 Bevis Ave., Cincinnati, O., starting; wants suggestions, extra prints and Pennsy information.

R. PETERSON, Belvidere, Ill., has 116 size old IC engines now scrapped, 6c. ea.

H. N. PROCTOR, 28 Wyoming Ave., Lynbrook, N. Y., has PRR, D&H, NC&StL, UP orders (19); D&H 31 orders, NYC&StL 17 orders; LI emp. tts.; 116 size LI, PRR, LV, D&H, CNJ, NYC photos to trade or sell; other railroad data; 5c. for list and samples.

G. B. PIPER, 3418 91 St., Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y., wants B&M equipt. and scenes.

* * *

F.QUIN, 190 Rocklyn Ave., Lynbrook, N. Y., has 116 and p.c. of eastern steam roads for sale or trade for U.S. roads; send nickel for list and sample. Official Guides, $1 ea.

C. F. REIGN, 201 E. Fort Ave., Baltimore, Md., will pay 5c. ea., 6 for 25c. for 116 size snaps of Canadian roads, esp. CNR, CPR, T&NO, CV, GTW; send lists.

L. L. REISE, 1711 22nd St., Des Moines, Ia., will trade prints or negs. of old-time power before 1900 for similar old mid-western engines; makes copy negs. up to 5x7 for 25c.; 5x7 enlargements, 3 for 25c.

R. REPTOW, 9411 S. Throop St., Chicago, has 40 copies western, detective, terror mags. to trade for "Railroad Stories" before Feb. '34 and June '34, '35 or what have you?

G. RICHARDSON, 8 Summit St., E. Orange, N. J., will trade station and other right-of-way views; also pub. or emp. timecards, esp. smaller pikes.

W. ROTHSCHILD, 1990 8th Ave., San Francisco, Calif., has few SP engines.

W. F. RUSSELL, 208 Washington St., Marblehead, Mass., is selling out Canadian and U. S. negs., 10c. ea., 12 for $1; engine photos 35 for $1; railroad books.

* * *

H. R. SADLER, 5625 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa., trades photos for negs.; also has 10 standard size reels of 35 mm. film for sale or trade.

J. SCHAUER, 3919½ Boyce Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., starting; wants extra snaps or clippings.

H. SCHNURR, 34 Plaza St., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants picture of Triplex Mallet 2-8-8-2 type and C&O 3035.

W. SCHRIBER, 184 24th St. S. E., Massillon, O., will buy negs. certain T&GF gas-electrics; also has W&LE, Pennsy, B&O, WM, Rdg., P&WV and other prints to trade for any road.

A. E. SCOTT, 526 Manor Rd., Beverly, N. J., wants CNJ train prints, esp. "Blue Comet."

R. C. SHAW, 51 Harrison Ave., Oceanside, L. I., N. Y., wants to buy or borrow 120 size Hudson and Mallet type negs.

O. W. SMITH, 1375 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich., has GTW 6300 and 5046 at 10c. ea.

W. E. STAUB, Longwood, Yaphank, N. Y., will sell: "Railroad Stories," Sept. '31-Sept. '33; LI, ACL, UP, C&NW, Wab. emp. timetables; Baldwin Locos., and many large ACL, Lackawanna, UP, PRR, Wab. blueprints.

R. STEACY, Westboro, Ont., Canada, wants to buy 116 size negs. NYC, Erie, Pennsy electrics, B&O, CL&N; send lists.

M. J. STEARNS, 7 Sewall St., Livermore Falls, Me., has p.c. photos of Me. roads, $1 for 12, and 116 size prints New England roads 4c. ea. Wants MeC engines before 1920.

E. STODDARD, 64 Sargent St., Springfield, Mass., has "Railroad Man's Mags." Jan., Feb. '08 for best offer in engine photos or negs. Trades 120 size B&A, B&M, New Haven photos and negs. for other 120 or 116 size photos or negs.

Q. A. STOECKEL, 518 Sycamore St., Belleville, Ill., has L&N, IC, Southern, StL&BER locos. to sell or trade for n.g. locos, esp. SR&RL; write first.

* * *

G. D. THOMASON, 7 Alexandra Gardens, Hounslow, London, England, wants to hear from all fans.

J. L. THRALL, 514 E. Elm, Springfield, Mo., wants "Wreck on the N&W Cannonball" victrola record.

C. G. TIMBERS, 100 Maitland St., Toronto, Canada, will trade two 6x9 Bassett-Lowke catalogues, well illustrated with railroad drawings for 3x7 or 5x7 snaps.

H. TRIPP, 825 W. 8 Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada, collects loco. clippings and photos.

H. E. VALENTINE, 5345 Vickery Blvd., Dallas, Texas, has 116 size TP, SP, AT&SF, GC&SF, M-K-T and other negs.; send 5c. for list and print of GC&SF 2299, "fireless cooker."

R. N. VAN ARNAM, 705 1st Ave., Bethlehem, Pa., will pay 50c. for Apr. '33 and 35c. ea. for July, Sept. '32 issues "Railroad Stories" in good condition; write first.

* * *

H. R. WALES, Markham, Ont., Canada, has few CNR locos.

L. E. WEAVER, 1110 Buchanan St. N. W., Washington, D. C., buys loco, train, car prints.

J. F. WHITE, P. O. Box 18, Corozal, Canal Zone, has Panama RR rolling stock, Pan. City trolleys, views at reasonable prices; also does copying, makes negs. from pictures and trades photos for others of interest to soldiers.

G. WHITTLE, 1973 Greene, Augusta, Ga., has "Railroad Stories" Nov. '30 to date for sale in yearly lots or complete outfit for best offer.

A. L. WIDENER, R. 1, Washington, Ind., has Big 4, B&O, Pennsy and Monon time cards to trade for engine prints or other cards.

R. WILCOX, 37 Hamilton Pl., Tarrytown, N. Y., has NYC "Run of 20th Cent." and "R. R. Giant," LI 100th Anniversary and PRR "Broadway Ltd." booklets to trade for 116 or p.c. size engine photos.

G. WILEY, 509 E. Green St., Champaign, Ill., starting; wants large loco photos.

R. R. WILLIAMS, Jr., 1535 West St., Utica, N. Y., will give 5 D&H train orders for ea. photo sent him as long as supply lasts. Has D&H rebuilt 605 to trade for UP, B&O, CCC&StL snaps; send list and sample.

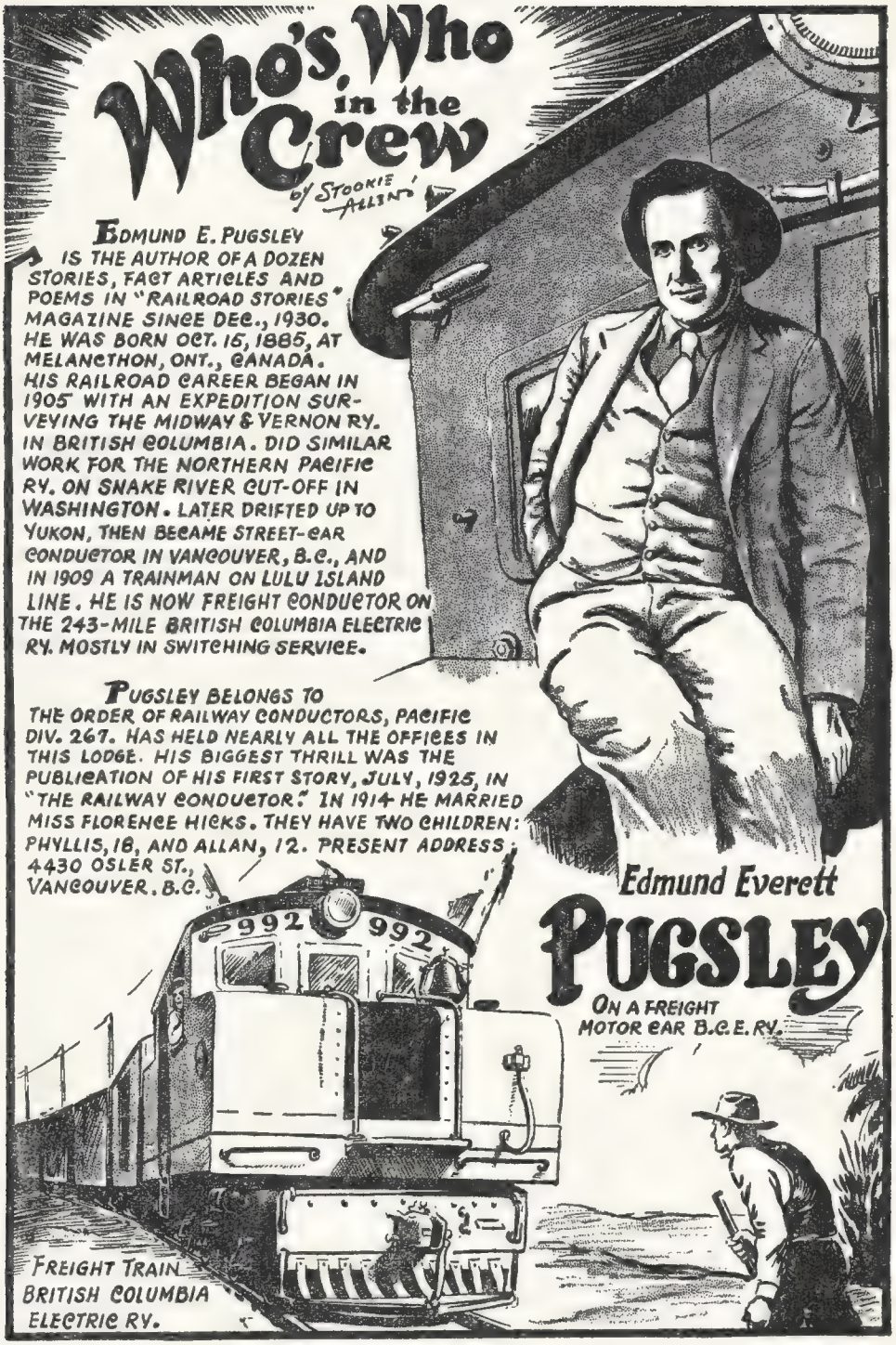
P. C. WOLF, R. 1, Boyertown, Pa., has "Catechism on Standard Code," "Instructions Relating to Superheater Locos," and "Pocket List of RR Officials" to trade for any trolley snaps; best offer takes.

J. G. WOODBURY, 374 Yarmouth Rd., Rochester, N. Y., wants July '32 "Railroad Stories." Will trade employees' mags. for 116 size negs.

L. WOYNICZ, 2929 Wellman Ave., Bronx, N. Y., wants front and side views of Erie 2929, and B&O "Lady Baltimore."

Proposed Abandonments

Appalachian, entire line from Ela to Ravensford, N. C., 10 miles. Atlantic Northern, entire line from Atlantic to Kimbalton, Ia., 17 miles. Burlington, Sedan, Ia., to Novinger, Mo., 31 miles; and S. Gifford to Elmer, Mo., 5 miles. Rock Island, Lackland Jct. to Wabash Jct., Mo., 7 miles. Canton & Carthage, Edinburg to Burnside, Miss., 15 miles. Southern, Embreeville to Embreeville Jct., Tenn., 13 miles. Tionesta Valley, Sheffield to Clarendon, Pa., 7 miles. Pacific Coast Ry., Los Alamos to Los Olivos, Calif., 12 miles. Southern Pacific, Cheshire to Transfer, Ore., 11 miles.


Who's Who in the Crew
by Stookie Allen
EDMUND E. PUGSLEY IS THE AUTHOR OF A DOZEN STORIES, FACT ARTICLES AND POEMS IN "RAILROAD STORIES" MAGAZINE SINCE DEC., 1930. HE WAS BORN OCT. 15, 1885, AT MELANCTHON, ONT., CANADA. HIS RAILROAD CAREER BEGAN IN 1905 WITH AN EXPEDITION SURVEYING THE MIDWAY & VERNON RY. IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. DID SIMILAR WORK FOR THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RY. ON SNAKE RIVER CUT-OFF IN WASHINGTON. LATER DRIFTED UP TO YUKON, THEN BECAME STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR IN VANCOUVER, B.C., AND IN 1909 A TRAINMAN ON LULU ISLAND LINE. HE IS NOW FREIGHT CONDUCTOR ON THE 243-MILE BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTRIC RY. MOSTLY IN SWITCHING SERVICE.
PUGSLEY BELONGS TO THE ORDER OF RAILWAY CONDUCTORS, PACIFIC DIV. 267. HAS HELD NEARLY ALL THE OFFICES IN THIS LODGE. HIS BIGGEST THRILL WAS THE PUBLICATION OF HIS FIRST STORY, JULY, 1925, IN "THE RAILWAY CONDUCTOR." IN 1914 HE MARRIED MISS FLORENCE HICKS. THEY HAVE TWO CHILDREN: PHYLLIS, 18, AND ALLAN, 12. PRESENT ADDRESS: 4430 OSLER ST., VANCOUVER, B.C.
Edmund Everett
PUGSLEY
ON A FREIGHT MOTOR CAR B.C.E.RY.
992
992
FREIGHT TRAIN BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTRIC RY.

Next Month—Charles W. Tyler, Ex-Fireman, Brass Pounder

A Tiny Scrap of Paper

By N. A. CRITCHETT
Author of "Speed War of the Century," etc.

He Reached the Death Car, Flung Open the Door, and Flashed in His Lantern

DE MAUPASSANT'S most famous story tells how a little piece of string wrecked a man's entire life. You say the story is only fiction, and so it is. But Fate works that way sometimes. Take the case of the Kansas Express robbery. That was fifty years ago. A tiny bit of paper not half the size of your thumb-nail led to the solution of an amazing robbery and murder mystery on the old Rock Island & Pacific Railway.

There are old-timers still living who remember the case. It might have been a "perfect crime" if the torn scrap of paper had been perfectly white. But the paper was *not* perfectly white. Fate had printed across its surface a thin red line. The line was probably one-sixteenth of an inch in actual length, but it was plenty long enough, in another way, to reach from the Rock Island Railway tracks to the stone walls of Joliet Penitentiary.

Unlike most express-train robberies, this was an inside job. It was shrewdly planned and brutally executed by Newton Watt, baggageman, and Henry Schwartz, rear brakeman. Watt was a quiet fellow twenty-five years old. Previous to the night of the robbery he had been head brakeman on the Kansas Express. On that night, however, the regular baggageman was ill. Watt substituted for him, while Schwartz took over the job of head brakeman.

Henry Schwartz was twenty-eight, handsome, reckless and dominating. He was married, but also had a way with other women, and wanted a lot of easy money to spend on good times. He liked to fool around with firearms, too. In fact, his favorite sport was hunting.

Newton Watt envied his free and easy manner, and yielded readily to his leadership. The trainmen were close friends. Schwartz was strong; Watt was cunning. Together they hatched out a scheme to make them rich overnight.

The night of March 12th, 1886, was cold and stormy. Driving snow made it impossible for the engineer to see the track ahead of him, even with the aid of his feeble oil-burning headlight, as the Kansas Express of the Rock Island pulled out of Chicago at 11 P.M. for the westbound run to the division point at Davenport, Iowa.

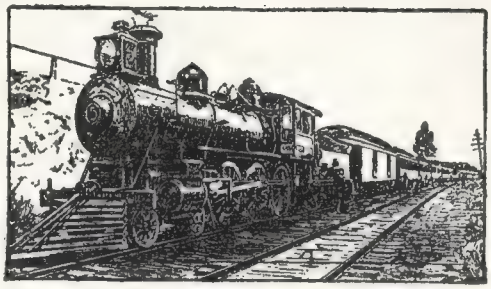
Just behind the tender were two express cars. In charge of the first one was Messenger Kellogg Nichols, of Chicago, a married man about forty years old, who had spent half his lifetime in the employ of the United States Express Company, and had an excellent record. In his car was the long-distance express matter.

Express cars in those days had doors at both ends, in addition to large sliding doors on the sides. The messengers had often complained that they had little or no protection on end-door cars. The doors were chained, it is true, but a jimmy inserted would snap the little clasp like a pipe stem. The Express Company felt, however, that the additional exits were a necessary safeguard in case of fire or wreck.

Nichols felt reasonably secure, because a lot of packages were piled up in the forward part of his car, effectively blocking that door; while the car behind, which contained the iron trunk safe and the local express freight, was guarded by Baggageman Watt.

The messenger knew that a large sum of money was being carried on this trip. When loading it into the safe, he had remarked jocularly: "If I had this pile of coin you wouldn't see me here tonight. I'd take a vacation to spend it."

The key to this safe had an odd shape which would have been hard to duplicate. In accordance with company practice, Nichols kept this key fastened to a chain and in his pocket.



Courtesy of John A Thompson

Rock Island Passenger Train of 1886, Similar to the One That Was Robbed—Except in Number of Express Cars

Watt and Schwartz also knew that there was a large shipment of money aboard the train. While the messenger was busily checking up on his way-bills in the first car, the two conspirators got together in the second. Their plans had been arranged beforehand, and Schwartz had brought along a black mask which his wife cut from an old coat.

AT 12.45 they passed Joliet, the second stop from Chicago. The big baggageman made sure that all the windows and doors in his car were locked. Then he cautiously produced the mask, fastened it around his face, and carefully examined his 32-caliber revolver to make sure it was loaded and in working order.

"Don't fire the thing!" said Watt nervously. "If you do, we're sunk."

"Keep your shirt on!" retorted his accomplice. "I'm only going to throw a scare into the guy in case he gets cocky. Here, you'd better keep it," Schwartz added as an afterthought, handing the gun to Watt.

They were now nearing Minooka, fifty-one miles from Chicago, but they knew the train would not stop there. The next stop was Morris. The plan was for Schwartz to sneak up behind the messenger, under cover of the noise of rolling wheels and blustery storm, and knock him unconscious—or else hog-tie the victim and gag him—and then grab the key to the safe.

But Kellogg Nichols was unusually

alert that night. When the lone brakeman from the car behind quietly pushed open the rear door of the first car, Nichols wheeled around and tore off the bandit's mask.

"It's you!" he cried. "What—"

With a baffled cry, Schwartz clinched with him. The two men rolled over on the floor. Despite his short stature, Nichols was a brave man. He realized at once that his life was in the balance.

Up and down the car they rolled while the train sped toward Morris. The furious storm not only drowned the click of rail joints, but it deadened their racket as well.

In the life-and-death struggle, packages were kicked about, the desk was upset and its papers scattered and trampled underfoot. Nichols put up so vigorous a battle that Henry Schwartz lost his nerve and called to his accomplice for help.

Waiting discreetly near the door, Watt threw caution to the winds and rushed forward with the revolver. But the two combatants were locked together, and Watt was afraid of shooting the wrong man. While he was hesitating, Schwartz tore away and clutched the heavy iron poker which hung by the stove.

Then Watt fired twice. One shot went wild. The other bored a hole in Nichols' right shoulder. At the same moment the brakeman battered his victim's skull with the poker. Again and again the weapon descended in a rain of blows. The unfortunate messenger was backed into a corner. He raised both hands, desperately trying to ward off the blows. His left hand was broken at the wrist. All defense gone, the gallant Nichols sank to the floor in a pool of blood and died.

Probably the last thing he heard was the engine of his train whistling for Minooka. The train was climbing a grade that approached the town, but did not stop there. Instead, they picked up speed once more and roared on.

Schwartz was startled and bewildered for a moment. Mechanically he replaced the poker on its hook beside the stove. Then he picked up his mask, threw it into the fire, watched it burn to ashes.

Watt was standing near the rear door, his face chalky white. He tried to speak. Finally he stammered: "G-get—the key!"

"Yes, the key," the brakeman returned tonelessly, stooping over and tearing it from the chain that dangled from the murdered man's pocket.

Together they trooped back into the rear car, closing both doors behind them. Barely ten miles were left to their next stop. There was little time left. They opened the safe, yanked out the money and several packages of jewelry.

They counted the loot. There was more than thirty thousand dollars in bills and jewelry.

But their pre-arranged plan was already spoiled by the time it had taken to beat the doomed messenger into unconsciousness. They had intended to throw out the money package near Minooka and pick it up later. But now it was too late for that. Minooka was fast receding in the distance; soon the engine whistle would be blowing for Morris.

"We got to think fast," Watt quavered. "It's terrible—"

"Shut up, you damn fool!" the brakeman threatened. "I'll break your neck. Now, look. I'll take the money in my suitcase to Davenport. Later on we'll find some way of getting it back to Chi."

"If you double-cross me—"

"Forget it. But don't forget your alibi, and make it damn good!" With this parting shot, Schwartz slipped out of the baggage car and stood on the front platform of the adjoining passenger coach.

"Mor-ris!" he called out, opening the door and letting in a gale of cold snowy wind. "All out for Mor-ris!"

THE train slowed to a stop. Conductor Wagner stepped off gingerly and hurried forward for his orders. It was 1.35 A.M. The train was on time. Watt, pale and disheveled, almost fell out of the first baggage car into the conductor's path.

"I—I—" he gasped. "My God! My

God!" the words came tumbling out excitedly. "Look in there! The safe is all gone and the papers are all over the car!"

"Speak out, man!" ordered the conductor. "What's the matter? Where's Nichols?"

"M-m-mister Nichols," he stammered. "He—he—"

Wagner ran up ahead, closely followed by Watt and Schwartz. He reached the death car, flung open the door, and flashed in his lantern.

"Nick!" he called. "Hey, Nick!"

The conductor peered into the car, then leaped inside. His lantern added to the dim illumination of the lamps and the red glow of the iron stove in one corner. Wagner took in the situation with a glance.

Quickly he bent over the prostrate form of Kellogg Nichols. The body was still warm. The contents of the car were in frightful disorder.

After viewing this spectacle, he hurried back into the second car and found that the safe had been completely looted. The bandits had left nothing of its contents except a few papers they could not use. These were strewn carelessly around the floor, as if the men had been in a hurry to make their getaway.

The conductor turned abruptly, leaped out of the car, and sent a series of telegrams to Chicago. When Baggageman Watt finally got around to telling his version of what had happened, he said:

"I was sitting in the second car. The chains were up on the door which went back to the train, but the door in the front part of the car was not locked, as the car ahead was the one which the messenger occupied. He was checking up his run.

"I sat on a trunk. Just after they had whistled for Minooka I heard a sort of scraping sound on the floor. Before I could turn around a big gun was poked over my shoulder and a man said: 'You open your mouth and I'll blow your brains out.' I could only see the lower part of his face; it was covered with some cloth or paper.

"As I sat looking toward the back part of the car toward the rear of the train, I heard someone at the safe, which was behind me, and I could hear the rustling and tearing of papers. This went on for a while, and the man who stood over me said: 'If you move or stir hand or foot before the train stops at Morris, that man up there will blow the top of your head off.'

"I rolled up my eyes toward the roof, and there was a man's hand stuck through the ventilator, with a gun in it. So I kept still, trying to figure out a way to escape. In about five minutes, as it seemed to me, the train slowed up for Morris and I looked up. The hand was gone, and I jumped out of the car, and that's all I know. I didn't hear any shooting, nor any unusual noise except when the man spoke to me. I knew nothing about the fight in the second car or Nichols' murder until the train stopped at Morris. They must have gone to the front car and taken away the key from him before they came to me."

That was Baggageman Watt's story, and he stuck to it in the face of the most adroit questioning from members of his train crew, from railroad officials, from the sheriff of Grundy County, and from Pinkerton sleuths who were immediately put on the trail after the death car had been switched onto a siding at Morris and the rest of the train had gone on to Davenport.

No further light could be shed on the mystery by the testimony of Head Brakeman Schwartz or other members of the crew. All professed total ignorance of how the safe had been robbed and the messenger murdered. The general opinion was that a band of road agents had attacked the train, presumably boarding it at Joliet, entering the first car by the rear door. The snowstorm must have covered their footprints and deadened the sound of their movements.

REWARDS totaling $10,200 were offered for apprehension of the bandits or any clue which would lead to their

arrest and conviction. A small army of officers and detectives, both amateur and professional, descended upon the scene. Every foot of track for miles around was trampled by the man-hunters. Many trails were followed fruitlessly. Two or three arrests were made, but in each case the prisoner was able to produce a satisfactory alibi. Despite the eagerness of all the searchers to earn the immense reward, no one could find a clue which promised tangible results.

Yes, there was one clue. The Pinkerton detectives who examined the fatal car and checked up on the baggageman's story decided that the crime must have been caused by persons familiar with railroading, for two reasons: (1) The blood-stained poker had been hung back on its hook near the stove, after the murder. This indicated that one of the murderers might have worked on trains at some time in his life. (2) In order to get on top of an express car and threaten the messenger through a ventilator on the roof, one must be aware that there is such a ventilator there, and that an arm can be thrust down through it. This ventilator, the detectives pointed out, cannot be seen by a person standing on the ground near the car and glancing upward.

The records of the various members of the crew were checked back minutely, and various professional criminals who reasonably might have been suspected, were shadowed, but they disclosed nothing. The earth seemed to have opened up and swallowed the murderers.

Probably they would never have been caught—if it had not been for the torn scrap of paper. You remember that the express car was cut off the train and left at Morris station on the morning of March 13th, just after the robbery. Henry Schwartz, the head brakeman, went on to Davenport, the end of the division, with his old satchel full of money and gems. On the evening of the 14th he " deadheaded " back to Chicago, still carrying the satchel, on the eastbound Kansas Express in charge of Conductor Danforth.

After Schwartz left the train in the Rock Island depot at Chicago, Conductor Danforth made his usual round of inspection before turning in the report of his run. In one of the toilet rooms he found an old satchel, which he turned over to the detectives. The satchel was entirely empty, except for a tiny bit of paper in one corner of it.

It did not take the detectives long to discover that there was a thin red line on this scrap. The red line corresponded to those on some old drafts which had been in the safe the night of the robbery. By patient search the detectives actually found the identical draft from which the scrap had been torn. But who owned the suitcase?

Nobody seemed to know. By quietly checking up on the satchels possessed by the train and engine men on that division, the detectives advanced the theory that this particular one probably was the property of Henry Schwartz.

A close watch was kept on Schwartz. It was soon disclosed that he was on friendly terms with Baggageman Watt, but that fact in itself did not connect either of them with the robbery. Nothing suspicious could be found in the actions of the two men.

The detectives were beginning to think they had gone on another wild goose chase, when Schwartz obtained a leave of absence to go to Philadelphia, Pa., where his wife was now living. The man-hunters warmed to the trail and followed.

In Philadelphia he spent money freely, paying some of his expenses with fifty and hundred-dollar bills. He bought a great quantity of firearms and a complete hunting equipment for a long tour of the West. Then he went to Chicago.

As you recall, Schwartz was handsome and debonair. He had a way with the ladies. Back in Chicago, he was found to be living with a woman other than his wife, and was arrested for bigamy.

While in jail he lost some of his usual reserve and talked too much to his cell mate. The cell mate was a Chicago poli-

tician named William J. Gallagher. Gallagher had been arrested for forging special assessment warrants, and was awaiting trial. He saw a chance to get off with a light sentence by squealing on a pal—telling what he had learned in confidence about a certain express robbery.

Nobody knows precisely how the detectives managed to get a confession from Schwartz's wife, but it is not hard to draw conclusions when you reflect that Schwartz was jailed on a bigamy charge. At any rate Schwartz was released on bail January 25th, 1887, but was taken into custody again as soon as he stepped outside the Chicago jail, to face the more serious charge of having murdered the messenger.

None of the stolen money was ever recovered by the United States Express Company. The murderers used some of it to defend themselves in court, paying generous fees to their attorneys.

Schwartz and Watt went to Joliet Penitentiary. And behind those high barred walls on the main line of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, about ten miles from the scene of their crime, the two renegade trainmen spent the rest of their miserable lives and finally died in prison—because of a tiny scrap of red-lined paper left in an old suitcase on an eastbound trip of the Kansas Express.

The Sunny Side of the Track

IN A TOUGH SPOT

AT one time Peach Springs, Ariz., was a freight terminal on the old Atlantic & Pacific (now Santa Fe). One day they moved this terminal eastward to Seligman. Most of the railroad buildings were torn down, but the best of the cottages was loaded on flat cars and hauled to new headquarters at Needles, to become the division superintendent's official residence. A neat picket fence was built, the house beautifully fixed up, and the super and his wife moved in.

Here our story should end with "and they lived happily ever after." But there was a fly in the ointment—or rather, three of them. On one side of the house was a mule corral, where four of those disgruntled animals, no doubt embittered by lack of all hope of posterity, brayed malevolently outside his bedroom window at unearthly hours of the night. And right across a narrow alley was a Chinese laundry, where the town Celestials gathered nightly at noisy faro games.

But the super's most emphatic protests were directed against the "Dobie," the adobe building opposite, where girls and their guests entertained nightly in loud and boisterous tones. Though the poor super raved for hours about the three plagues, he got little sympathy from his listeners.

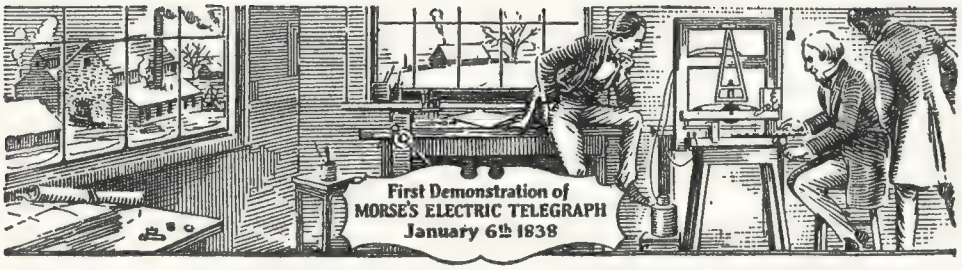
Finally, however, through moral and other persuasion the mules were placed in another home and the Chinamen persuaded to moderate their voices. An enterprising and virtuous citizen built a bigger and better "Dobie" across the tracks, whither the fair ones transferred themselves at a rental which fully justified the enterprising citizen for his outlay. Yes sir, virtue is its own reward.—Charles Battye, 616 10th St., San Bernardino, Calif.

* * *

AN ENGINEER'S EPITAPH

THOMAS SCAIFE, an engineer, lost his life at Bromsgrove, England, on Nov. 10, 1840, through an explosion. His fellow workers erected a tombstone with this epitaph:

My engine now is cold and still;
No water does my boiler fill;
My coke affords its flame no more,
My days of usefulness are o'er.
My wheels deny their wonted speed,
No more my guiding hand they need.
My whistle, too, has lost its tone,
Its shrill and thrilling sounds are gone.
My valves are now thrown open wide;
My flanges all refuse to guide.
My clacks, also, though once so strong,
Refuse to aid the busy throng.
No more I feel each urging breath;
My steam is now condens'd in death.
Life's railway's o'er, each station's past,
In death I'm stopped, and rest at last.
Farewell, dear friends, and cease to weep;
In Christ I'm safe, in Him I sleep.



Courtesy of Bell Telephone Almanac

January in Rail History

IF you want to know what happened on New Year's Day, your birthday, or any other time of the year, consult this almanac.

January 1

1832—*American Railroad Journal,* first rail publication in U. S., inaugurated by D. Kimball Minor, N. Y. City, not to make money but to educate public to need for railroads.

1838—B. & O. gets Govt. contract to carry mail between Baltimore and Washington.

1842—P. R. R. reaches Pottsville, Pa.

1852—F. M. Ray offers prizes to inventors "to promote safety and comfort in railroad travel," including $300 for inventor of best "sleeping or night seat" (from which came the first reversible seat back, now common in passenger coaches).

1853—First train from Atlantic seaboard crosses Allegheny Mts. to Ohio River at Wheeling, W. Va., on B. & O. main line from Baltimore, Md.

1869—Opening of Uruguay's first railroad.

1870—Jay Cooke, Philadelphia banker who financed the Civil War for the Union, becomes fiscal agent for Northern Pacific Ry.

1874—Direct, continuous line opened between Chicago and New Orleans by extension of 2 roads (now part of I. C.) northward to the Mississippi River near Cairo, Ill.

1882—Wm. C. Van Horne appointed gen. mgr. of Canadian Pacific Ry. (See article by Chas. F. Carter, Aug., '35, issue.)

1889—Work begins on international railroad tunnel under St. Clair River between Ontario, Canada, and Michigan.

1890—Ontario & Quebec Ry. (now part of C. P. Ry.) opened between London, Ont., and Windsor, Quebec.

1893—International agreement for rail and freight traffic becomes effective in Europe.

1895—Bangor & Aroostook Railroad in Maine is opened.

1896—Death of Alfred Ely Beach, inventor of first N. Y. subway line.

1900—P. R. R. pension service established. (This road has since pensioned about 40,000 employees, including RAILROAD STORIES editor's father—Walter W. Hubbard, of Philadelphia, P. R. R. clerk for 41 years; pensioned Nov. 1, 1935.) . . . "Casey" Jones, I. C. engineer, promoted to passenger service. (Details in Dec., '32, issue.)

1902—Last spike driven on Canadian Northern's Port Arthur-Winnipeg line (now C. N. R.).

1912—Interstate Commerce Commission revises regulations about issuance of passes on all U. S. roads, allowing only 4 kinds: annual, trip, suburban or commuter, and telegraph passes; and sharply restricting pass privileges. Before this date railroad passes were given freely for political favors, publicity, charity, etc.; now they are virtually limited to railroad employees. (Canadian roads today have a little more leeway than U. S. roads regarding pass privileges.)

1916—No more wooden cars permitted in U. S. Ry. Mail Service, by Act of Congress.

1918—U. S. Govt. takes over all railroads as war emergency measure.

1923—Under Act of Parliament, all railways of England, Wales and Scotland, numbering 120, are amalgamated into 4 groups: Southern, Great Western, L. M. & S. and L. & N. E.

1925—India Govt. takes over East Indian Ry.

1931—International Engine Picture Club founded. (See article in Jan., '31, issue, "Collecting Engine Pictures," by Freeman H. Hubbard.)

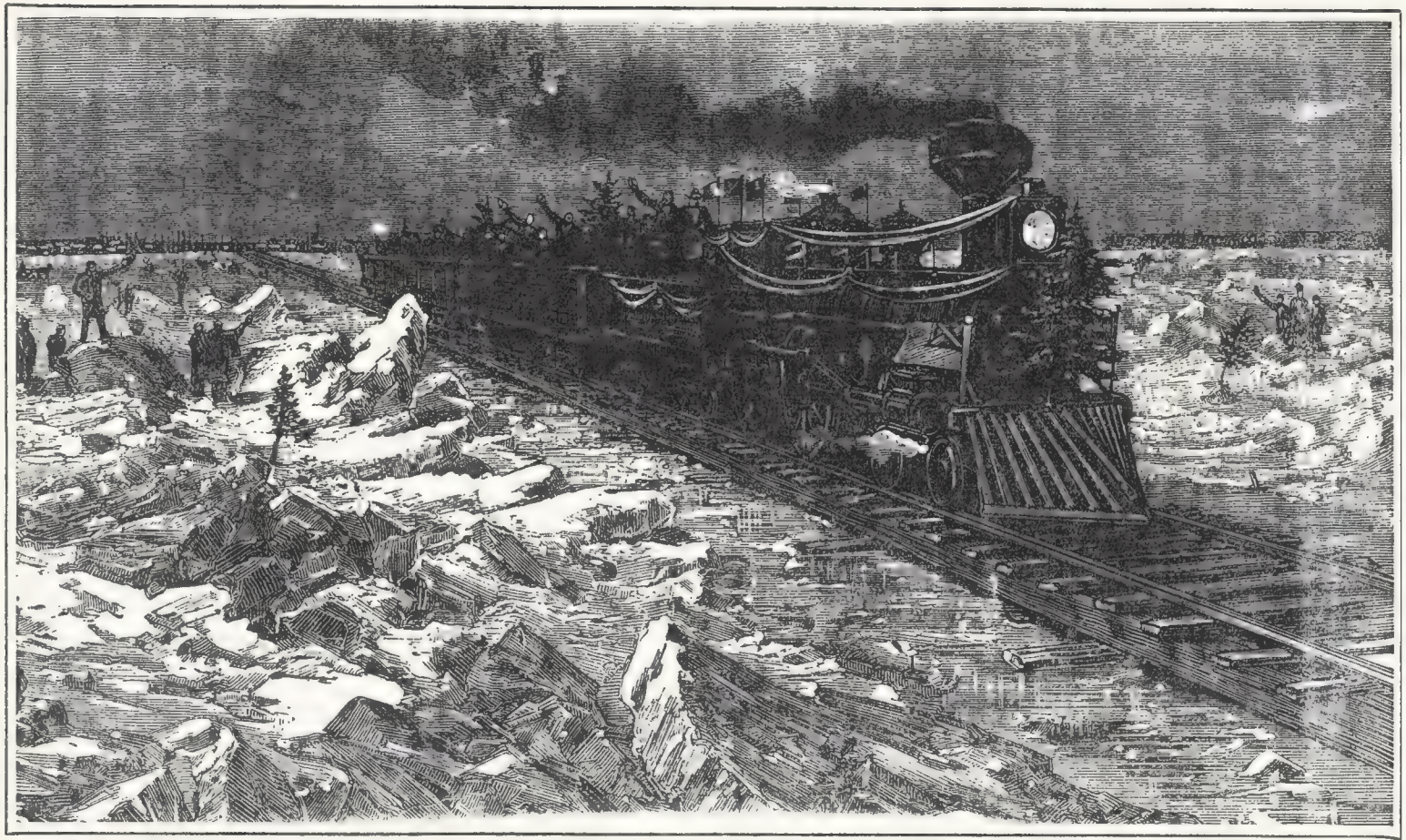
1934—Trainload of passengers leaving Cape Town, South Africa, due at Windhoek Jan. 4, is marooned by flood. (Passengers did not reach destination until a month later! Details in Nov., '34, issue.)

1936—Atlantic & Northern, said to be America's only farm-owned railroad, is abandoned, killed by Iowa motor competition.

January 2

1884—25 killed in railroad collision near Toronto, Canada.

1911—"Overland Limited" held up near



Old Print from Collection of A. S. Pennoyer, N. Y. Chapter, Ry. & Loco. Historical Society

Ice Bridge Railway Across the St. Lawrence River, Opened Jan. 31, 1880. Drawn from a Photo. Observe the Evergreen Tree on the Pilot of the Engine

Ogden, Utah, by 2 bandits; porter slain; loot estimated at $300,000. (Robbers never caught.)

January 3

1831—First B. & O. dividend declared, 37½c a share.

1905—Death of Engineer Louis Hawks. He made famous run of the old 97, hauling Bloomington fire department to fight big Chicago fire. (Details in Feb., '33, issue.)

1913—First passenger train runs through Winnipeg union station on the new high line.

1916—Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, pioneer builder of U. P., T. & P., etc., dies at Council Bluffs, Ia. (See article by Earle Davis, May, '33.)

1919—Uruguayan Govt. in South America takes over Uruguay Eastern Ry.

January 4

1887—Cornelius Vanderbilt dies, leaving control of N. Y. C. System to son, William. . . . 20 lives lost in railroad collision near Tiffin, O.

January 5

1832—First railroad chartered in Ohio, the broad-gage Mad River & Lake Erie (Big 4).

1875—Boston & Providence R.R. opens Park Sq. station, Boston, Mass., said to be finest in the country. (Abandoned Sept 10, 1899.)

1876—"Frog War" at Hopewell, N. J. (where Lindbergh baby was kidnaped in 1932). Militia involved in fracas when P. R. R. refuses to let Delaware & Bound Brook R. R. (now part of Reading System) cross its right-of-way. (Details in Oct., '32, issue.)

January 6

1835—Boston & Worcester R. R. opened in Mass. (now part of Boston & Albany).

1838—Samuel F. B. Morse sends his first telegraph message at Morristown, N. J.

1888—Inauguration of "Florida Special," crack train on Florida East Coast Ry.

1893—G. N. Ry. completed to Pacific coast.

1919—First R. F. & P. train leaves new Broad St. station at Richmond, Va.

January 7

1926—German National Rys. introduce train telephone service. (This was one-way phone service. Canadian National Rys. were first to use 2-way phone service on trains. Details in Sept., '30, issue.)

January 8

1855—Ill. Cent. R. R. opened.

1863—Gov. Leland Stanford, of Calif., breaks ground at Sacramento for Central Pac. R. R.

1902—Two N. Y. C. suburban trains crash in tunnel leading into Grand Central station, killing 15 persons, injuring 42, due to smoke obscuring signals. (This led to N.Y.C. electrification.)

1910—B. & O. buys Chicago Terminal Transfer R. R. at auction, thus insuring independent entrance over its own rails into Chicago.

1917—Philippine Govt. takes over railway on Luzon Island. (Now about 800 miles long, standard gage. Details in June, '32, issue.)

January 9

1827—Construction work begins on South Carolina Canal & R. R. (which in 1833 was world's longest continuous railroad, 136 miles; also first road to carry U. S. Mail. Now Southern System).

1835—West Feliciana R. R. (now part of I. C.) issues first railway tariff in America—for passengers, cotton and "all articles except cotton."

1888—Maiden trip of No. 28, world's first successful electric car with overhead power, on Union Passenger Ry. Co. (now Va. Electric & Power Co.), a 12-mile pike in Richmond, Va.

1920—Establishment of German National Ministry of Traffic, whose chief function is to run nationalized railroads.

1922—Van Sweringen brothers, O. P. and M. J., organize Vaness Holding Co. (These brothers control 27,000 miles of U. S. railroads. See articles by W. P. Helm in July, Aug., '31, issues.)

January 10

1853—Atlantic & St. Lawrence R. R. completed from Portland, Me., to Island Pond, Vt., 150 miles, 5½ ft. gage (later part of Grand Trunk, now in C. N. R. System).

January 11

1866—N. Y. & Oswego Midland R. R. organized. (125 miles, opened in 1869, now N. Y. O. & W.) . . . Utica, Chenango & Susquehanna Valley Ry. inc. in N. Y. State (97½ miles, now part of D. L. & W.).

1875—First train runs on Sausalito-Cazadero line of North Pacific Coast Ry. in Calif. (Later part of N. W. Pacific.)

January 12

1874—Track-laying begins on narrow-gage Des Moines & Minnesota R. R. (Ran from Des Moines, Ia., to connect with C. & N. W. at Ames, Ia., 137 miles; later extended 160 miles to McGregor, Ia. Now part of C. & N. W.)

January 13

1882—Webster Wagner, inventor of sleeping-car, and 7 other persons killed in N. Y. C. & H. R. rear-end collision at Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y. (See article by H. R. Edwards, Dec., '35, issue.)

1886—30 soldiers perish in South American train wreck at Valdivia, Peru.

January 14

1860—Martin H. ("Jimmy") Lee, Pennsy speed king, born at Turtle Creek, Pa. ("Famous Engineers," Feb., '35, issue.)

1869—Albany & Schenectady R. R. (now D. & H.) opened through to Binghamton, N. Y.

Courtesy of First Nat'l Bank of Boston and Frank Chipman, W. Somerville, Mass.

Trial Run on the Boston & Worcester in May, 1834, Eight Months Before It Was Opened

1878—17 killed when doubleheaded excursion train on Connecticut Western R. R. (now part of N. Y. N. H. & H.) plunges into ice-covered Farmington River at Tariffville, Conn. (John F. Jones, supt. of the road at that time, is now living at Claremont, N. H.; more than 90 yrs. old.)

January 15

1829—First imported locomotive to arrive in U. S., the "America," reaches N. Y. City for D. & H. R. R. from Stephenson & Co., England.

1906—Spokane & Inland Empire R.R. organized in Wash. (In June, '07, it began operating system of 213 miles electric lines.)

1916—First through Balkan train leaves Dresden, Germany. Crowds cheer as they notice the destination boards: "Berlin-Dresden-Breslau-Budapest-Sofia-Constantinople."

1933—Electric engines placed in P. R. R. passenger service between N. Y. and Phila.

January 16

1885—Unique head-on collision at Batavia, N. Y.; one engine climbs on top of the other.

1914—Unification of operating transit companies in Chicago, under the name Chicago Surface Lines, creates world's largest street railway system; over 1,000 miles of track.

January 17

1872—Bath & Hammondsport R. R. organized in N. Y. State. (Opened June 30, 1873; 3-ft. gage, 9½ miles. Now being abandoned.)

January 18

1933—Joseph B. Eastman of the I. C. C. (now Federal Coördinator) comes out in favor of I. C. C. regulation of motor vehicles and inland waterways.

January 19

1871—Iceboats "Icicle" and "Zephyr" on Hudson River beat Chicago Express, fastest train on N. Y. C. & H. R. Railroad, in 2-mile race.

1872—Opening of Costa Rica's first railroad.

January 20

1830—Pontchartrain R. R. chartered in Louisiana to run between New Orleans and Milneburg, 5 miles. First railroad chartered west of the Allegheny Mts. (Opened Aug. 15, 1832; abandoned by L. & N. about 100 yrs. later. Details in Oct., '33, issue.)

1890—San Francisco-Portland line of Southern Pacific closed by snow blockade (until March 24, probably the longest U. S. rail snow blockade).

1910—One of Canada's worst wrecks; 65 killed, many injured when westbound passenger train on Soo branch of C. P. R. breaks in two, part of it falling into ice-covered Spanish River at Nairn Centre, Ont., 31½ miles west of Sudbury. Harry Trelford, engineer. Tom Reynolds, conductor.

January 21

1849—North Carolina R. R. chartered. (Opened Jan. 29, 1856; 223 miles, 5-ft. gage; now standard gage, part of Southern Ry.)

1873—N. Y., Boston & Montreal Ry. organized as consolidation of several roads (now N. Y. C.).

1876—13 killed in collision on Great Northern Ry. at Abbot's Ripton, England. (This collision led to adoption of "somersault" type of semaphore. Details in Aug., '33, issue.)

1883—4 locomotives going to relief of 4 other locomotives stalled in snowdrift in Iowa on Wabash Ry. meet the 4 in head-on collision, all 8 being derailed at once!

January 22

1912—Key West extension on Florida East Coast Ry. between Miami, Fla., and the island and town of Key West via 41 intervening keys is opened for use. (Details in Dec., '33, issue.)

1931—D. L. & W. completes electrification of 66.8 miles of N. J. suburban. Costs $18,000,000.

1935—Felix H. Knight installed as general president of Brotherhood of Ry. Carmen of America.

January 23

1835—First two fatal accidents on Lexington & Ohio R. R. (now L. & N.), first railroad built west of Allegheny Mts. Boy stealing ride on locomotive tender loses his footing and is killed. On same day a passenger dies in derailment.

1837—Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac R.R. opened to Fredericksburg, Md., 61 miles. (Now 118 miles long.)

1838—John M. Horan born at Burlington, Vt. (Now employed as boiler-washing inspector for Milwaukee Road at Milwaukee, Wis., shops; oldest active railroad man; known as "Soda Ash Johnny" because he originated use of soda ash in treatment of water in locomotive boilers. "Famous Engineers," July, '33, issue.)

1899—Copper Ranger R. R. inc. in Mich. . . . Delaware R. R. inc. in Del. as consolidation of 4 roads, totaling 245 miles. (Now part of P. R. R.)

January 24

1838—Morse Code first used at N. Y. University over wire 10 miles long.

1888—Grand Trunk Ry. acquires Northern Ry. of Canada and its leased line, Hamilton & N. W. Ry. (Now part of C. N. R.)

January 25

1857—Northern Pac. inc. in Washington Terr.

1886—Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegon Ry. organized to build 117 miles in Mich. (Opened Aug. 1, 1888; became part of G. T. System.)

January 26

1856—Africa's first railway opened in Egypt.

1904—Santa Fe special begins record-breaking run from Winslow, Ariz., to Chicago in desperate effort of son of ex-Senator Clark of Montana to reach dying wife.

1906—First train on Paris-Lausanne-Simplon international line uses Simplon Tunnel, Switzerland, en route from France to Italy.

January 27

1830—Lexington & Ohio R. R. chartered.

1854—Citizens of Erie, Pa., begin "war" on railroad to prevent change of gage. (See article by Earle Davis, Jan., '33, issue.)

1891—Perth Amboy & Woodbridge R. R. inc. in N. J. as consolidation of 2 roads (now part of P. R. R. under 949½-yr. lease).

January 28

1855—Panama R. R. opened throughout; 5-ft. gage. Was inc. in N. Y. State on April 7, 1849. Colombia Govt. granted concessions for road in 1850 (amended to run until 1866; came under control of United States Government in May, 1904. Details in Feb., '32 issue).

1861—Daniel Willard born at N. Hartland, Vt. (On Jan. 15, 1910, he was elected 14th president of B. & O., succeeding President Oscar G. Murray, who was one of the road's 2 receivers from Feb. 29, 1896, to July 1, 1899.) ("Famous Engineers," June, '34, issue.)

1871—Board of directors of Ohio & Mississippi R. R. (now part of B. & O.) vote to change from 6 ft. to standard gage.

1935—P. R. R. opens electric service on entire Phila.-Washington run. First electric train from Phila. to Wash. attains speed of 102 m.p.h., covering the 135 miles in 110 mins. at average of 73.2 m.p.h., including stops at Wilmington and Baltimore. Train piloted by C. B. Morris of Wilmington. This breaks the record of special steam train carrying photos of Lindbergh's arrival in Wash., which made non-stop run to N. Y.; it took 111 mins. from Wash. to Phila.

January 29

1835—Morris & Essex R. R. inc. in N. J. (264 miles, now part of D. L. & W.)

1879—Tryout of new monorail locomotive on "Pegleg" road (see Jan. 17, '78) at Bradford, Pa. Her trial trip is her last trip; explosion kills crew of 6 (which doomed the freak road).

January 30

1923—Canadian National Rys. begin operating Grand Trunk Ry. of Canada.

1928—A. N. Boyd, C. N. R. road foreman of engines, dies at throttle while handling special train of Prime Minister Cosgrave of Irish Free State which jumps switch at Limoges, Ont., near Ottawa. ("Famous Engineers," Sept., '33, issue.)

1931—Wreck of Vienna Express at Ausbach, Austria, caused by Sylvester Matuska, fiend who wrecked trains in 3 countries; 3 killed, many injured. (See article by Z. Rothschild, Nov., '33.)

January 31

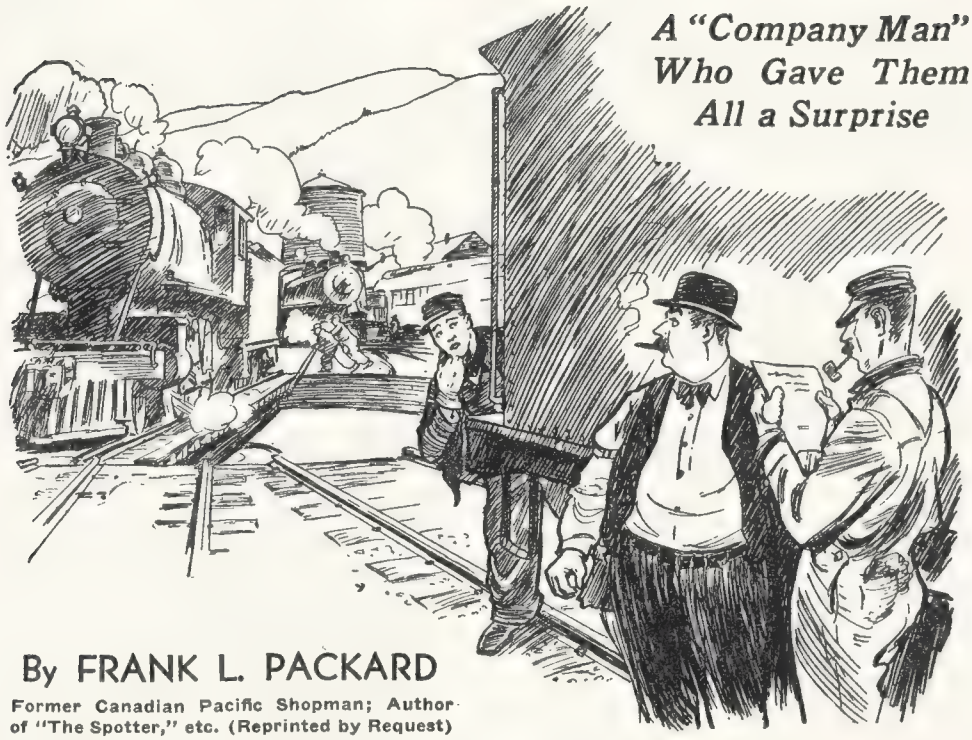
1871—Train holdup on Arkansas branch of Iron Mt. R. R. (Mo. P.) at Gad's Hill; about $12,000 loot taken.

1880—St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain R. R. inc. in Vt. to acquire Vt. Div. of Portland & Ogdensburg R. R.

1935—Abandonment of world's first street railway, in N. Y. City; displaced by buses. Began operation Nov. 26, 1832, over route extending from Prince St. and Bowery to 4th Ave. and Union Pl. with horse cars. Became N. Y. & Harlem R. R., first with steam locomotive and finally with electric cars for 37 years.

The Engine Wiper

A "Company Man" Who Gave Them All a Surprise



By FRANK L. PACKARD

Former Canadian Pacific Shopman; Author of "The Spotter," etc. (Reprinted by Request)

SPITZER wasn't much to look at. He was a snubby-nosed, peak-faced, tousled-haired little fellow of twenty-four with washed-out blue eyes. Everybody on the Hill Division knew him—that is, those whose duties brought them within Spitzer's orbit, the roundhouse at Big Cloud—but nobody gave him credit for courage enough to call his soul his own.

Even on pay day Spitzer took his check as though it were a mistake, not meant for him. He just dubbed along, doing his work day after day, a typical "company man." Of course, he never got ahead. He just kept on sweeping out the roundhouse, and puttered around, playing bell-boy to every Tom, Dick and Harry that lifted a finger at him.

Year in, year out, he swept and wiped in the roundhouse. As far as seniority went he was "it," but when there was a vacancy someone else got promoted. Spitzer saw them move along; firing, driving spare, up to full-fledged regulars on the right-hand side of the cabs—men that had started after he did—but Spitzer still wiped and swept out the roundhouse.

Carleton, the super, called him a landmark, and that hit the bull's eye. In good weather and bad you could see him lugging a little tin dinner-pail down Main Street in Big Cloud as regular as clockwork, and reporting in the

roundhouse at precisely the same hour every morning—five minutes of seven.

Never a miss, never a slip—five minutes of seven. The train crews got to setting their watches by him, and the dispatchers wired the meteorological observatory every time their chronometers didn't tally—that is, tally with Spitzer—and the meteorological crowd put Spitzer first across the tape every shot.

It was just the same at night, only then Spitzer went by the six o'clock whistle. Ten hours a day—Sundays off, sometimes — wiping, sweeping, sweeping, wiping, from his boarding-house to the roundhouse in the morning, from the roundhouse to his boarding-house at night—that was Spitzer, self-effacing, modest Spitzer.

Night times? Spitzer didn't exist after the six o'clock whistle blew, so far as anyone knew or cared. He was like a tool laid away after the day's work and forgotten until the following morning.

BUT in the ineffable perversity of things is the spice and variety of life. Tommy Regan was a man not easily jolted, not easily disturbed; and yet it was Spitzer who jolted the fat little master mechanic—not once, more than once.

Regan's first jolt came one morning as, after a critical inspection of his pets in the roundhouse—big eight- and ten-wheeled mountain engines—he strolled out and leaned against the push-bar on the turntable, mentally debating the respective merits of a rust-joint and a straight patch as specifically applied to No. 583 that had been run into the shops the day before for repairs.

A figure emerged from the engine doors at the far end of the roundhouse and came toward him. Regan's eyes, attracted, barely glanced in that direction, and then went down again in meditation. It was only Spitzer.

When he looked up again Spitzer was nearer, quite near. In fact, Spitzer had halted before him and was standing there patiently, an embarrassed flush on his cheeks. The blue-eyed fellow was wiping his hands nervously on an exceedingly dirty piece of packing which, in his abstraction—for Spitzer was plainly abstracted—he had picked up for a piece of waste.

"Huh!" said Regan, staring at Spitzer's hands. "What are you trying to do? Black up for a minstrel show?"

Spitzer dropped the packing as though it had been a handful of thistles, and rubbed his hands up and down the legs of his overalls.

"Well?" Regan invited.

Spitzer began to talk. His lips moved rapidly. Regan listened with a strained and hopeless expression, striving to catch a word and hence the drift of Spitzer's remarks.

"How?" he demanded, when he saw the speech was at an end. "Speak out, man. You won't wake the baby up."

Spitzer began all over again. This time he did a little better.

"A dollar twenty-five a day," repeated the master mechanic numbly.

Spitzer brightened visibly, and nodded.

Regan stared, bewildered and dumbfounded. Gradually it dawned on him that Spitzer, of all people, was asking for a raise!

The applicant, misinterpreting the stare, looked rueful and full of trouble. He was appalled at his own temerity in broaching the subject in the first place, but now he had overstepped the bounds—he had asked for too much!

"A dollar twenty," he ventured, in timid compromise—Spitzer was getting a dollar fifteen.

"How long you been working here?" inquired Regan, recovering a little and beginning to get a grip on himself.

"Six years," said Spitzer faintly.

"Good Lord!" mumbled Regan. "Six years. A dollar twenty-five, h'm? Well, I dunno, I guess we can manage that." And then, as a new thought suddenly struck him: "What the blazes would you do with more money, h'm?"

But Spitzer only grinned sheepishly. Murmuring his thanks, he walked back and disappeared in the roundhouse.

"Good Lord!" muttered Regan, looking after him. "Six years at a dollar fifteen!"

THE master mechanic went around more or less dazed all day. He ordered the patch on No. 583 when he had definitely decided on the rust-joint as the best tonic for the engine's complaint, and he figured out how much one dollar and fifteen cents a day came to for one year, barring Sundays. Then he did the same with a dollar twenty-five and compared the results.

After supper that night he unburdened himself to Carleton and a few of the others over at division headquarters, upstairs over the station.

Carleton grinned.

"Bad company," he suggested. "Hard lot, that gang of yours over in the roundhouse, Tommy. They're spoiling his manners. Been a long time in coming, but you know the old story of the water and the stone. What?"

"What the devil would *he* do with more money?" inquired Spence, the chief dispatcher, in astonishment.

Regan glared disdainfully. He had put precisely the same question to Spitzer himself, but since then he had been brushing up his mathematics.

"Do with it!" he choked. "Thirty dollars and eighty cents a year. Hell of a problem, ain't it?"

"Tell you what, Tommy," remarked Carleton, still grinning, "you want to look out for Spitzer from now on. I guess his emancipation has begun—nothing like a start. Before you know it he'll be running roughshod over the motive power department, including the master mechanic."

"I gave him the raise," said Regan, more to himself than aloud. "'Twas coming to him, what? Six years, and the first time I ever heard a yip out of him."

"You'll hear more," prophesied Carleton.

And Regan did. Not at once, not for several weeks. But in the meantime a change came over Spitzer. He still swept and wiped and reported at five minutes of seven every morning. He still kept himself just as much in the background, just as much out of everybody's way. He was still just as unobtrusive as he had been before. But Spitzer was changed none the less.

It began the day after he got his raise. It was an indefinite, elusive, negative sort of a change, not the kind you could lay your hand on and describe in so many words. Regan tried to, and gave it up.

Mindful of Carleton's words, he kept his eye in a mildly curious kind of a way on the little faded, blue-eyed drudge. He began to catch Spitzer's eyes fixed on him with a hesitating, anxious gaze every time he entered the roundhouse. And though he didn't quite grasp it, something of the truth came to him: Spitzer was screwing up

his courage to the sticking point preparatory to another step onward in his belated march toward emancipation.

A MONTH to the day from the first interview, Spitzer tackled the master mechanic again. This time, as before, they were out by the turntable in front of the roundhouse. If anything, Spitzer's manner was even more nervous and ill at ease than on the former occasion. He stammered once or twice in an effort to begin—and his effort was utter failure.

Regan eyed him in profound distrust. "Well," he snapped, "you got your raise. Ain't you satisfied?"

Spitzer nodded dumbly. "Well, then, what's the matter?" exploded the master mechanic.

"I want to get—" The last word trailed off into tremulous incoherency.

"What?" growled Regan. "Don't sputter as though you swallowed your teeth. What is it you want?"

"Firing," blurted Spitzer.

Regan gasped for breath. Spitzer in an engine cab! He couldn't have heard straight.

"I—I can do it," faltered Spitzer. "I got to."

"Eh? What's that?" said Regan.

"I'm," began Spitzer, blushing. "I'm—" He gulped twice. "I'm going to get married to Merla Swenson."

Regan's jaws sagged like the broken limb of a tree, and his eyes fairly popped out. Spitzer and Merla Swenson! The heavy-boned, long-armed Swedish maiden who dished out hash at the beanery. It was the funniest thing Regan had ever heard in his life.

"Haw, haw, haw!" he roared.

But he stopped suddenly as though stunned. Spitzer was still standing before him, and Spitzer's head was turned away, but Regan caught the misery in the grimy face. And in that moment he realized what neither he nor any other man on the Hill Division had ever realized before—that Spitzer, too, was human.

Regan coughed, choked, and cleared his throat. Here was Spitzer in a new light, but the Spitzer of years was not so readily to be consigned to the background of oblivion. Spitzer in an engine cab was still an anomaly.

"Firing?" said Regan, with grave consideration that he meant, by contrast, should serve as palliation for the sting of his mirth. "Firing? I'm afraid not. You're not fit for it. You're not big enough."

Spitzer dashed his hands across his eyes. "I can fire," he announced with a surprising show of spirit, "an' I got to. There's smaller ones than me doing it."

"What do you mean by 'got to'?" demanded the master mechanic.

Spitzer shifted uneasily.

"Merla an' me's been making up for quite a while," he stammered, "but she wouldn't say nothing one way or the other till I got a raise."

"Well, you got it," said Regan.

Spitzer nodded. "Yes, an' now she says 'tain't enough to get married on, an'—an' we'll have to wait till I get firing."

"Good Lord!" murmured Regan, and he mopped his brow in deep perplexity. The destiny of mortals was in his hands—but so was the motive power department of the Hill Division. An inspiration came to him.

"Look here, Spitzer," said he, soothingly. "There ain't no use talking about firing, and I ain't going to let you build up any false hopes. But you don't need to feel glum about it. She loves you, don't she?"

Spitzer's lips moved.

"H'm?" inquired Regan solicitously, bending forward.

"Yes, she says she does," repeated Spitzer in thin tones.

"Well, then, when you understand women like I do, you'll know that nothing else counts—nothing but the love, I mean. It's their nature." Regan waved his hand expansively. "It'll be all right. You'll see. She won't hold out much longer."

The dejected droop of Spitzer's shoulders, as he started back for the roundhouse, intimated that he was not at all convinced, so far as Merla Swenson was concerned, that Mr. Regan was a good judge of feminine nature.

REGAN couldn't have kept the story back to save his life, and it didn't take long for the division to get it. They all got it—train crews and engine crews on the way freights, stray freights, locals, extras and regulars, the staff, the shop hands, the track-walkers and the section gangs, down to the last car-tink.

At first the division looked incredulous, then it grinned, then it howled, and its howl was the one word "Spitzer," with seven exclamation points.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. "Dutchy" Damrosch did the business of his life. He did more business than he had ever dreamed of doing in his wildest flights of imagination. You see, Dutchy had the lunch counter rights at Big Cloud, and Merla was second girl in his eating establishment.

A fine healthy specimen of womanhood she was, and not at all bad-looking. Many a fellow had tried to make up with her, only to be rebuffed by a frozen stare from clear gray eyes. One and all they'd put her down as an iceberg, incapable of human feeling—and yet she had fallen for that runt of a Spitzer!

To see any girl that was in love with Spitzer was worth the price of coffee and sinkers any old time. The lunch counter took on the air of a dime museum, and the visitors questioned Merla with unseemly curiosity.

Merla settled all doubts on that score. Calmly she answered the same question again and again.

"Yah, I love Spitzer," was her infallible reply, in a tone that made the bare possibility that she could have done anything else seem the very acme of absurdity. Merla's inflexion struck deep at the root of things inevitable.

After that there was nothing more to be said. A few, a very few—and as the days went by their numbers thinned with amazing rapidity—had the temerity to snicker audibly. They only did it once, as, with arms akimbo and hands on hips, Merla advanced to the edge of the counter with a look in her steadfast gray eyes that was far from inviting, and inquired:

"Him a good man, you think?"

It was put in the form of a question, it is true, but in such cold uncompromise that the result was always the same. The offender hastily buried his nose in his coffee cup, dug for a dime to square his account with Dutchy, and made for the platform.

This was all very well, but unless Regan died, Spitzer's chances of getting into a cab were as good as ever—which is to say, they were about as good as a plugged nickel. So far as Spitzer could see, the master mechanic wasn't sprouting any visible signs of premature decay.

Furthermore, as he had suspicioned and now discovered, Regan wasn't the last word on women. Not, perhaps, that Merla put firing before love, only

she was uncommonly strong on firing. Spitzer was unhappy.

ALL things come to those who wait, they say. So they do, perhaps; but the way of their coming is not always to be understood or fathomed. It took a few measly, unripe crab-apples to turn the tide of destiny. That's the way Spitzer got where he is today—just crab-apples. Funny how things happen sometimes, when you come to think of it.

Spitzer's nocturnal habits, that were a matter of so much unconcern and of which the railroad crowd at Big Cloud were so densely in ignorance, have a part in this.

The truth is that between the lunch-counter and the station is the baggage and freight-shed, and behind the freight-shed it is very dark. Moreover, Merla was possessed of no other quarters than those shared by her sister-in-arms in Dutchy's employ—which were neither propitious nor commodious. In short, they were not designed for the entertainment of a gentleman friend.

On Merla's night off at eight o'clock, Spitzer sneaked down through the fields and across the platform, weather permitting, and on those nights Merla donned her bonnet "for a walk"—at the same hour.

When the station clock struck ten, and, coincidentally, the mellow chime of No. 1 sounded down the line, Merla retraced her steps to the upstairs rear of the lunch-counter, while Spitzer retraced his across the platform to the fields in the direction of the town and his boarding-house.

Of late, however, Spitzer had taken to lingering on the platform way up at the far end where it was also very dark and as equally deserted. Here he would gaze wistfully at a big engine with valves popping and the steam drumming at her gages, as she waited on the siding just in front of him—they changed engines at Big Cloud—to back down on No. 1 for the first stretch of the mountain run. It was Burke's run at this time with the 503, with big Jim MacAloon looking after the shovel.

There wasn't anything novel in the sight, but it didn't seem to strike Spitzer as monotonous. When it was all over and he watched the vanishing tail lights, he always sighed.

It was just the same performance each time. Ten minutes or so before No. 1 westbound was due, MacAloon would run the 503 out of the roundhouse, over the turntable, up the line, and back onto the siding. Then Burke would appear on the scene, light a torch, and poke around with a long-spouted oilcan.

SPITZER would usually reach his position up the platform in time to see the engineer's final jab with the torch between the drivers or into the link-motion before swinging himself through the gangway into the cab, as the Limited, with snapping trucks and screeching brake-shoes, rolled into the station.

But one night it fell out a little differently. The station clock had struck ten, Merla had hastened to her domicile, and Spitzer to the far end of the platform as usual, but No. 1 was late.

Suddenly Spitzer jumped. His heart seemed to shoot into his mouth. There was a wild, piercing scream of agony. It came again. The blood left Spitzer's cheeks. He saw Burke fly around the end of the pilot, the torch dancing in his hand, and make for the cab. Spitzer involuntarily leaped from

the platform to the track and ran in the same direction. Then the safety-valve popped with a terrific roar, drowning out all other sounds.

He clambered cautiously into the cab. On the floor MacAloon was going through a performance that would have beggared the efforts of a writhing python, and the while he groaned and yelled.

Burke, who was bending over MacAloon with an anxious face, suddenly reached forward and picked up a little round object that rolled from the pocket of the fireman's jumper. Then another and another. Spitzer instinctively craned forward, and in so doing he attracted Burke's notice for the first time.

Burke's look of anxiety gave way to a grin and he held out the objects to Spitzer, just as if it wasn't Spitzer at all but an ordinary man. Humor, like death, is a great leveller; but no matter, let that go. Burke held them out to Spitzer; Spitzer took them, and even Spitzer grinned. It didn't need any doctor to diagnose MacAloon's complaint—and it wasn't poetic.

Just plain cramps and green crab-apples! Some things lay a man out worse, perhaps, but there aren't many.

Burke's grin didn't last long. At that moment the long, clear siren note came from No. 1. Back over the tender a streak of light shot out in a wide circle from around a butte and then danced along the rails and began to light up the platform. The Limited thundered, five minutes late, into the straight stretch.

"Holy fishplates!" yelled Burke. "I've got to get a man to fire. Spitzer, you run like hell to the roundhouse and—"

Burke stopped. Spitzer stopped him. There are moments in everybody's life when they rise above themselves, above habit, above environment, above everything, if even for only a brief instant. A chance like this would never come again. If he could fire one trip, maybe Regan would change his mind. Spitzer grasped at it frantically, despairingly.

"Burke, I *can* fire," he fairly screamed. "Give me a chance, Burke! I'll never get one if you don't."

BURKE gasped for a moment like a man with his breath knocked out of him. Then something like a dry chuckle sounded in his throat. No one knows but Burke what decided him. It might have been either one of two things, or a combination of them both: Spitzer's pleading face, or the desire to take a rise out of Regan, Burke and Regan not having been on the best of terms since that last general election. Be that as it may, Burke pointed at the squirming fireman.

"Take his feet," he grunted.

Together they lifted and dragged the stricken MacAloon out of the cab and to the ground. The 1108, pulling No. 1, had come to a stop abreast of them by now, and Burke shouted at the engine crew.

"Here!" he bawled. "Lend a hand!"

And as both men stuck their heads out of the gangway, he and Spitzer boosted the fireman up to them.

"Got cramps," explained Burke tersely. "You'll be able to fix him up in the roundhouse. Five minutes late, h'm? Well, hurry; you're clear! There's your highball. Pull out and let me get hold."

Burke turned to Spitzer, as the 1108 slipped away from the baggage car and moved up the track, and he pointed to the gangway of his own engine.

"Get in," he said grimly. "You'll

get a chance to fire, and, take it from me, you'll never get a chance to do that or anything else again this side of the happy hunting-grounds, my bucko, if you throw me down."

And while Regan quarreled amiably over a game of pedro upstairs in the station with Carleton, the 503, with Spitzer in the cab, backed down on the Imperial Limited and coupled on for the mountain run.

There was a quick testing of the "air," a hurried running up and down the platform, and then Burke, leaning from the window with his arm stretched out inside and fingers on the throttle, opened a notch, and the platform began to slide past them.

Spitzer wrinkled his face and stared at the gage needle—210 pounds, all the way, all the time—210 pounds! It was up to him. With a jerk of the chain he swung the furnace door wide. A shovelful of coal, neatly scattered, shot over the grate.

THERE is an art in all things; there is the quintessence of art in the prosaic and laborious task of firing an engine. Spitzer was not without art, for in a way he had had years of experience. Nevertheless, banking a fire in the roundhouse, and nursing a roaring pit of flame to its highest degree of efficiency in a swaying, lurching cab, are two different operations that are in no way to be confounded.

The 503 began to lurch and sway. Notch by notch Burke was opening her out. The bark of her exhaust was coming like the quick crackle of a machine gun.

Five minutes late in the mountains on a time schedule already marked up to a dizzy height that called for more chances than the passengers paid for is —well, it's five minutes, just *five minutes,* that's all. Some men would have left it for the Pacific Division crowd the next day on a level track and a straight sweep—but not Burke.

Spitzer's initiation was in ample form. He got full benefit of all the rites and ceremonies with every detail of the ritual worked in, and no favors shown. So far all was well, the rough country was all in front of the pilot, and Spitzer was all business. His pulse was beating in tune to only one thing—the dancing needle on the gage.

Again he swung the door open. A red flare lighted up the heavens and played on features that Regan would never have known for Spitzer's. They were set, grim and determined. They were covered with little sweat beads that glistened like diamonds.

The singing sweep of the wind was in his ears as he poised the shovel. There was a sickening slur. The 503 shot round a curve—and the shovelful of coal shot like bullets all over the cab, and, including Burke, hit everything in sight but the objective point aimed at.

Simultaneously, Spitzer promptly performed a gyration that resembled something like a back hand-spring and landed well up on the tender, to roll back to the floor of the cab again with an accompanying avalanche of coal.

He picked himself up and glanced apprehensively at the engineer. There was not a scowl, not even a grin on Burke's face. Just an encouraging flirt of the hand, but the flirt was momentous. Wise and full of guile was Burke, for with that little act Spitzer, Biblically speaking, girded up his loins and got his second wind.

THEY were well into the foothills now, and the right-of-way was an amazing wonder. Diving, twisting,

curving, it circled and bored and trestled its path; the buttes, canyons, gorges and coulees roared past like flights of fancy.

The speed was terrific. To Spitzer it was all a wild, mad medley of things he had never known before, of things that had neither beginning nor end. He felt the giddy slew as the big mountain racer hit the curves. He felt the crunching grind of the flanges as for an instant she lifted from her wheelbase. He felt the pitch, the roll, the staggering, the beat of the trucks, the whir of the racing drivers, the rush of the wind, the echoing thunder of the flying coaches behind.

It was all there, all separate, all welded into one, a creation, new, vernal, life, the life of the rail, that beat at his ear-drums and quickened the pounding throb of his heart.

At first, from time to time, Burke leaned over his levers to glance at the pressure gage. Then after a bit he crouched a little farther forward in his seat and his eyes held on the track ahead where the beam of the electric headlight flooded the glittering ribbons of steel.

He was getting what MacAloon or no other man had ever given him before—210 all the way. Spitzer was firing No. 1, the Imperial Limited, westbound, in the mountain run, three minutes late!

The sweat was rolling in streams from the little fellow now, and he clung to the gangway for a moment's breathing spell, leaning out, staring ahead at a few shining lights in the distance.

Came the hoarse scream of the whistle, the clattering crash as they shattered the yard switches, and a blurred vision of dark outlines dotted with tiny, scintillating points. Then a little town with its station, yard, lights, switches and all were behind him.

Spitzer drew his sleeve across his forehead, and turned again to his work as they thundered over a long steel trestle, Thief Creek. Spitzer knew the road well enough at second hand, if not from personal experience. Just ahead was The Pass, straight enough for its quarter-mile stretch, just where the rock walls rose up on either side so close as to almost scratch the paint off the rolling stock.

Eased for a moment in scant deference to switches and trestle just passed, Spitzer felt the forward leap of the racer as Burke threw her wide open again. He bent for his shovel—

QUICK as the winking of an eye, sudden as doom, came a tearing, rending crash. There was a scream from Burke, and the right-hand side of the cab seemed torn in two!

A flying piece of woodwork that struck Spitzer across the eyes. A terrific jolt as the engine lifted and fell back sent him headlong to the floor of the cab. Dazed, half mad with pain, the blood streaming from his forehead, he staggered to his feet.

Burke lay coiled in an inert heap just in front of him by the furnace door. A whizzing piece of steel rose up, crunched, slithered, gashed a track of ruin for itself, and was gone. It had missed Burke only by a hair's breadth. Next time there might not be even that limit of safety.

With a cry, Spitzer leaped forward and dragged the unconscious engineer across the cab. Again the jolt, the slur, the stagger, the desperate wrench. It seemed like years, like eternity to Spitzer. He was living a lifetime in the passing of a second—it had been no more than two or three at the most.

There are some things worse, much worse, in railroading than a broken crank-pin and a rod amuck, but not when it comes in The Pass, where derailment at their racing speed spelt death, quick and sudden.

There was just one chance for the trailing string of coaches, just one for every last soul aboard—*Spitzer.* But between Spitzer and the throttle and the air-latch was a thing of steel that rose and fell. Now it was swinging a splintering, murderous arc through the shattered side of the cab. Now it was grinding into the ties and roadbed, threatening with every revolution to pitch the 503 and the train behind her headlong from the rails to crumple like flimsy egg-shells against the narrow rocky walls that lined The Pass.

Just one chance for the train crew and passengers—just one in a thousand for Spitzer. And little five-foot-five Spitzer, diffident, self-effacing and unobtrusive, with a dry, choking sob in his throat, flung himself forward to stop the train.

His hands clutched desperately at the levers. There was a hiss, the vicious bite of the brake-shoes. Then came a blinding light before his eyes as the rod caught him, and he pitched, senseless, half out through the front window of the cab, head down on the running-board.

THE last word is a woman's—it is her inalienable right. Said Merla the waitress to Regan the master mechanic, with a world of suggestion in the cadence of her voice, when Spitzer was getting well enough to think about going to work again:

"Yah, I love Spitzer."

"Well," said Regan, squinting at her clear, gray eyes which were not frozen now, "there ain't anything I know of to keep you waiting. He can name the run he wants." And then, the wonder of it being still heavy upon him, he exclaimed with the air of one invoking the universe: "Now, wouldn't that get you! What do you think, h'm?"

All English to Merla was literal, and she responded: "Him a good man, I think."

The World's Shortest Railroad?

ONE article of the Lateran Treaty which was signed on February 11, 1929, between Premier Mussolini and His Holiness Pope Pius XI, called for the construction of a tiny railway in Vatican City to connect with the Italian State Railways; also a depot of which the Pope said: "This is the most beautiful railway station in the world!" However, when the Pope wants to use his railway he is obliged to borrow motive power and train and engine crews from the Italian State Railways.

The Vatican branch line was completed and opened in October, 1934. Its total length is only 861.78 meters (about 942 yards) from the Vatican City station to the St. Peter station in the city of Rome, just outside the little Papal state. The walls surrounding Vatican City are pierced by a hole large enough to permit the railway to pass through; this is protected by sliding iron doors which are open only when trains pass in or out.

Unusual problems beset the building of this miniature railway, which had to be completed not less than a year after ratification of the Lateran Treaty in September, 1934. It was constructed by the Ministry of Public Works of the Italian Government, and had to conform to three different sets of standards; namely, those of Vatican City, those of the City of Rome, and those of the Italian State Railways.

Incidentally, the opening of this means of travel to the outside world marks a definite change of Papal policy; previously the Popes had isolated themselves in the Vatican ever since Garibaldi's red shirts overthrew the Pope's temporal kingdom nearly three-quarters of a century ago.—N. A. Critchett.

TRUE TALES *of the* RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses

Running the Gauntlet

By H. E. WEBSTER

Locomotive Engineer on the Great Northern Railway

IT happened some years ago; yet I tell of the events of that December evening with tingling remembrance. Officials sat wide-eyed and anxious. Men looked askance at each other. A fictioneer would hesitate to brave the incredulity of his readers—unless they promised to read the ending first. Don't you do it.

At that time I was the road foreman of engines at a helper station at the foot of the Rockies. Along with the regular helper engines, we had several extra locomotives which we used on the snow machines.

By mid-December the snow gage recorded a twenty-foot fall. Then, to climax it all, the worst blizzard of the winter howled through the craggy pass. For five days it raged in unabated fury while weary snow-fighting crews fought to keep the main line clear.

"I've got to have another engine," the dispatcher called Waldron engine house.

"Sorry, Bill," the foreman told him. "Every machinist in town is working; but they can't get an engine ready for three hours."

"You've got to furnish an engine *now*," the dispatcher called a few minutes later.

"You tell him," the foreman turned the refusal over to me.

"The 976 is broken down on the big rotary," the dispatcher told me. "If I can't get a Russell snowplow up behind it quick, that outfit will be snowed in and the hill will be tied up. The storm is letting up; but it is still bad."

"There is just one engine I could give you, Bill. Do you want the old Five-Spot?" I asked him.

"I'd use a push car if it had a boiler on it," he called back. "Call a crew and get her going S. A. P." (Soon as possible.)

Strange to say, the 500, dubbed the Five-Spot, one of the crankiest, hardest-steaming and most useless old coffee-pots that ever happened in a series of otherwise good locomotives, saved the day. The 500 was the roustabout engine at Waldron. We sometimes used it on a light work train. It happened to be fired up because we were using it for a thaw-out engine. We had a long steam hose attached to her dome, and used her steam to melt ice from tank spouts, dozers, or anything else that needed heat quickly. We were all somewhat astonished that the old lemon filled the

bill; but what little satisfaction we got from that, came with that surprise. We were quickly due for something else.

The next night was clear, cold, and nearly as light as day. A full moon etched the glittering peaks against a frosty blue background. The weather man predicted clear and calm for days to come. Weary crews had turned in early. The roundhouse was full of engines ready to go. The big wing dozers had shoved the snow far back from main line tracks. All was again serene.

"Kill and drain the Five-Spot," I told a hostler, "then put her out on the stem of the wye."

TWO hours later I saw the old Jonah standing outside the house. Waldron engine house is not round. There are six stalls on three straight tracks. Engines could be run straight through the house. That is what the hostler had done. He had run an engine in behind the Five-Spot and shoved it outside. Later, he intended to use some incoming engine to set the 500 on the wye. I put my hand on the side of the firebox and found it stone cold. I went to my office, and it was an hour later when I started to the depot with a handful of letters. Nearly there, I met a breathless call boy.

"Hey!" he gasped, "the old Five-Spot has run away."

"Sure, sonny, that's just like the old girl," I told him tolerantly.

"But — but — but, it-za-fact," he stammered. "I—I saw it. It run out through the main line switch and started east on the eastbound main. Number One!"

It was preposterous. Locomotives don't run away unless they are steamed up—not up-hill, anyway. But that super caution that comes with rigid railroad training registered a warning. It could not be the 500, for I had personally seen that engine cold and dead. It *could* be some other engine, racing, driverless, toward the mile long gauntlet track. And No. 1 was almost due! If any engine had done as the call boy said, that engine must be without a driver—unless some driver had gone crazy. Anyway, if an engine met No. 1 on the gauntlet in the mile-long snow-shed, the wreck would be awful. I shuddered.

And here I'll go into a siding a moment to explain about the gauntlet track. When the mountain had been double-tracked there had been two places where it was next to impossible to dig out the hillside for a bench any wider than that which already existed. That was due to the fact that loose gravel extended thousands of feet above the track. If the bank was disturbed, the gravel would slide and slide. So the builders had brought the rails of the eastbound and the westbound tracks within a foot of each other.

Of course, if two trains should meet there it would amount to a head-on collision; and to prevent such a catastrophe, there were automatic blocks and smash boards at the ends of the gauntleted track. Whichever opposing train reached a point a mile away from the gauntlet entrance first threw a block signal against a train coming from the other direction, and that block did not clear until the other train had passed out of the gauntlet limits. It was a fine solution to a difficult situation; but it was never contemplated that a riderless locomotive would race into that territory!

I GLANCED toward the engine track where the 500 stood. No—*had* stood! It was not there. But

that didn't mean anything. The hostler had set it on the wye. Then I remembered that no engine had come in since I saw the 500 on the engine track. Growing concern drove me against the certainty that it was fantastic for me to race down the track to look out on the stem of the wye, but I did. I could see almost as well as I could in daylight. There was no big black locomotive there. There was nothing there.

"Ain—ain't it hell?" the call boy chattered.

I turned and ran to the depot. The telephone bell was jangling when I reached there.

"Have they hit? Do you hear them?" Those words came crackling into the silence of the office from the white-faced operator's headpiece. That dispatcher was shouting. He would be waiting with a trembling finger hovering over the wrecker whistle button. A push on that button and a hundred men would race to duty on the wrecking outfit. Scared men in the office strained their ears before they vented a thin laugh of relief.

"Hold it! Don't call the hook!" the operator shouted back. His eyes had been glued to the block tell-tale signal in the office. The signal was red. It told that something had entered the block at the other end of the gauntlet track—that everything was normal. Soon, from the west end of the long snow shed, came the melodious chime whistle of No. 1. The golden headlight flashed across the curve.

I looked from face to face and I made my voice sound as scornful as I could; for I was trembling, too. "You sports are nutty," I told them. That didn't say all I wanted to; but I couldn't think of anything that would.

Then, from outside, there sounded the screech of brakes. Number One's engine grated to a stop in front of the depot and Matt Conroy, the engineer, stormed through the door.

"What the devil is going on?" he raged. "An engine ran into the gauntlet after I had the signal. The block and the smash-board went red just as I got there. I set the emergency air and stopped; but I must have tossed the passengers around in their seats—they'll be hell about that!"

"You won't get hell for saving their lives," a trainmaster chuckled. "The board isn't out; better move or you'll go in late, Matt."

The veteran engineer grumblingly climbed to his cab. The exhausts were a roar as the long limited shot away. Just then we saw the operator straighten in his chair while he pulled his headpiece away from his ears. We heard his voice all over the office.

"It's the operator at Gladstone," the operator turned and told us. "Listen." He held the telephone headpiece so all could hear:

"Say, Ds. (dispatcher). What's coming? Terrill had to dynamite* his Mallet 'cause the gauntlet blocks went red in his face. It broke his train in three pieces. A light engine just went by up the hill, going slow, and—"

"Gimme that phone," came Terrill's voice. "Say, Ds.," came his excited tones, "that engine is the old Five-Spot. She was puffing, all right; but there wasn't any smoke or steam coming from her stack."

"She stopped a little ways up the hill, an' she's coming back," came in new tones—a brakeman's. "I climbed up on her an' I was going to set the air an' stop her. But she's cold as a wedge. *What do you say to that?*"

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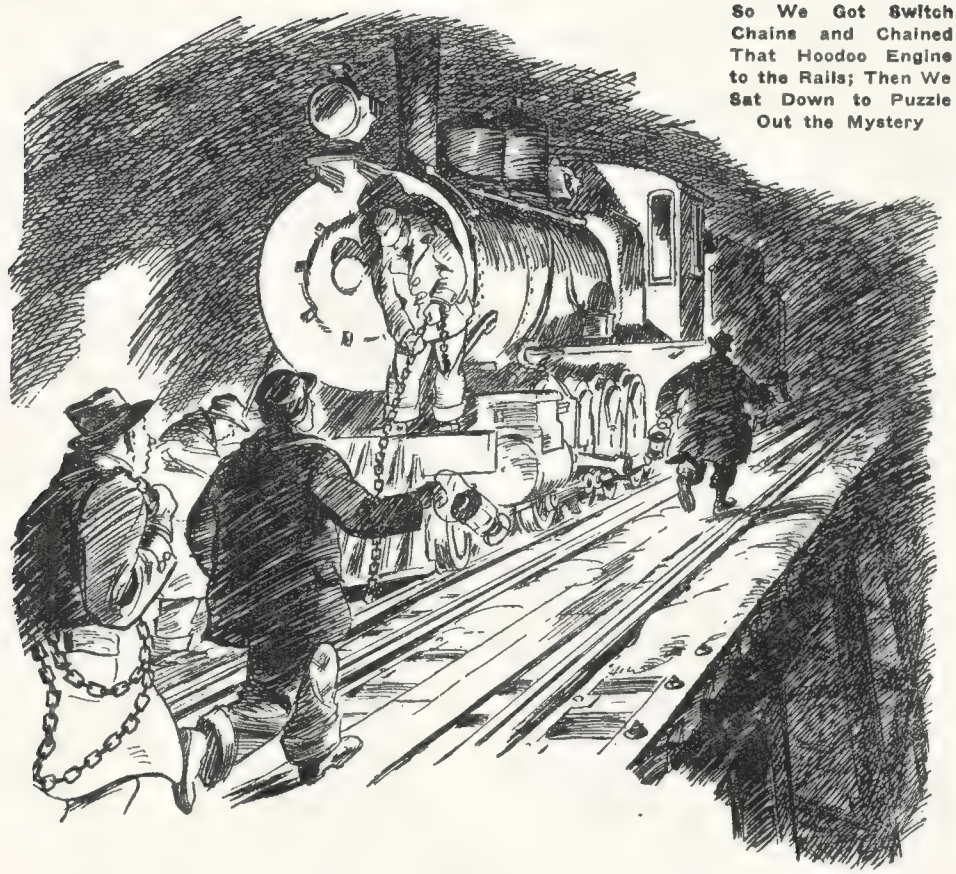
* *To dynamite a train means to set the air in emergency. It frequently causes much damage.*



So We Got Switch Chains and Chained That Hoodoo Engine to the Rails; Then We Sat Down to Puzzle Out the Mystery

A little later the operator talked again. "She ran out on the bridge and stopped," he told the dispatcher. "She's got the line tied up, for she's on the eastbound track on the gauntlet, and Terrill don't dare wabash* her into the clear because she hasn't any brakes."

"Get switch chains and chain that hoodoo to the rails," came the order from the dispatcher. "When the train crew has that done, let me know. I'll send an engine from Waldron to take her back."

So we chained the hoodoo, and then sat down to puzzle out the mystery.

THIS is what had happened. The old engine ran out on the main line and entered the west gauntlet just before No. 1 reached the other end. The block stopped Conroy in time. Ten seconds more and it would have been too late. Serenely the 500 puffed along another two miles, repeating the same performance at the other gauntlet. Terrill got stopped just in time. The investigation brought out all these facts easily enough.

But what caused the 500 to move? Well, the hostler had killed the engine as instructed, and had pushed it outside. Because he was in a hurry and did not want to wait for an incoming helper engine before he set the 500 on the stem of the wye, he connected an air hose to the dome pipe and charged

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*"*Wabash,*" apparently, has a number of meanings; but in this case it designates the act of contacting and moving a car or engine without using the couplers.*

the boiler with air from the house compressor. A Japanese laborer climbed to the cab after it was set outside. He admitted that he had toyed with the throttle lever. The engine moved, smashing and riding over the light block which had been ahead of a driver on the up-hill side. The Jap admitted that he was gripped with superstitious fear. He dove from the cab into a snowbank and raced away. And the 500 went her own sweet way, without a lick of fire on her grates, or a pound of *steam* in her boiler.

The Wreck at St. Thomas

By THOMAS J. HAYHOE

FORTY-EIGHT years ago, when I was traveling general yardmaster for the Michigan Central Railroad, I was an unwilling witness to the disastrous wreck at St. Thomas, Ont., Canada. This is what happened: On July 15, 1887, the London & Port Stanley (operated by the Grand Trunk R.R.) ran a special excursion train for a Baptist church picnic from St. Thomas to Port Stanley, on the north shore of Lake Erie.

This train was made up of seven wooden coaches with a National Dispatch box car between them and the engine. The box car was not equipped with air, so a dummy pipe (without an anglecock) was run under the car from locomotive to the first coach. The only anglecocks were on the tank at the engine and on the head of the first coach.

The nine-mile run to Port Stanley was uneventful. On the return trip the train was made up in the same manner. In coupling the engine onto the train, the brakeman, who had turned the anglecock on the engine tank, failed to turn the one on the head of the first coach. Therefore, the only air on the train was on the engine and tank.

It is up grade from Port Stanley for six miles and then level for two more before the down grade to St. Thomas, so that Engineer Donnely had no occasion to use the air until he tried to stop at the fatal Michigan Central crossing. Donnely was about seventy years old, with long gray whiskers. He was handling a high-wheeled engine with wheel reverse.

At the same time the excursion train was approaching St. Thomas, a Michigan Central freight train was going west (approximately at right angle to the L.&P.S. tracks). Fifteen cars in back of the locomotive were two U.T.L. gasoline tanks.

I was about two hundred feet from the crossing when I heard the L.&P.S. train blowing frantically for brakes. Even with the engine in reverse, it plowed into the Michigan Central train, the pilot striking the first U.T.L. tank. The engine kept going over the car and landed on the other side, clear of all tracks. As the firebox passed over the tank, with the buffer box car and half or more of the first coach right behind, it ignited the gasoline tank. My last view of Donnely was in his cab, enveloped in flames.

I was then only a hundred feet away from the terrible sight. I rushed to

the coach. People were screaming with pain. Another man and I crawled into the end of a coach not yet burning and carried out a little girl. Then we rescued a woman who had been pinned in a flaming seat, though we both got badly burned helping her. By then the fire was raging so fiercely we couldn't get near it to save other trapped victims. Later we learned that twenty-two passengers perished in that coach.

Meanwhile a great crowd had gathered to watch the rescue work. Suddenly the second tank of gasoline, which had become overheated, exploded with a tremendous boom. About four hundred people were burned or scalded, three so badly that they died within a day or two.

As an eye witness I was called at the coroner's inquest to testify that this wreck was due solely to the carelessness of the train crew. Not one of them had tested the air for the entire train before leaving Point Stanley. The coroner found the engineer to blame, but poor Donnely was far from his jurisdiction.

If there are any other old-timers who witnessed that wreck, I wish they would write to me at 931 Hawthorne Ave., Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

My Happiest Christmas

By W. E. BUTLER

YEARS ago I was in active service as an engineer on the Southern Pacific branch from Nogales to Benson, Ariz. The line runs mostly through a grazing country, much of which was owned by cattlemen, and the balance leased to them by the Government. The lease expired in 1911, and the land was then thrown open for settlement.

When this was done most of it was soon taken up under the homestead laws. Practically all the people were in poor or moderate circumstances.

Almost none, moreover, had any surplus funds after getting to Sonoita, the small town that had been selected as headquarters. The first year was a hard one. There was no store nearby for two years, and they often ran out of much-needed supplies. Then they would come to the engine and hand me some money and ask me to bring them from Nogales whatever was needed to tide them over until the time they could go to town and trade. I always did so. At times it was not exactly easy, for I was generally very tired from the day's trip of 177 miles. I had to do it after I got in, as the train left the next morning before the stores were open. I carried everything from plow points and garden rakes to calicos and ginghams.

After they had raised their first crop, the people commenced to show their appreciation of this by presenting me with little things, such as a basket of vegetables, a watermelon, a pumpkin for pies, or a dozen eggs. In the third year a man started a small store at Sonoita, and they were able to buy

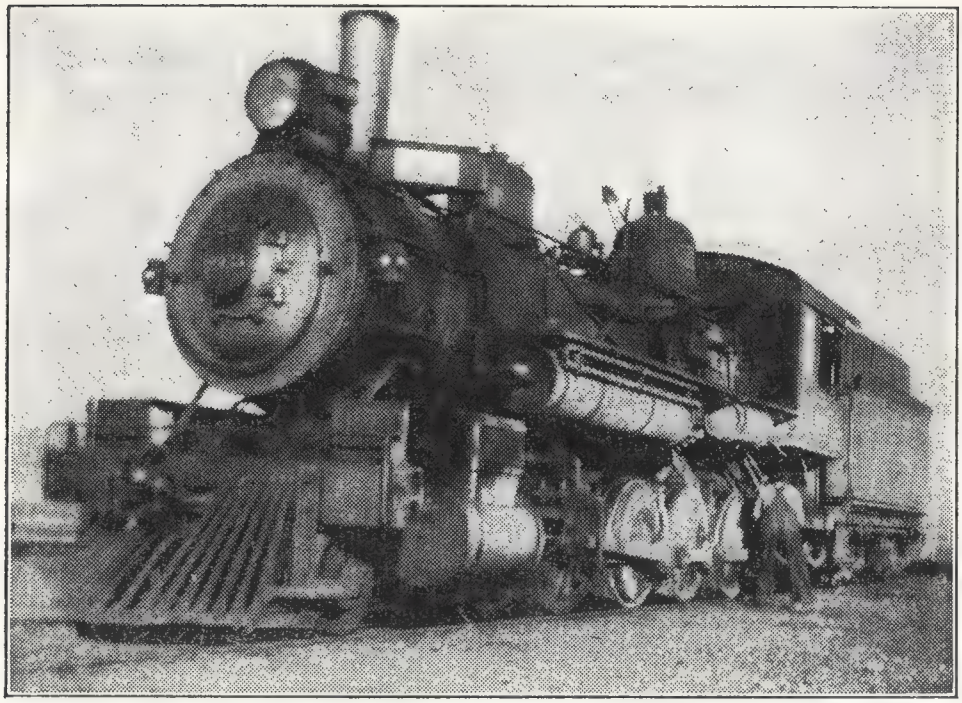


Photo by W. E. Butler, 2508 First Ave., San Diego, Calif.

No. 2993 Was One of the Old-Style, Low-Built McQueens That Were Used on the Southern Pacific Branch Between Nogales and Benson, Arizona, the Famous "Southwest Passage" (See Dellinger Story in Dec. '35 issue.) This Engine Was a 4-8-0 Type, Built by Schenectady, With 20 by 26-Inch Cylinders and 51-Inch Drivers. Brother Butler Ran Her for 12 Years. He has Since Retired from Active Service—So Has the 2993

much of their supplies. But he did not keep all a person needed, and so they continued to ask me to bring them things from Nogales.

I had to work Christmas day, and left on my run at 6 A.M. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, which gave way at 8 A.M. to snow. At times I could not see fifty feet ahead. When I arrived at Sonoita I made the usual station stop. On the left hand side of the track I noticed a group of about three dozen people. The snow had been cleared in a circle; a rousing fire of dry juniper wood had been started; and these people were gathered around it.

I had hardly stopped when one of them got on the engine and asked me to come down and join them. When I joined the group one of them stepped forward, handed me a box, and asked me to accept the same from the people in that community as a slight token of their appreciation for the favors I had done them in the past four years.

I cannot recall all he said, but it was a neat little speech. I was so surprised that for once in my life my voice failed me. I finally managed to stammer out my thanks. In the meantime, the train crew had joined the circle, and one of the trainmen told me that as soon as I was at liberty there were some cars to pick up. I shook hands with them all, wished them a Merry Christmas, and returned to the engine.

Imagine that scene! The snow falling thickly, a bright fire with a crowd of people around it, and one of them presenting a diminutive specimen of

humanity clad in overalls and jumper and ear-lapped cap a Christmas present. I did not present a very good appearance, for on coming into Calabasas that morning the engine had sheared off the cellar bolts on the left main driving cellar, and I had to install new bolts. The engine, No. 2933, was one of old-style, low-built McQueens, and I was compelled to crawl under it.

In the crowd were people who had come from five to seven miles on that stormy morning to be present just for a few moments while one of their number handed me that little box. It touched me deeply, and when I went back to my engine my eyes were so moist I could hardly see the signals.

I attempted to do the work, but after I had hit one of the cars so hard that I nearly knocked the brakeman off the top, and had about crippled the drawhead so that it was with difficulty that the coupling could be made, I gave up. I got one of the brakemen to come and do the firing, and I turned the engine over to my fireman and told him to finish the work and then run her over to Elgin, eight miles away, while I went back into the day coach.

I had hardly got seated when Conductor Long asked me if I was sick.

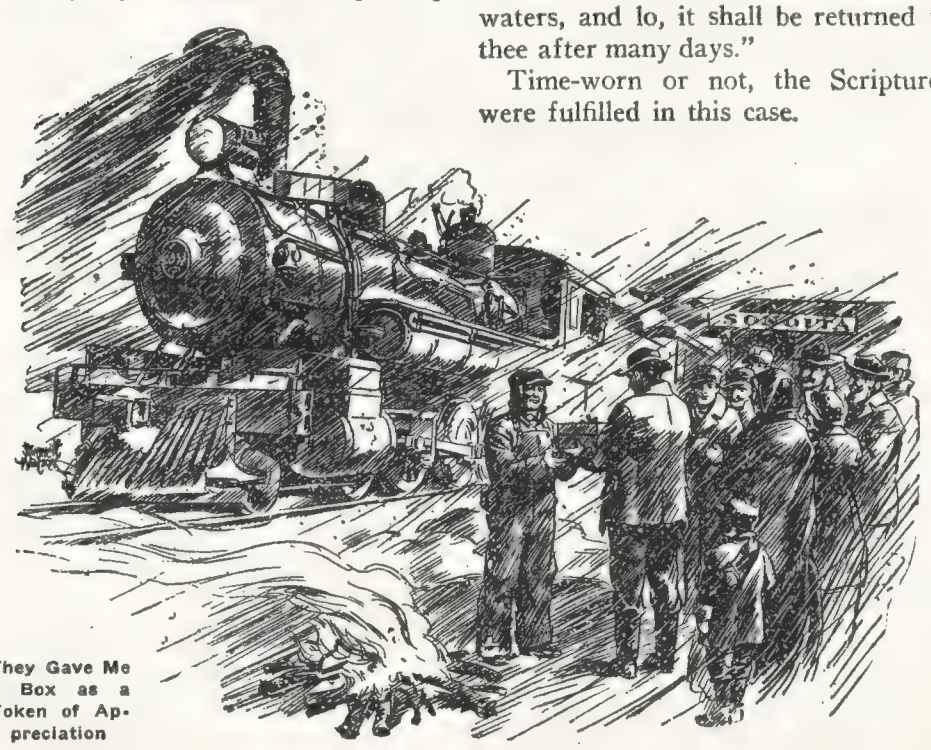
I did not want to look at him and tell the truth. I replied without glancing up:

"No. When we backed in on the siding, the wind blew some frozen snow off the top of the car and hit me in the eyes. I can't trust myself to see the signals. The fireman will run her to Elgin; I'll take her from there."

After supper I opened the package. It contained a new typewriter with all the latest improvements!

That was just about the most memorable Christmas of my life. The only appropriate sentiment I could think of was the time-worn admonition from Proverbs: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and lo, it shall be returned to thee after many days."

Time-worn or not, the Scriptures were fulfilled in this case.



They Gave Me a Box as a Token of Appreciation

On *the* Spot

NEXT month's front cover, painted by Emmett Watson, will depict an important crisis in railroad history—"The Great Strike of 1877." In connection with this we will publish an illustrated feature article by H. R. Edwards. A few of the old-timers recall that walkout, which tied up most of the railroads in 14 states. The article will give you full details and plenty of pictures.

E. S. Dellinger will, of course, be represented in the February issue. His story, "Mileage Hog," is one which will long be remembered as a railroad classic.

Arthur Curran will continue his well-illustrated series of famous types of motive power. First we presented "Hump-Backed Hogs," now "Forney's Iron Horse." Next will come "The Eight-Wheeler."

The Engine Picture Kid and Goldenrod, sponsored by Ex-Fireman Johnny Thompson, are rushing back from Ethiopia to go to Hollywood, California, where they will be guests of Boomer Ed Huffsmith. They will show the movie magnates how to make a real railroad film, in the February "Railroad Stories." There's a barrel of laughs in that yarn. Incidentally, Thompson used to work at Hollywood, and knows his stuff.

Plenty of other good things are lined up for February issue, but space is too limited to talk about 'em now. We want you to do something for us: Fill out and mail the "Reader's Choice" coupon (page 143) or else write your preferences in a letter or on a postcard. This information is a mighty big help to Editor Hubbard and Associate Editor Burck in preparing future issues of the magazine.

Votes and comments are still coming in from November issue. Here are the latest returns, listed in order of popularity:

1—"Tornado," Dellinger.
2—True Tales of the Rails.
3—By the Light of the Lantern.
4—On the Spot.
5—"Soapstone Limited," E. P. Kid.
6—International Engine Picture Club.
7—"Master Mechanic's Blood," Lathrop.
8—"Ethiopia's Iron Pike," Remington.
9—Locomotives of the Pere Marquette.
10—"Giants of the Pennsy," Warner.
11—"Sentimental Value," Livingston.
12—Model Railroading.

The Origin of "Phantom City"

"PHANTOM CITY" (in this issue) has a lot of facts back of it. The idea came to me partly from reading an account in the *Denver Post* about "Baby Doe" Tabor, who lived on at the old Silver Dollar Mine and died there, alone. She was practically the only inhabitant of a "ghost town." On top of that, Carey Holbrook, editor of the *Health City Sun*, said to me:

"Dellinger, why don't you write something about this old logging road from Alamogordo to Cloudcroft?"

Finally, I am familiar with the case of a prospector who found a rich placer mine near Las Vegas and was tortured to death by a gang trying to make him reveal the secret of its location. From those three strands, so to speak, I have woven the story of "Phantom City." I hope the readers like it.

And now, in answer to many requests, I am writing another short historical novel.—E. S. DELLINGER, P.O. Box 995, Garden Road, Albuquerque, N. M.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *We predict popularity for "Phantom City." Our readers appreciate a good yarn when they see it. We are looking forward to that short historical novel; there is a big demand for such fiction. . . . Mr. Dellinger, you are doing a great work! The fans don't know—but we do—how you are battling against ill health to create stories of permanent value. That calls for railroad courage of the highest type . . . especially since the recent death of your wife, who was a loyal companion, helper, and literary critic clear through to journey's end.)*

* * *

DOUBT was expressed by Corp. A. G. Wilson (Nov. issue) that Dellinger was correct in saying electric headlights were used in 1904. I was working in Southern Ry. shops at Knoxville, Tenn., in 1899-1900 and saw electric headlights.—WALTER E. MILLER, 162 Luckie St., S.W., Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

CORP. WILSON claims there were no electric headlights in 1904. I remember the "Katy Flyer" running to the World's Fair at St. Louis had bright electric headlights.

I also remember Bassens, France, which was mentioned by J. E. Brady of Chicago. My regiment, 18th Engineers, built large yards and docks at Bassens and a large yard and 15 warehouses at St. Sulpice. I took several hundred photos over there, including a

snap of a French "hump" and one of a machine that switches cars out of the center of a train, or puts them in.

"Ethiopia's Iron Pike" (Nov. issue) is mighty interesting. I showed it to the gang at work. Also enjoyed article on "The Chatsworth Wreck" (June, '35, issue), as I was born near there and recall singing "When the Bridge Was Burned at Chatsworth."—JOHN CARTER, 3476 18th St., San Francisco.

* * *

"THE BOOMERS COME TO TOWN" and "The Busses Come to Town" are 2 of the best yarns you ever printed. Both might have been fact instead of fiction. Earle Davis is to be congratulated. What particularly tickled me was "Transportation Progress, 1934."

Engine Picture Kid stories are on the decline, now that he is on the loose again. Of departments "By the Light of the Lantern" is far the most interesting.—B. MURTON, 62-A, Nevern Sq., London S.W.5, England.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Maybe you'll change your mind about the "decline" after you've read "The Engine Picture Kid in Ethiopia"; also the one about the Hollywood movie industry, coming next month.)*

* * *

BECAUSE "The Boomers Come to Town" struck me as rank, I did not read "The Busses Come to Town," for it appeared to be the same kind of story. I didn't see anything in "The Spotter," by Frank L. Packard, and my feelings toward the Engine Picture Kid aren't any kindlier. Dellinger's stories are O. K. except for the occasional mush. So are Dave Martin's. All of Earp's stories are good. I like nearly all of your recent front covers.—L. T. HAUG, 3207 Adeline St., Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

SOME fans object to railroad love stories. They must have been turned down by their girls and become soured on mankind.—JOHN BOKOSKY, 9210 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

* * *

LET'S have more Dellinger and Packard and not so much fact stuff.—JOHN LIPPITT, 2414 Pacific Ave., San Francisco.

* * *

"TORNADO" (Nov. issue) is the most powerful story I've ever read. Dellinger has written a masterpiece that will live after we have all registered in.—RALPH A. SNYDER (ex-boomer), Sublimity, Ore.

* * *

DON'T let Dellinger get away without a story every month. His tales are the best part of the book.—W. GRIP, 8051 Harvard Ave., Chicago.

* * *

SIDETRACK Dellinger and the Engine Picture Kid for a while and let them cool off. Your true tales and depts. are O. K. I find much information of real value in them.—C. W. BURNS, 1301 29th St., Canton, O.

* * *

OMIT wrecks and gangster stuff. Keep Dellinger and the Engine Picture Kid on the main line.—D. J. POWER, Donovan's, Newfoundland.

* * *

MY son and I dote on Engine Picture Kid's stories. As the boy is only 7 years old, I think his interest is a big compliment to the author's clear, simple style.—CLARENCE NORWOOD, Long Island City, N. Y.

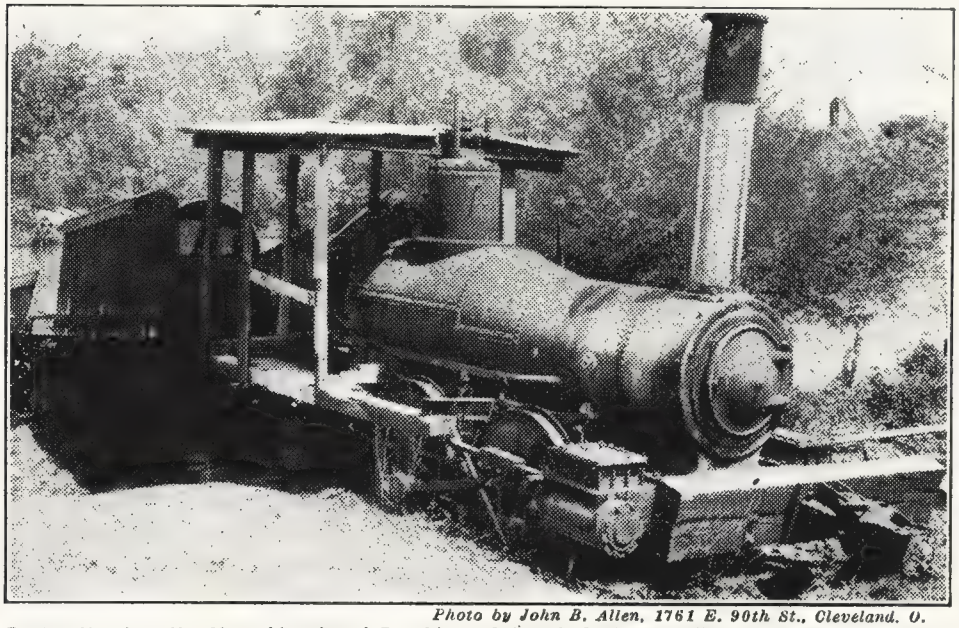


Photo by John B. Allen, 1761 E. 90th St., Cleveland, O.

Engine No. 1 of the Now Abandoned Brookings & Peach Orchard Railroad, at Brookings, Ark. She Was Built About 1868 for the Sualmaltz Lumber Co., Which Owned the Railroad. Can Any Reader Give Details?

The Information Booth

YEARS ago I read an amusing poem about a passenger riding through interesting country whose view was shut off by passing cars. Can any reader supply the words?—R. W. VAN SANT, B.&O. Director of Public Relations, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

WHO has facts and photos of steam engines that used to run on N. Y. City elevated lines? Engineers and firemen who worked on these engines, please write.—J. F. MARRON, 154 Park Ave., Harrison, N. Y.

* * *

I WISH to hear from persons interested in railroad photography who live near: (1) A. H. Smith Memorial Bridge on N. Y. C.; (2) Salt Lick Curve on B.&O. Cranberry Grade; (3) Pennsy Horseshoe Curve, and (4) Truckee, Calif., on the S.P.—BILL SANGSTER, 2855 Douglas Rd., Burnaby, B. C., Canada.

* * *

ABOUT 390 members of the American Ass'n of Cemetery Supts. held an outing at Barre, Vt., Sept. 13-14. They arrived from Boston in 7 Pullmans over the Montpelier & Wells River R.R. The Pullmans, with 2 diners and a baggage car, were parked at Barre with engine No. 9, an 0-6-0 attached to maintain heat and hot water supply. This was the first Pullman train the M.&W.R. ever handled.—ELWIN K. HEATH, Box 15, Barre, Vt.

* * *

WHAT became of E.&T.H. engines Nos. 131 and 132, brought to the road about 1904?

Who remembers E.&T.H. engines Nos. 99 and 121 which were dragged into Evansville after a head-on collision north of there? Does anyone know where the wreck occurred? How many of the 50 series are left? The Cook Brewing Co. had one of them some years ago. I knew some of the men on the road, including Chester Rycroft, Wm. Scheloskey and Bob Skinner, long ago.

What became of L.S.&M.S. engine No. 4896 which pulled the first 18-hour "Century" out of Chicago in June, 1905? Are the 900 Moguls of the L.&N. still in service?—HARRY ENTLER, 6632 S. Irving Ave., Chicago.

* * *

CAN any old boomer tell me what became of Pants Childs, who left the Cincinnati Southern about 1903 or 1904?—A. L. WIDENER, Rte. 1, Washington, Ind.

* * *

I WANT to hear from anyone who remembers my brother, Alfred Stoddard, engine inspector on the Central Vermont in 1914 and on the B.&A. in 1917-1918. Will someone send me a C.V. employees' timecard?—E. STODDARD, 64 Sargent St., Springfield, Mass.

* * *

CAN anyone tell me on what pike C. A. Horton ran an engine out of Toledo, O., about 1880 or 1890?—J. C. HORTON, care of Hassett, 711 237th St., N. Y. City.

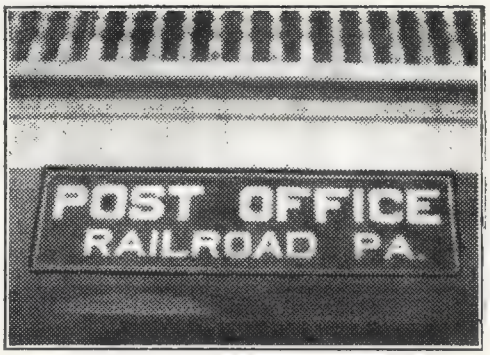


Photo from R. White, Pontiac, Mich.

This Is Said to Be the Only Town in the World with That Name—and It Has No Railroad Station! (However, There Is a Station Called Railway Park, Pa., on the Reading System)

ANYONE who knows the address of Thomas E. Ferry, former member of B.ofL.F.&E. Lodge 808, and employed as fireman on S.P. Stockton Division, please get in touch with R. WILLIAMS, Lodge 808, Box 774, Tracy, Calif.

* * *

WHO has seen Leroy Wehrer, 13-yr.-old son of Herman Wehrer of B.ofL.F.&E. Lodge 351, who disappeared from home at 5114 N. 30th St., Omaha, Neb., last May? Leroy is 5¼ ft. tall, has light brown hair and blue eyes and weighs 110 lbs. His anxious parents will gladly pay $50 for information that will restore him.

* * *

I AM anxious to locate Walter W. Scott, who was a Rock Island train dispatcher 30-odd years ago, for the probate of an estate.—MRS. LEWIS J. SCHINO, 6 E. Main St., Stockton, Calif.

* * *

ALBERT NELSON HENRY, who was last heard of in 1905 when he was on the C.I.&L.R.R., is asked to get in touch with his invalid sister, Mrs. Louis Fields, by writing to Charles Raisor, 214 W. Ottawa St., Logansport, Ind.

* * *

ADDRESS WANTED: Samuel Cotton, age 14, 5½ ft. tall, weighs 114 lbs., has dark red hair, hazel-brown eyes, and a corner broken off a front tooth. If you have heard anything about Sammy, please communicate with his stepfather, H. L. Wells (B.ofL.F.&E. Lodge 776), 1226 N. Shartel Ave., Okla. City, Okla.

* * *

WHY not have a Railway Mail dept. in RAILROAD STORIES? There are about 20,500 of us in America and our interests are identical with those of railroad employees. Railway Mail Service and Brotherhoods coöperate for better working conditions.—OSCAR RENSHAW (Local No. 1, Chicago Postal Clerks Union), 1128 N. La Salle St., Chicago.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *For years we have been trying to get good stories about Railway Mail Service, but so far without success. We now have 6 regular depts.; some readers say there are too many, yet they don't want us to abandon any. We haven't space to take on any more depts. But we do want to get R.M.S. stories.)*

A RECENT inquirer asked about a cyclone wreck on the Nickel Plate at Marion, Ind. My stepfather was hurt in that wreck. He was passenger brakeman on that train. My father was yard foreman at Marion 24 years ago and was killed in one of the first train-auto accidents in this country.—PAUL HARVEY (ex-fireman, Nickel Plate R.R.), 706 Bartley Pl., Toledo, O.

* * *

TO boost rail traffic I use a printed tag which I paste on envelopes, parcels, etc., saying: "For safety, speed and comfort, travel by rail."—GEO. JARVIS, R.R. 6, St. Mary's, Ont., Canada.

* * *

WALTER VAN HORNE (Oct. issue), you are *not* the youngest railroad worker in U. S. At 16 I was a switch-engine fireman and general shop helper on the Mississippi Export R.R. Two years later I was firing main line freight and braking extra; at 19 I worked as shop machinist; at 20 I went to firing main line freight. Now at 21 I'm still firing and am on the engineers' extra board.

My father has worked on nearly all big roads in the South and West, my stepmother is M. E. R.R. agt. at Pascagoula, Miss., and my father's parents were both railroad telegraphers. Where can I get "Ship by Rail" and other railroad booster stamps?—R. A. FEEHAN, Moss Point, Miss.

* * *

ANSWERING W. Van Horne: I have over 5 yrs. rating as telegraph operator and station agent on the Md. & Pa. R.R., yet I am not 21.—L. C. Fox, Rocks, Md.

* * *

CHAS. CORWIN (Dec. Spot dept.) says the C.P.R. timetable is of the 24-hour variety. I suggest he consult our present timetable and see that it is still printed in light face and bold face types, which stand respectively for A.M. and P.M. hours.—PAUL STANDARD, C.P.R. Press Representative, Canadian Pacific Bldg., N. Y. City.

* * *

BEFORE U. S. entered the World War I was a Northwestern brass pounder. In 1917 I joined the Army Signal Corps and found myself in charge of govt. radio station at Wiseman. Also was U. S. commissioner, justice of peace, postmaster, probate judge and secretary of the school board at the same time. Then the station was moved to Pt. Barrow, so I purchased my discharge and turned to mining. I haven't seen a railroad for 11 yrs., as I have stayed north of the Arctic Circle all that time!—E. J. ULEN, Wiseman, Alaska.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Ulen holds the honor of being our most Northern subscriber, so far as we know. We'd like to hear from other readers living north of the Arctic Circle. Also those living in the tropics.)*

* * *

THAT picture of a locomotive kicking her heels in the air (page 129, Nov. issue) looks like No. 43 of the New Haven Road, which went wrong at Fair Haven, Conn., in 1885 or '86. Engineer was Frank Benjamin. If I am correct, that engine left the rails on a very sharp curve.—D. W. PECHAM (pensioned train dispatcher), Middlefield, Conn.

* * *

SOMEBODY should be assessed 10 brownies for a slip-up in Oct. issue. A 4-4-0 type engine (page 76) is later called a 10-wheeler (page 78). —"WOODY" (ex-brakeman), Federal Bldg., Honolulu, Hawaii.

* * *

THREE water department transformers, the world's largest, were recently shipped from Penna. to Los Angeles. They almost come up to the record set by the D.&H. in "The World's Heaviest Rail Shipment" (Nov. issue). Each of the transformers weighs 166 tons and is 35 ft. high. The shipment had to be routed over many systems after a check of all bridges, trestles and tunnels. Speed was limited to 30 m.p.h. Entire trip took 42 days.—C. W. HORN, Rt. 1, Box 246, Atascadero, Calif.

* * *

"WHEN VILLA CROSSED THE BORDER" (Nov. issue), interested me. I was working in the railroad shop at Kingsville when that happened. Conductor Horan escaped by getting behind a Baker heater in a corner of coach No. 130. In that coach 2 men were shot. The coach was kept on the run for some time, with bullet holes plugged and varnished over.

The bandits took all shoes off passengers and crew except enginemen. Doc Sterrett, colored brakeman, borrowed Fireman Woodall's shoes to walk to Brownsville, 7 miles, to telephone for help.—G. E. HIGHT, Alice, Texas.

* * *

SMOKESTACKS of N.C.-&St.L. engines now blush once more. For 50 years a red band has been painted at the top of stacks on these engines until an official had the custom abolished. Now it has been resumed.—WESLEY BURLEIGH, CCC Camp, Fort Bragg, Calif.

* * *

REGARDING N. A. Critchett's "Double Gage" (Nov. issue): Part of the old P.&C.S. route was taken over by the Pittsburgh Ry. Co. which operates standard-gage, high-speed trolley service, Pittsburgh to Washington, Pa., and Charleroi. The road takes in all towns and stops with many additions and follows 2 different routes from Castle Shannon Jct. At places along the way original ties and rails of the P.&C.S. can still be seen.

This old narrow-gage line, beginning of the P.&C.S., formerly used narrow-gage, cable-car equipment to bring passengers and freight up an incline to Mt. Washington. The cable road terminated at what is now known as Castle Shannon Inclined Plane, which hauls passengers and automobiles up from Pittsburgh's South Side. Incidentally, South Hills Jct. is reached by the longest double-track street car tunnel in the world.—FRANCIS C. KENNEDY, Suite 311 Benedum Trees Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THAT heroic act of a hobo mentioned by Mrs. E. Dommett (Nov. Spot dept.) occurred on the N.P., not the G.N. The location was Engleside Spur, near Sappington, Mont. Date was June 13, 1935. Train involved was No. 652, Butte-Livingston freight. The engine and 7 cars were derailed on a soft piece of track on the bank of Jefferson River. The engine was a huge Baldwin, Class A-2, passenger, being broken in on freight service preparatory to being assigned to a regular passenger run. Several days' labor plus 3 wrecking cranes were required to rerail this 438-ton giant.

Fireman Keifer and Brakeman Johnson, both trapped, were rescued by Thomas Whitney, a hobo. Engineer E. O. Renganer was thrown clear, but had 2 ribs broken. Whitney was given a new suit, some money and a ticket to Chicago. —AL KLING, 320 Lincoln Ave., San Rafael, Calif., and MRS. ETHEL B. BLISS, Spokane, Wash.

* * *

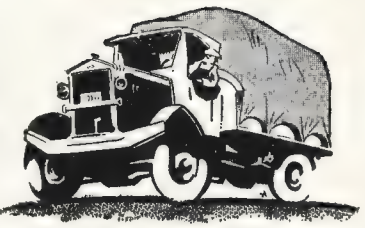
MENTION of caterpillars (Nov. issue) reminded me of the summer of 1893 when I was en route to Kansas City over the S.W. Div. of the Rock Island. We were going along fine, somewhere in Missouri, when the train began to slow down, then crawl and finally stopped. The engine had run into swarms of grasshoppers! Pilot and deck were covered with the insects, alive, dying or dead. The track for some distance was a mess of reddish-brown slime. Shovels and brooms were put to work, the track was sanded and, after some slipping, we were off again.—F. E. CHIPMAN, 162 W. Somerville, Mass.

* * *

FOUR Rock Island veterans stepped off a train at La Salle St. Station, Chicago, on Sept. 27, and across the age limit together. Engineman Bill Crist started firing 44 years ago and continued in service without a break to that date after a run of 2,086,400 miles. John Baxter, trainman, had 37 years and 1,728,000 miles on duty plus 50,000 miles on his own account riding to his home in Peru, Ill., in the evening and 100 miles every morning to take out his train. Conductor Bob Wickett had 34 years service and 1,805,450 miles to his credit. Earl Crossett had had only 33 years in the engine cab and 1,728,000 miles in which to learn the road.—HAL S. RAY, Director of Personnel and Public Relations, C.R.I.&P. Railway, La Salle St. Station, Chicago.

* * *

I STARTED railroading on my father's business car on the Wabash, when Dad was V.P. and Gen. Manager. Do any old-timers remember him? Since then I've done about everything from checking freight on the New Haven to stamping tickets on the Lackawanna, F.E.C., Santa Fe and Milwaukee; hogger on the Pacific Electric and traveling freight agent on the old Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis, besides other pikes too numerous to mention. Now I'm laid up with a badly damaged left lung, but still smiling. Would sure appreciate a word from other old-timers.—WM. S. TALMAGE, Crestline, San Bernardino County, Calif.



THE Atlantic Northern R. R., said to be the only farmer-owned railroad in America, has joined the great host that has passed on. For 27 years the A.N. served Eastern Iowa communities along its 17 miles. Now it is being murdered by motor truck competition. It will cease operation Jan. 1, 1936.

The line was built in 1907. Taxes had been levied to support the road if it were built to Kimballton by Jan. 1, 1908. On Dec. 31 the road and Kimballton were several miles apart. To lose those taxes would be a body blow, so Kimballton called a meeting and extended the city limits to meet the railroad. So everything being legal, the road was built. The road had 12 employees when it gave up the ghost.—BYRON HIRT, Pacific Junction, Ia.

* * *

R. WONSON (Nov. issue) asked about trolley lines in Western Mass. None are left. The last to go was the Pittsfield-Dalton line, replaced by a bus in about 1932. Some 20-odd years ago there was a trolley parlor car running between Canaan, Conn., and Bennington, Vt. Now she is serving as a roadside restaurant on U. S. Route 20 at West Pittsfield.

Answering H. A. Willard (same issue): The Nantucket R.R. was completed from Nantucket to Surfside, 3 miles, in 1881, and to Siasconset in 1884; 11 miles altogether. It became the Nantucket Central in 1897, and ceased operation Sept. 15, 1917; the rails were then shipped to France.

The first engine was the "Siasconset," an 0-4-0 tank affair with diamond stack built by Mason for the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn. The "Dionis" was a 4-4-0 with diamond stack built by Baldwin as the "Profile," for the Profile & Franconia Notch. Later she became Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn No. 1, and then was sold to the Nantucket Line. The next and last engine was a 2-4-2T Forney type built by Richmond in 1910. I rode on this line when I was a child.—T. B. ANNIN, secretary, Ry. & Loco. Historical Society, 13 May Terrace, Maplewood, N. J.

* * *

OBTAINING nation-wide publicity, while at the same time arousing the interest, enthusiasm and support of its patrons, is something all railroads strive for.

A simple plan, which would pay for itself, and yet is novel and carries a sporting appeal to many people, is herewith offered to the N. J. railroads which have ferry connections with N. Y. City. It is a ferryboat race on the Hudson River, each railroad represented by one boat. The start might be at the George Washington Bridge and the finish at Indian Point, Bear Mountain, or

Newburgh, N. Y. - Probably every newsreel service and press bureau in the country would cover it.

Each railroad could sell a limited number of souvenir tickets to patrons desiring to act as rooters on the contending boats. Tickets could sell for $2 or so, including a light lunch and a megaphone. In this way expenses for the race would be covered.

Believing that this proposition would greatly benefit the railroads, the N. Y. Chapter of the Ry. & Loco. Historical Society desires to support it by presenting a suitably engraved silver cup to the winning boat.—TOM TABER, chairman, P.O. Box 434, Madison Sq. Station, N. Y. City.

* * *

THE 28 employees of the Fairport, Painesville & Eastern R.R. in Ohio, who went on strike last Labor Day, find themselves in a strange fix. Service has gone on uninterruptedly, and railroad officials insist there is no strike—that the men quit their jobs. On the other hand, the B.R.T. and the B.ofL.E. are paying strike benefits to the men and insist that the strike will continue until they are given decent working conditions and union scale of pay.—W. L. HAY, 1803 Fulton Rd. N.W., Canton, O.

* * *

K. MERRILL (Dec. Spot dept.) asks about passenger trains now heated by coal stoves. The D.&R.G.W. uses such stoves in some of its narrow-gage passenger cars. At least, they did 2 yrs. ago when I was living at Gunnison, Colo., the home town of G. A. Lathrop, rail fiction writer. —CHAS. G. CUNNINGHAM, Model Dept. Editor.

* * *

IN 1922 I handled a scoop as student fireman on the L. & N., Kentucky Division, with Engineer E. R. Manson, since retired. Manson made his first trip in May, 1878, relieving his brother (who had injured a hand) in firing from Covington to Lexington, 200 miles. When his brother returned, E. R. was placed in the shops as machinist helper, and extra fireman. Then his brother was promoted and E. R. was given a regular run as fireman.

Passenger engines 50 or more years ago had 15 x 22-inch inclined cylinders. Tenders carried 2,000 gals. water and 6 tons of coal. Freight engines with 16 x 24-inch cylinders were considered large. E. R. made 200 miles a day the first 4 days of the week. Fridays and Saturdays were devoted to cleaning his engine, including numerous polished steel and brass mountings which had to be rubbed until they shone. Pay was $1.60 a day; engineers drew $3.50. Overtime and hours of service laws were unheard of.—F. L. MCCLANAHAN, Paris, Ky.

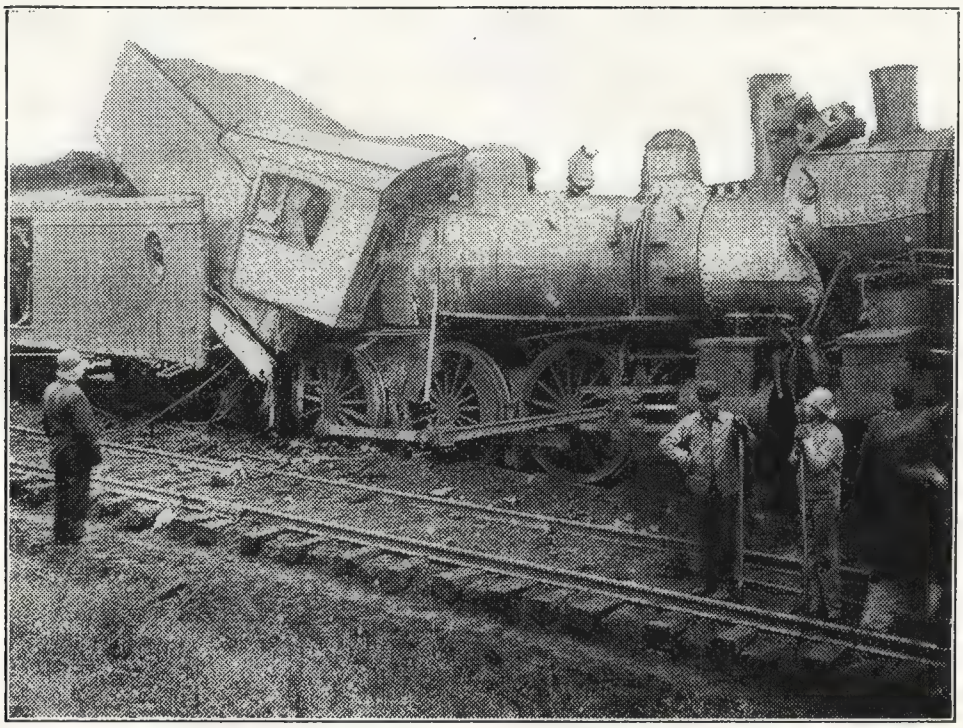


Photo from L. E. Griffith, 738 Hammond Ave., Aurora, Ill.

Who Can Supply Information on This Head-On Collision, Which Probably Occurred near Indianapolis in About 1908? A Train of Monon Passenger Cars Pulled by a C.H. & D. Engine Had a "Cornfield Meet" with a Freight, Spilling a Carload of Buggy Wheels and Some Liquor Over the Landscape

Our Own Almanac

OCT. almanac erroneously said the "New Haven Limited" was discontinued Nov. 10, 1884. The "New England Limited," as it was then called, was started on that date by Engineer E. E. Potter and Fireman Wm. H. Goodman with engine No. 45 on N.Y.&N.E.R.R. After March, 1891, the train was known as "The White Train," because the cars were painted white. Oct. 18, 1895, the train gave place to the "Air Scenic Limited."—OLD N.E. ENGINEER, Boston, Mass.

* * *

NOV. almanac said Uintah Ry. was abandoned. However, this road—62 miles of 3-foot gage connecting Mack, Colo., with Watson, Utah—is still listed as in operation.—DAVID BLAINE, 2025 Fletcher Ave., S. Pasadena, Calif.

* * *

NOV. almanac said construction began on Hannibal & St. Joseph line Nov. 3, 1859. You probably meant 1851, when ground was broken. —M. J. MYERS, exec. secretary, Nat'l Communications Ass'n, 707 20th St., Washington, D. C.

* * *

OCT. almanac mentioned the great run on the L.S.&M.S. on Oct. 24, 1895 (my 39th birthday) from Chicago to Buffalo, 525 miles in 8 hours, 10 minutes, to beat the new British record for 500 miles. Average speed was 64.98 m.p.h.; maximum 92.3 m.p.h. This record was hung up by the famous "999," which had made a mile in May, 1893, at the rate of 112 m.p.h. and was afterward on exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition. Dr. W. Seward Webb, who arranged the trip, was president of the Wagner Sleeping Car Co. (*see Dec. '35 issue.*)

Reference was also made to Engineer Bill Tunken driving an old 8-wheeler through Dunkirk at 82 m.p.h. in violation of the speed limit of 10 m.p.h. within city limits. That was because President Vanderbilt of the N.Y.C. had an important meeting in New York. The engine on his special from Chicago ran hot. She was exchanged for another. That one also ran hot and had to give place to a 10-wheeler, which not only made up the lost time, but took Vanderbilt into New York on schedule time. He had thrown up his hands in despair when the 10-wheeler was tied on; but he was so pleased with the happy ending that he gave the engineer and fireman gold watches suitably inscribed.

I was an operator on the North Missouri Ry., now Wabash, when Westinghouse air brakes were adopted for passenger trains. When tests were made in the middle '70's, resulting in the extension front end, the C.&A. tried a goose-neck stack turning back to near the sandbox. The Santa Fe tried a triangular stack; the I. C. produced a straight stack for a wood-burner. Many roads fussed with different kinds of stacks, and some changed their brick arches in front end of boiler before extension front ends became popular.—H. E. LAMB, 2352 Bourne Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

FREE! "Everyman's Almanac, 1936" (40 pages), issued by J. F. Jarrell, manager, Agricultural Development Dept., Santa Fe System Lines, Topeka, Kansas. Write to Mr. Jarrell before the supply is exhausted. Don't write to "Railroad Stories."

A Corner for Juice Fans

STEAM service has been restored on the Freeport branch of the C.&N.W. Last July 2 the gas-electric car went through a bridge and was burned up. No one was killed, but the express messenger was barely rescued by a "car toad." A moment more and he might have been burned to death, as the second gas tank went up just after he was dragged out. Since then a steam train has been used on this run. I mention this by way of comment on the Nov. 18, 1934, date in your railroad almanac.—R. L. CHILDS (trainman), 320 E. 24th St., Dubuque, Ia.

* * *

I USED to have a picture of the first electric street car in Lima, O., said to be the second in U. S. It had just one motor, on the front platform, connected to the axle by a drive chain. Power was collected from 2 overhead wires by 2 trolley wheels connected to the car by slack wires, not (as today) by a stiff trolley pole. These pulleys had a habit of jumping off the wire every few blocks, which was hard on the motorman climbing up to replace them. The cars were not reversible. At the end of the track on each line there was a turntable to turn them. —L. DIEFENDERFER (ex-brass-pounder), 300 W. Kibby St., Lima, O.

* * *

WHEELING TRACTION CO., owning 50 miles of interurban road in W. Va. and Ohio, was sunk by the depression. Its receivership was terminated by the sale of the broken-down property 2 years ago. The purchasers were 240 employees who scraped together enough to pay the first installment on the $75,000 price. The stockholder conductors, motormen and office force cut overhead 60 per cent without cutting wages; reconditioned cars out of receipts; adopted the policy of buying nothing for which they could not pay cash; and have just paid the last nickel due on the line.—J. B. SCHMITT, Tuckahoe, N. J.

* * *

SO far 220 persons have joined the Electric Railroaders' Ass'n. Among the members are a president, a receiver, a general passenger agent, 2 frt. agents and a professor of electric railway engineering. The list also includes 60 photo fans and a dozen model builders. Membership is spread over 27 states. D. C. and Canada, with New York leading.—E. JAY QUINBY, secretary, 17 Longmeadow Road, Yonkers, N. Y.

The British Empire Heard From

WITH its new flier, "The Bristolian," the G.W.R. has shown an improvement on "Cheltenham Flier" schedules. This new train was inaugurated Sept. 9, making the London-Bristol run in 1¾ hours either way, instead of the usual 2 hours, non-stop. The "up" train (toward London) with a flying start through Swindon (where the "Cheltenham Flier" starts its high stepping) clips 3 minutes off the "Flier's" time to London, making the terminal in 62 mins. (77.3 miles). Her en-route passing times, as shown by the working timebook schedules (employees' timetables), are better than the "Flier's."

She is probably the only train in the world timed on schedule to make *85 m.p.h. average* between 2 control points. This is from Maidenhead to Slough, 5.7 miles scheduled in only 4 minutes, an average of 85.5 m.p.h.

Over the entire journey the "down" "Bristolian" shows the higher average speed, due to entering Bristol via the Bath loop, which is slightly longer than the "up" train's departure route. The exact distance covered by the "down" flier in 1¾ hours is 118.3 miles (67.6 m.p.h.), which is not quite as good on paper as the "Detroit Arrow's" Gary-Fort Wayne burst of 4½ miles more in 4 minutes less time. On the other hand, the G.W.R. train probably has the harder route, at all events as regards the 40 miles west of Swindon.

Neither locomotive nor equipment is streamlined. The job is performed by every-day standard rolling stock. The inaugural runs were hauled by engine No. 6000, "King George V," which pulled a B.&O. train between Philadelphia and Washington in Sept., 1927, on her visit to the B.&O. Centenary. She still carries on top of her buffer-beam (same location as pilot beam on an American engine) the standard locomotive bell given to her by the B.&O. and bearing a suitable inscription.—F. H., Liverpool, England.

* * *

NOTHING beats the steam locomotive. We don't want to see its picturesque features done away with. What stories could be told by those diamond stacks, perked up on the wood-burners of bygone days!

Carry on with stories, poetry and pictures of the old gals. Give us more pictures of locomotive graveyards, where engineers of old days take flowers to their old gals? We know those engines were part of the engineers; and, like men, they grew old.

RAILROAD STORIES has given me more information, more thrills and more hard-to-get pictures than I have paid big prices for. Why, if I were to try to take photographs on our railways I'd be arrested. Only very special people are allowed on them.—G. MORLEY, 33 Shakespeare Road, Burnt House Lane, Exeter, Devon, England.

* * *

OUR club appreciates the publicity given by RAILROAD STORIES. Thanks to you, we have received many letters from U. S. and Canada. We like to hear from overseas fans, and we are cooperating with the International Engine Picture Club.—ALEX. D. MACDONALD, president of Railway Club of Australia, Merrylands, New South Wales, Australia.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The other day a distinguished visitor from Sydney, N. S. W., dropped into our office at 280 Broadway, N. Y. City, in the course of a world tour—Mr. M. A. Park, secretary of Railway Circle of Australasia. He had already visited India, Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, France, Great Britain, Canada, etc., made some interesting comments on railroads in those countries. On Sept. 30 he rode the maiden trip of the new L.N.E.R. streamlined train, "The Silver Jubilee," running between London and Newcastle, England, 268 miles in 4 hours.*

"This new train," said Mr. Park, "has the world's fastest start-to-stop schedule of over 200 miles. I refer particularly to the 232 miles between Darlington and London, which the "Silver Jubilee" does in 198 minutes, averaging 70.4 m.p.h. Scheduled average for the entire run is 67.07 m.p.h. The locomotive is a streamlined 4-6-2. There are 4 such engines, all built at the L.N.E.R. works in Doncaster, England.")

* * *

AFTER careful consideration of the merits of Diesel power, the L.N.E.R. pinned its faith to the good old coal-burner for hauling the new "Silver Jubilee." The 4-hour schedule between London and Newcastle, with one intermediate stop, over a none-too-easy route punctuated by plenty of permanent slow orders, requires some high stepping

The locomotives, which have been specially built, are also quite orthodox mechanically, in spite of a futuristic external look. They have been developed from the standard L.N.E.R. "Pacific" pattern, the chief change being in an increased steam pressure of 250 lbs. and slightly reduced cylinder bore. The whole engine is encased in a graceful looking streamline sheathing of polished aluminum.

From Milepost 30 to Milepost 55 took only 13 mins. and 57 secs., returning an average of 107.5 m.p.h., which is certainly a world record for steam, and probably beats anything a gas-buggy has done. The engine "Silver Link," No. 2509, actually hauled her train at 100.6 m.p.h. average over the entire 41¼ miles between Hatfield and Huntingdon, *reaching a maximum of 112 m.p.h.!*

Although the "Silver Jubilee" betters the famous "Flying Scotsman's" schedule by over an hour, the L.N.E.R. points out that it is not done by greatly raising the maximum speed, but more by vastly improving the up-grade speeds. A preliminary tryout took place Sept. 27 on the 110th anniversary of the opening of the Stockton & Darlington Ry., nucleus of the present L.N.E.R. System.—HUGH WHITE, Liverpool, England.

Turkey Moore's Life Story

WHILE in Tucson, Arizona, the other day I visited Tommie Davis, who appears in my "Boomer Trail" story (Oct. issue) as "Tommie Davidson." He asked: "Why didn't you use my right name? But I care nothing about it. Every one knows who it was, anyway." So you see, my friends do not object to a little publicity. Mrs. Davis also got a kick out of the story, showing it to her friends, saying: "Now you can see what kind of man I married."—R. H. MOORE, 4605 S. Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles.

* * *

SOME months ago one R. H. ("Turkey") Moore blew in to talk over old days south of the Rio Grande and to beg, borrow or steal railroad pictures of the Mexico of yesterday. "The Boomer Trail" in Oct. RAILROAD STORIES is good reading. A copy was donated by the boomer himself, a likeable fellow who, with a million-dollar background of experience, is trying to break into the writing game.—*Santa Fe Magazine.*

* * *

IN 1899 I ran out of Tampico, Mexico, on the "Alligator" Division that Turkey Moore worked on. Would like to get in touch with him.—GEO. C. BROOKS, Main St. Station, Franklin, N. H.

* * *

THE picture of Turkey Moore (Oct. issue) is familiar. No doubt I worked with him somewhere, but for the life of me I can't remember where. I knew Ed Bond, who is mentioned in his story.—ALLEN I. PLUMMER (ex-hogger), 31 Royal St., Wollaston, Mass.

* * *

I RAILROADED in Mexico 30-odd years ago, so Turkey Moore's narrative brings up memories. I know Turkey and respect his ability as a railroad man.—W. J. BUSHARD (division foreman, A. T. & S. F.), 3210 Darwin Ave., Los Angeles.

* * *

TURKEY MOORE was traveling engineer in El Salvador on the International Ry., where I was superintendent of motive power for years. Many a story I could tell about him.—G. WALKER, "Chacra," Gowanden Ave., Drumchapel, Glasgow, Scotland.

TURKEY MOORE'S life story carried me back to days when I was on duty here at the River station of the S. P. and met many boomers and was entertained by tales of their exploits. Can you tell me where I can buy his story in book form?—JAS. BEAN, 206 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The book is not out yet.*)

* * *

I KNEW Turkey Moore; also Smiley, Deafy Moore and Pegleg Harrison. Last time I worked with Pegleg was on the Tehuantepec National. He started with a new English engine from Port of Mexico for San Antonio, 60 miles away. He made it in 6 weeks flat. He was on the ties most of the time. Turkey worked on the Central then. I was running on the National Lines.

I was a boomer from British Columbia to Panama for more than 35 years. Kid Gervis and Horse Thief Davis, conductors, once set out a carload of silver bullion just outside of Tampico. At night they stole a fishing boat and loaded it with bullion, then started down the river. When chased by revenue cutters next morning they dumped the silver into the Gulf of Mexico. They were sent up for 6 months for stealing.—C. A. FISS, 67 Woodbridge Ave., E. Hartford, Conn.

* * *

YEARS ago I was a boomer locomotive engineer and worked with Turkey Moore in the Argentine, Honduras, Cuba and El Salvador. His story revived old memories.—S. S. PAUL, Chief Engineer, Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe, Calif.

* * *

AS a boomer I crossed Turkey Moore's trail more than once. I am acquainted with many of the characters he mentioned.—HENRY JENNINGS, 503 Title Guarantee Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.

* * *

I WAS delighted to read Turkey Moore's yarn. I was either general foreman or master mechanic on every one of the Mexican Central's 7 divisions from 1905 to 1912. Turkey has strutted across my path at intervals for the last 25 years. I have met him in Mexico, Cuba, San Salvador, Guatemala, New York, Pittsburgh and San Francisco. —O. R. HALE, 824 W. 40th Place, Los Angeles.

Photo from Olive B. Judd, Fredonia, Ariz.

View of Fredonia, Which Claims to Be Further from a Railroad Than Any Other Town in America. It Is Located in N. W. Arizona, near the Utah Border, and Is Said to Be 96 Miles from the Nearest Railroad

Conducted by Charles G. Cunningham

Your Christmas Tree Railroad

WHY not use your miniature railroad to liven up things around the family Christmas tree this year? By following some of the ideas given in this article, you could make your layout both individual and attractive, instead of just a train on a track running around under the tree.

Even if the outfit used is not new, its action and flashing colors will combine with and reflect the lights coming from the evergreen tree above, enhancing the beauty of the scene. Little toy automobiles may be placed at the stations; toy soldiers, houses, boats and many other gifts may be used to form a realistic scene, glistening white under a thin blanket of artificial snow.

Novel and ingenious methods of celebrating the festive season heighten the pleasure associated with it. In one case, the track was laid in an oval round the tree and projected a small distance behind it. When the time came for distributing the Yuletide presents to various members of the household, the packages were loaded, one at a time, on a string of flat cars behind the tree. Then they were hauled to the front, the train was stopped at a red signal, and the gifts were unloaded.

This variation of an old custom met with enthusiastic approval, and the excitement aroused by speculating as to whose remembrance would arrive on the next "express" did much to increase the joy of the occasion.

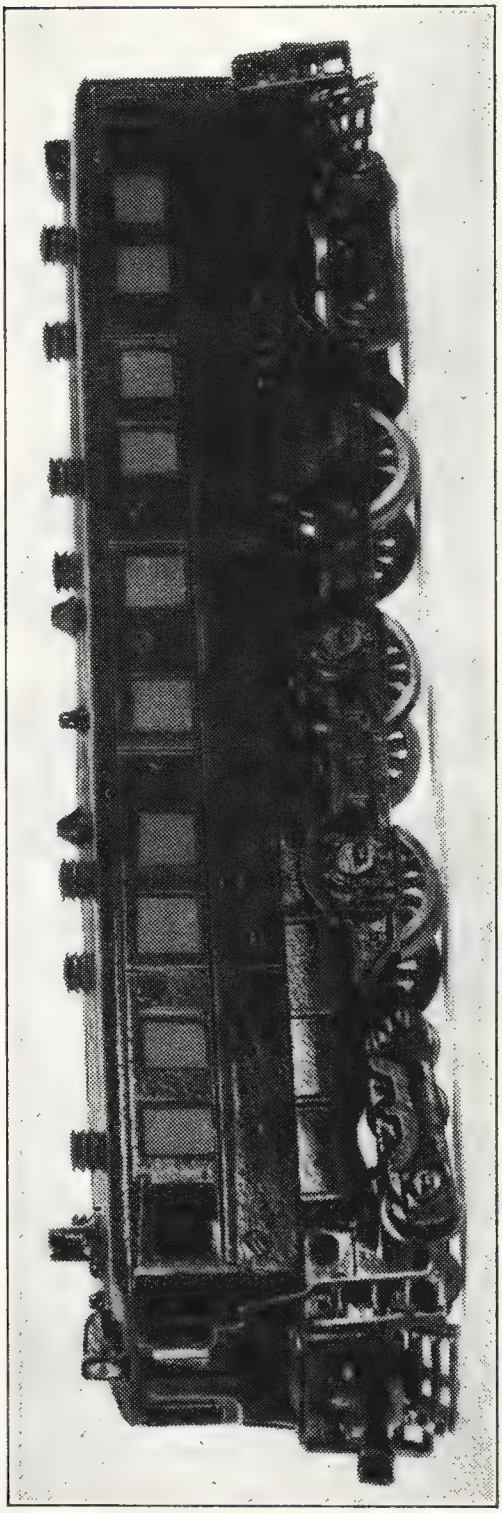
Other variations of this scheme may be adopted, the idea behind them all being that the miniature railroad can provide both interest and action by a new use of equipment which ordinarily is operated only in the cellar or attic.

Many different combinations of track are obtainable by using standard sections. Layouts may be made to suit the size of any tree or the amount of space available. A small circular track would swing around the table-size tree; while a complete system, with several tracks, stations, tunnels, etc., could easily fit beneath the branches of a large one.

The mere laying of track is not enough to make it part of the whole scene. It should have a wintry appearance to blend with its surroundings. Strips of cotton batting should be cut and laid between the rails, care being taken that they do not curl up and catch the contact shoes. The tops of fences, signals, etc., should receive a coat of white-powdered frosting, applied with a sugar shaker.

Miniature trees may be either made or purchased. The simplest way to make them is from a 5-and-10-cent-store sponge. This is cut into suitable pieces, trimmed with a sharp scissors to the correct shape. It is then glued to a wooden stem, like a lollypop stick, which may be built up to the familiar tapered shape by repeated applications of glue. The sponge is then dipped lightly into dye or watercolor paint —only sufficiently to color the outside. If too much liquid is absorbed, the glue on the stem will be loosened. Finally, the treated stems are set in holes in small pieces of wood which have been tapered at the

Christmas Tree Layout Created by Jimmie Gillatte, 519 E. Pike St., Clarksburg, W. Va. Note the Lionel U. P. Streamliner and the Excellent Snow Effect Produced by Dusting Miniature Trees with Powdered Sugar



OO Gage Pennsy P-5a Electric Locomotive, Built by a Member of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Railroad Club

edges so they will not be visible when covered with white frosting powder. The completed tree has a realistic effect.

Every railroad station has a highway leading to it. Such highways could be made from strips of cotton batting into which wheel tracks are pressed. Wet the cotton just before rolling the wheels over it; this softens the material, so it will retain the wheel impressions.

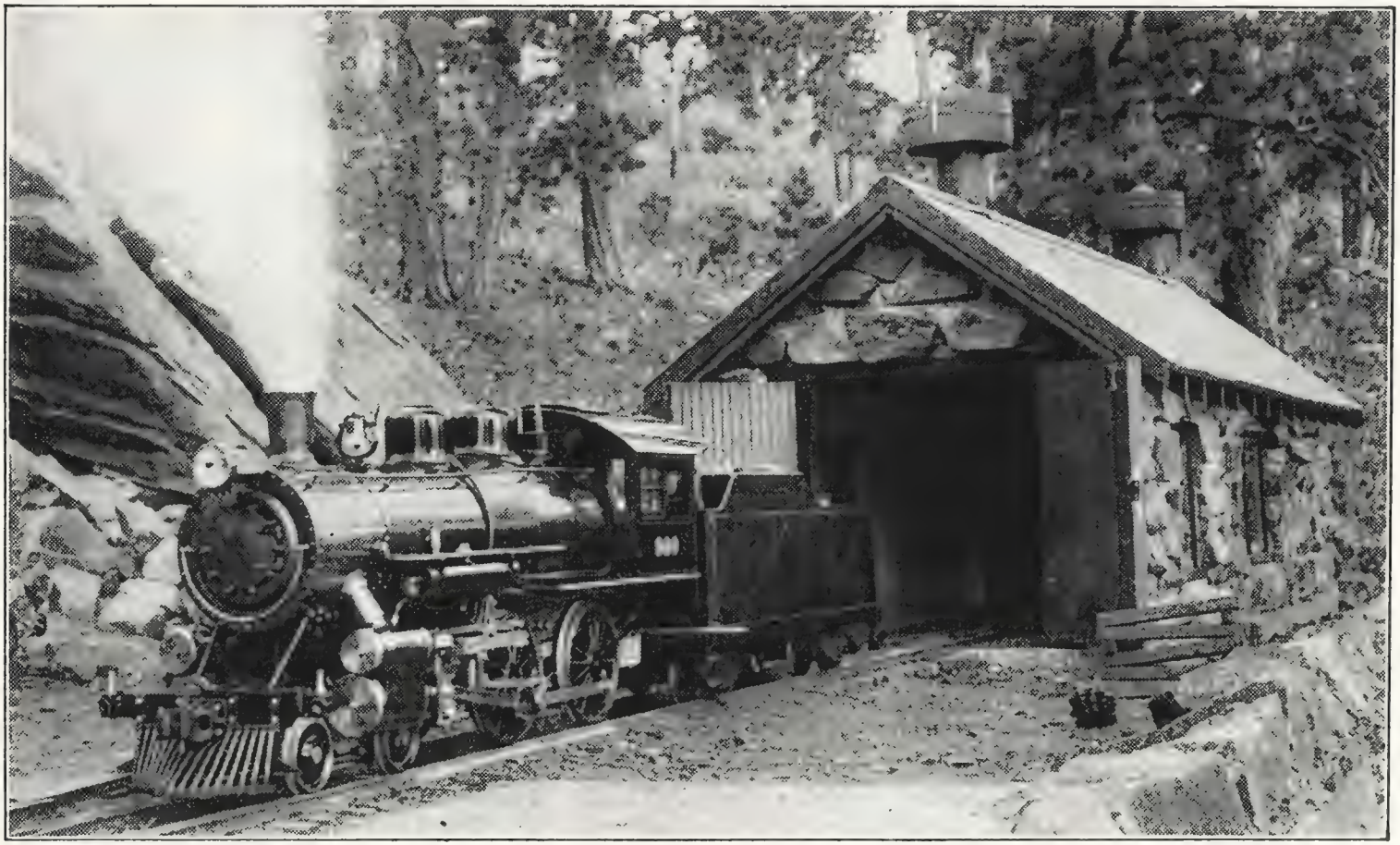
"Snow" along the edges of the road should be made deeper than on the highway by applying an extra layer of cotton, the edges being combed out after they are laid in place, to cover the joint between the pieces.

The open track should be protected by snow fences, made from cardboard. Pile the snow along the side away from the track. This fence is similar to the ordinary rail fence, only it leans back at an angle of about 60 degrees, with a brace set at each end to hold it in position. Such fences should be about 2½ inches high and 6 inches long. They are set back from the track about 10 inches.

Regular fences may be made by setting common wire hairpins into a thin cardboard base and then twisting string near the top to represent the lengthwise irons. The whole thing may be painted red, brown or black, and then dusted with white frosting when dry.

Houses are easily constructed from cardboard boxes, with simple roofs added. Windows can be cut out and small electric lights set inside for illuminating, but direct light must not be visible to the onlookers. This is best accomplished by placing an electric bulb in the upper part, so that the light from the windows shines over the snow.

Work out novel effects with your Christmas tree railroad—for your own satisfaction, to please the various members of your household, and to provide entertainment for the many visitors who drop in during the holiday season. Show the world that your miniature pike has real social value, in addition to the pleasure which you yourself derive from this hobby.



Engine No. 900 on the Jackson Brothers' One-Inch Scale System Near Denver, Colorado. She Is an 8-Wheeler of Free-Lance Design, Somewhat Similar to Alco 10-Wheelers on the D. & R.G.W. (See Next Page)

On the Jackson Brothers' Right-of-Way: (Left) Siding with Stub Switch. All the Other Switches on This System Are the Usual " Knife " Type. (Right) Top of 4 Per Cent Grade

Model Engineers and Clubs

ITEMS are printed free here and in the Trading Post. Write plainly. We are not responsible for mistakes in connection with letters that are hard to read. Print your name and address. Letters intended for publication in the March issue must be received before Dec. 16. If you like this dept., vote for it. Use the " Reader's Choice " coupon (page 143) or make your own coupon in a letter or postcard.

* * *

ALWAYS use a 2c. reply postal card or enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope when writing to us for model information or when you write to any of the names listed below. Many readers will not answer those who neglect this courtesy.

* * *

OUR one-inch scale railroad is located in the Rocky Mts. 20 miles west of Denver, Colo., at the summer cabin of Stanley C. Jackson. The line starts with a turntable, siding and one-stall enginehouse. It curves along the mountainside among pine trees and over several bridges and culverts for 300 feet, then around a loop of 220 feet and back over the same track. There is a passing track near the middle of the line.

As you run around the loop to the right, you pass through a cut 60 feet long up a grade, 20 feet of which is 4% and on a tangent, out around a level side-cutting and back to the switch over a high fill with a down grade of up to 2% and a curve of 25-foot radius. From this fill we get a beautiful view over Clear Creek Canyon to distant snow-capped peaks. The narrow-gage Georgetown Loop Line of the Colorado & Southern runs in this canyon, but is hidden by the high walls of a gorge. As it was the old Colorado Central, we think that is a good name for our railroad.

Our locomotive is an 8-wheeler of free-lance design, the general dimensions and layout being taken from one of the Alco ten-wheelers of the D. & R.G.W. The boiler is copper, has eighteen 5/8" flues and two 7/8" superheater flues, cylinders 1 3/8" x 2 5-32", drivers 5 5/8", Walschaert gear, piston valves, carries 100 lbs. pressure and weighs 140 lbs. without tender. We burn coal, always have plenty of steam, never have had an " engine failure " and can easily pull 8 people (all we can squeeze on the 3 cars) up the 4% grade.

The railway and cars were built by Stanley Jackson. The engine was built in Beverly Hills by Richard Jackson and is taken back to the Colorado railroad each summer. It has made 5 round trips by train and one by auto, so has traveled 15,000 miles in its box.—R. B. Jackson, 619 N. Alpine Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

* * *

IN Sept. issue you printed a letter about John Gherna's loco. I answered his offer and got the loco. When I unpacked her, I found she was a beauty. No doubt some readers are back-

ward in answering notices because they are afraid they will be stung. I was doubtful until I started trading. I have yet to find one instance of misrepresentation in "Railroad Stories."—J. Fahnestock, Greenville, O.

* * *

BEING a tinplate railroader, I enjoy your dept. more than anything else in the magazine.—P. Miller, U. S. M. A. Band, Old Band Barracks, West Point, N. Y.

* * *

YOUR dept. might be improved by material of a more serious nature than the rebuilding of toy equipt. I am working on a 1½" scale model of the K-4. It will be complete to the last bolt and nut.—F. Kennedy, Suite 311, Benedum-Trees Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

PATERSON Model R.R. Society members were guests of the Erie R.R. Sept. 28, being conducted on a tour of the Jersey City roundhouse and shops. On Oct. 2 they saw a motion picture, "The Man at the Throttle," directed by E. Condon, one of their members. They meet each Wed. at 8 p.m. For further information write W. Wright, 26 E. 20 St., Paterson, N. J.

* * *

HUDSON Central Model R.R. Club, holding their second meeting, elected John Haley president. This club is open to members from 15 to 18 years of age.—Ted Deshenski, secretary, 94-13 103rd Ave., Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y.

* * *

BROOKLYN R.R. Club, 338 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., recently re-elected H. Saler president and elected O. Carey secretary. A Hallowe'en party is being held Nov. 2 at the club rooms. The Dunwood Western R.R. Dining Service willl supply buffet luncheon. Age restriction for this club has been lowered to 18 yrs.

* * *

MODEL fans in Brockton, Mass., wishing to form a club, write to E. Martin, 200 Union St., Holbrook, Mass.

The Model Trading Post

I OFFER Eureka vacuum cleaner and attachments, hand-drawn baseball pictures, various railroad journals, etc., in exchange for O-gage equipt.—J. Babock, c/o L. Frischler, 77 W. 2nd St., Keyport, N J.

* * *

WILL trade cheap moving-picture machine for Erector set with Hudson loco. Also will trade O gage locos.—M. Fraser, R. F. D. 4, Fremont, Mich.

* * *

WHO will give ¼" scale equipt. in exchange for my muzzle loading shotgun or 50 yr. old Elgin watch?—H. Highfield, R. F. D. 1, Bordentown, N. J.

* * *

WHAT offers for one K-4 engine and tender assembly blueprint?—Box 629, Island Pond, Vt.

* * *

I OFFER new 620 Eastman Kodak for Lionel loco No. 260 or 400, or scale wheels.—M. Nelson, 8858 Yale Ave., Chicago.

* * *

I WANT 12 issues of "Railroad Stories" dated before 1934. I will give 6 strd.-gage 4-wheel trucks and 4 strd.-gage drive wheels. Write first.—J. Foote, 500 E. Walnut Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

BEST offer receives my Lionel and Ives locos. Nos. 262E and 1122, frt. cars 816, 814, 812 and 811, and other O-gage equipt.—D. Mitchell, 518 St. Mark's Ave., Westfield, N. J.

* * *

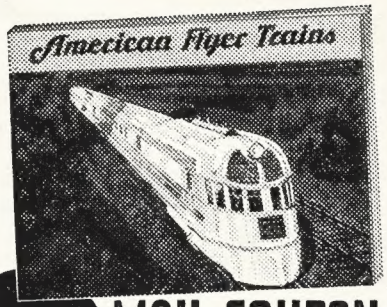
MAKE offers for my Lionel No. 80 semaphore and No. 77 crossing gate.—A Skogland, 807 44th St., Brooklyn, N Y.

* * *

I HAVE 16 wooden flanged wheels suitable for 1" scale loco. to trade for 2 Buddy L automatic couplers.—F. Schlaak, Box 343, Fond du Lac, Wis.

* * *

WANTED: Information and what have you on O-gage, strd. gage locos., track, equipt. I need more locos.—D. Pauly, 4028 S. Hobart, Los Angeles, Calif.



FREE MAIL COUPON for Big Train Book IN FULL COLORS

Page after page shows *new streamline* trains, *new* powerful steamtype locomotives—rubber sleepers for silent operation, etc. All American Flyers *are ready to run, with transformers included.* 28 years' experience building over 8,000,000 trains is your assurance of dependable performance. Select your fun-making automatic signals, stations, bridges, etc. *ELECTRIC TRAINS—$4.50 up.* Dads, too, make railroading a hobby.

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280 Broadway, New York City

Stories, features and departments I like best in the January issue are:

1.....

2.....

3.....

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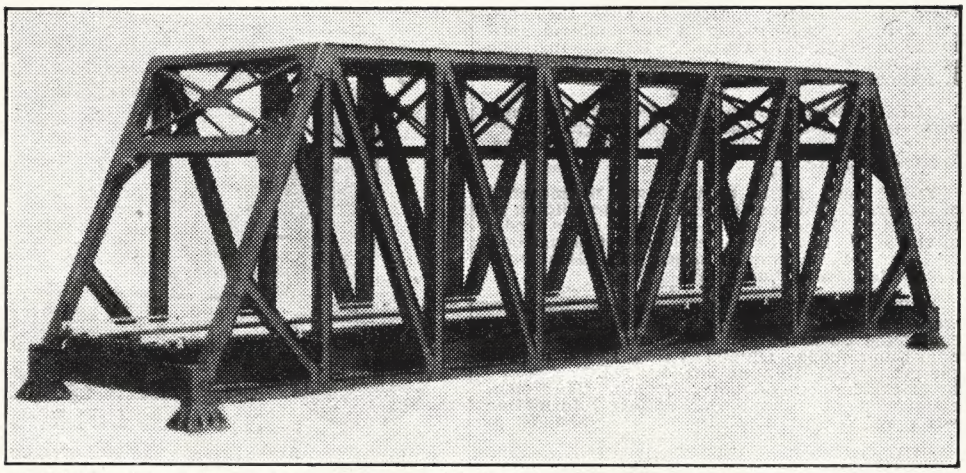
Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....



Double-Tracked Bridge, 32½ Inches Long, 9½ Inches Wide and 11 Inches High, Built by Buel Fuller, 2145 Madison Ave., San Diego, Calif.

WILL swap my Lionel 262E loco. for what have you.—R. Lear, 237 S. Quince, Lebanon, Pa.

* * *

WANTED: Reversible motor with gears for model loco.—T. Rossa, 1023 2nd St., Havre, Mont.

* * *

WANTED: Lionel O-gage rolling stock, track, switches, etc.—S. Goldberg, 221 E. 2nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WANTED: ¼" scale trucks and automatic couplers.—W. Francis, 506 Riggsbee Ave., Durham, N. C.

* * *

I AM a beginner in model railroading and want to get into the game. Fans around Bridgeport, please write. I also need equipt.—F. Salerno, 178 Manhattan Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

* * *

SEND offers for new Lionel No. 220 loco. I need O-gage double trucks and couplers.—R. Rughaase, 916 E. 28 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WANTED: ¼" scale Pacific loco. K-4 or 5 preferred. Give full details in first letter.—F. Ettinger, 561 W. 175th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

WANTED: Donation or loan of working plans for any modern model loco. and tender, live-steam driven, burning kerosene or alcohol, for unemployed novice who wants to become model railroader.—P. White, 5643 N. Mascher St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

I HAVE track, switches, pass. cars, locos. to swap for what have you?—S. Slager, 4238 N. Sacramento Ave., Chicago.

* * *

WILL trade 48 pieces of track, all of O-gage, for what have you?—L. Atkins, 5369 Maple Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

I WANT to hear from any tinplate fan who has a remedy which will overcome derailing of cars and locos. on O-gage tinplate switches. I need No. 711 or 721 Lionel O-gage switches.—D. Henninger, 246 Jefferson Ave., Tiffin, O.

* * *

WHO wants my 1,000 foreign stamps in exchange for pr. of strd.-gage distant-controlled switches in good working order?—A. Harm, 2713 S. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

I NEED strd.-gage equipt., for which I offer my .22 rifle and Benjamin pump gun.—J. Lagouros, Lehigh University Cafe, Bethlehem, Pa.

* * *

I WANT plans for the Lord Baltimore No. 2. —Calvin Lemke, Route 2, Waco, Texas.

* * *

I OFFER my Gilbert No. 6 chemistry outfit in exchange for A.F. O-gage elec. steam type loco.

WANTED: Railroad books, magazines, engine pictures or loco. cyclopedias in exchange for my ¼" scale saddle tank loco., 0-4-0.—L. Haug, 3207 Adeline St., Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

I HAVE four 4½" open end cast iron pass. coaches and an engine, bought in 1904; also 100 others of the same type bought later, Weeden steam engine, various magazines, and steam thresher catalog to trade for O-gage equipt.—R. Traxler, Box 124, La Place, Ill.

* * *

WOULD like Lionel equipt. in exchange for games, books, chemistry set, track, Lionel loco. No. 260E.—W. Highstone, St. Ignace, Mich.

* * *

WHAT offers for my OO-gage P5A loco.?—J. Sepster, 21 Liberty Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

WHO wants to trade my No. 6 Erector set with 110 volt motor and chess set for O-gage equipt.?—G. Krim, c/o Klein, 456 Hopkinson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WANTED: OO and O-gage equipt.—J. Vincent, 918 Morris Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City.

* * *

I DESIRE to dispose of 2 Lionel pass. cars, Nos. 607 and 608, also 28 pieces of track, tunnel, station, bridge, etc.—V. Shea, 24 Clearview Ave., Worcester, Mass.

* * *

FANS, please write.—E. Willard, Box 96, Eatontown, N. J.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The above letter would get more answers if Mr. Willard had said WHY fans should write. He should have been more explicit.)*

* * *

SENTRY STORES, 440 Bloomfield Avenue, Dept. A, Montclair, N. J., has a well-developed model railroading dept. in charge of A. J. Volk, which buys, sells, repairs and exchanges Lionel and scale equipment, and sells subscriptions to "Railroad Stories."

* * *

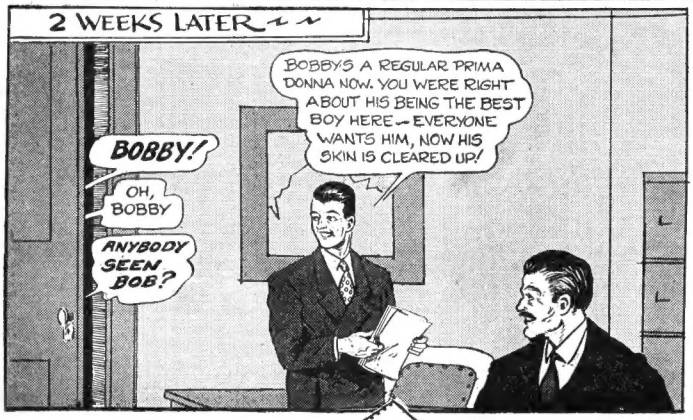
I ALSO have an old cast-iron train like F. Wyman's (pictured in Oct. '35 issue). Mine was handed down through the years from relatives. —L. Royce, Chepachet, Herkimer County, N. Y.

NEXT month we will print an article on rebuilding a tank car. In the March issue (out Feb. 1) we will give you a complete list of model railroad clubs in U.S. and Canada, also an article telling you how and why you should organize a club in your locality if no such club exists.

In addition to the (illustrated) tank-car article, we will start a beginners' model-building section in Feb. issue. We will tell tinplate and scale fans how to make a simple 4-6-0 loco. in O, OO or HO gage at low cost—a series of easy lessons with diagrams and photos, com-

"Did we *have* to hire a boy with a Skin like *that*?"

I DON'T WANT TO BE BRUTAL- BUT NO ONE WANTS TO LOOK AT A FACE AS PIMPLY AS ALL THAT!
BOB'S SKIN WAS CLEAR ENOUGH A YEAR AGO-AND HE'S ONE OF OUR BEST BOYS, STEVENS-BUT THOSE PIMPLES DO HOLD HIM BACK
MR. STEVENS WANTS A BOY SENT DOWN TO THE TRAIN TO MEET HIS DAUGHTER AND CARRY HER BAGS -DON'T SEND BOB!
OH, THAT'S A SHAME! I'M GOING TO TELL BOBBY ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!
AFTER LUNCH - SAME DAY
DID YOU SEND FOR ME, MISS BARNES?
YES, BOBBY, I DID. SEE, I BROUGHT YOU THESE! MY YOUNG BROTHER HAD SKIN LIKE YOURS, AND FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID WONDERS FOR HIM-YOU TRY IT!


2 WEEKS LATER
BOBBY'S A REGULAR PRIMA DONNA NOW. YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT HIS BEING THE BEST BOY HERE-EVERYONE WANTS HIM, NOW HIS SKIN IS CLEARED UP!
BOBBY!
OH, BOBBY
ANYBODY SEEN BOB?

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from getting ahead!

Important glands develop during the adolescent years—13 to 25. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products in the blood stream irritate the skin, causing pimples.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears up these adolescent pimples . . . by clearing the poisonous skin irritants out of your blood. You look fresh, clean, wholesome once more.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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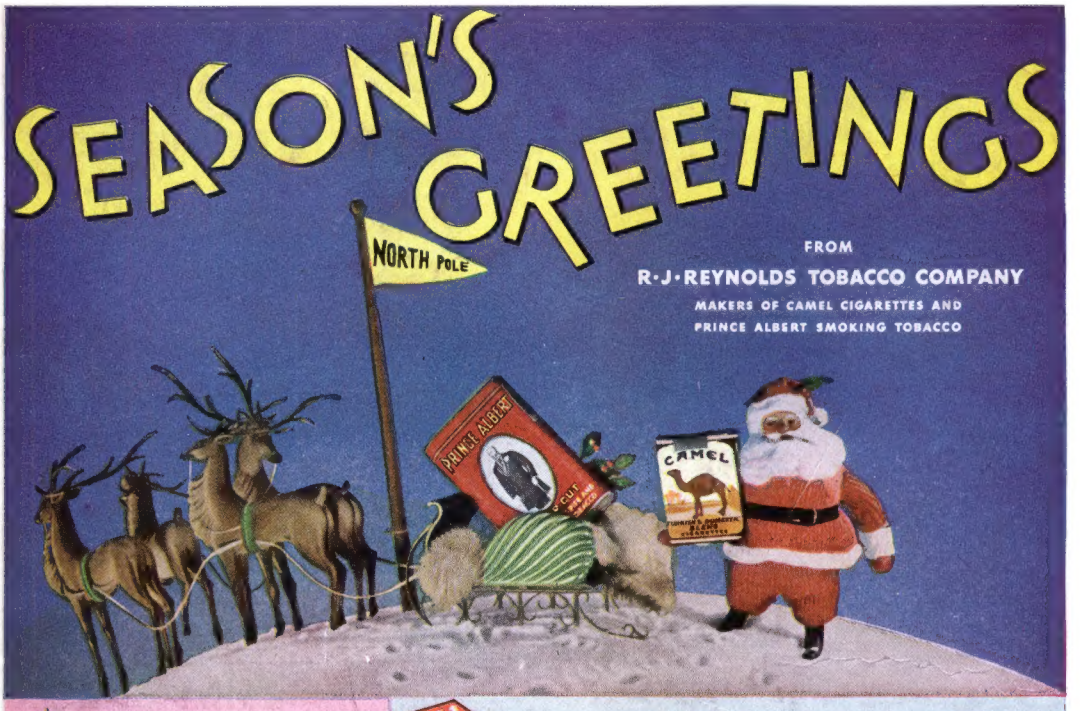
SEASON'S GREETINGS



FROM

R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO

Camels

Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an *acceptable* gift. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. And their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being which is the spirit of Christmas itself.

A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.

At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—ten packs of "twenties"—200 cigarettes.

A full pound of Prince Albert in an attractive gift package.

A full pound of Prince Albert packed in a real glass humidor.

Prince Albert

For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." For more men choose Prince Albert for *themselves* than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of P.A. repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.

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